Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE BASES OF REPUBLICAN CONFIDENCE

BY THE EDITOR

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.
—The Birth of Flattery.

We may as well admit at the outset that the quite universal and plainly increasing confidence of Republicans with respect to the next National election is no mere "triumph of hope over experience"; it is a firm conviction. Neither leaders nor rank and file have the slightest doubt of coming success. Nor, incidentally, we are informed, if a Liberal Republican be nominated, has Mr. Roosevelt—a fact of deep significance.

What, then, are the bases of this quite unprecedented feeling of certainty which finds manifestation a full twenty months before the event? Let us engage in common counsel forthwith.

The Republican chairman insists that the results now compiled prove conclusively that, if the recent November election had been for President, his party would have won not less than 288 electoral votes—a majority of 45. President Wilson, on the other hand, in his speech in Indianapolis, interpreted the figures as showing a Democratic majority of "about 80." Both seem to have erred. Putting aside all guesses and deductions, the votes actually polled for Senators and Congressmen are recorded upon the following pages.

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STATES CARRIED BY REPUBLICANS ON NATIONAL ISSUES

	Electoral Vote		1914 Republican	1914 Democrat	1914 Progressive	1912 Taft	1912 Wilson	1912 Roosevelt
Connecticut	7	S	89,983	76,081	6,853	68,324	74,561	34,129
Delaware	3	C	22,922	20,681	1,653	15,998	22,631	8,886
Idaho	4	S	47,486	41,266	10,321	32,810	33,921	25,527
Illinois	29	S	390,661	373,403	203,027	253,613	405,048	386,478
Iowa	13	S	205,832	167,251	15,058	119,805	185,325	161,819
Kansas	10	S	180,323	176,929	116,755	74,844	143,670	120,123
Massachusetts	18	C	222,840	189,197	30,118	155,948	173,408	142,228
Michigan	15	C	218,445	147,262	47,700	152,244	150,751	214,584
Minnesota	12	C	180,482	87,305	24,737	64,334	106,426	125,856
New Hampshire	4	S	42,111	36,382	1,938	32,927	34,724	17,794
New Jersey	14	C	179,930	167,511	15,400	88,835	178,289	145,410
New Mexico	3	C	23,812	19,805	1,695	17,733	20,437	8,347
New York	45	S	639,112	571,419	61,977	455,428	655,475	390,021
North Dakota	5	S	48,732	29,640	2,707	23,090	29,555	25,726
Ohio	24	S	526,115	423,742	67,509	277,066	423,152	229,327
Pennsylvania	38	S	519,830	266,436	269,175	273,305	395,619	447,426
Rhode Island	5	C	38,801	35,186	1,321	27,703	30,142	16,878
Utah	4	S	56,281	53,128	.....	42,100	36,579	24,174
Vermont	4	C	36,980	13,685	9,545	23,305	15,350	22,070
Washington	7	S	130,479	91,733	83,282	70,445	86,840	113,698
West Virginia	8	C	111,387	102,223	8,605	56,754	113,197	79,112
Wyoming	3	C	21,363	17,246	1,308	14,560	15,310	9,232
Total	275		3,933,907	3,107,511	980,684	2,341,171	3,330,410	2,748,845

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STATES CARRIED BY DEMOCRATS ON NATIONAL ISSUES

	Electoral Vote		1914 Republican	1914 Democrat	1914 Progressive	1912 Taft	1912 Wilson	1912 Roosevelt
Alabama	12	S	12,320	63,389	4,263	9,731	82,439	22,689
Arizona	3	S	9,183	25,800	2,608	3,021	10,324	6,949
California	13	S	254,159	279,896	255,232	3,914	283,436	283,610
Colorado	6	S	98,728	102,037	27,072	58,386	114,223	72,306
Indiana	15	S	226,505	271,845	107,627	151,267	281,890	162,007
Kentucky	13	S	144,758	176,605	14,108	115,512	219,584	102,766
Maine	6	C	60,318	60,683	17,958	26,545	51,113	48,493
Maryland	8	S	94,864	110,204	3,697	54,956	112,674	57,786
Missouri	18	S	257,056	311,573	27,614	207,821	330,746	124,371
Montana	4	C	26,161	37,012	6,694	18,512	27,941	22,456
Nebraska	8	C	110,839	112,309	3,141	54,216	109,008	72,689
North Carolina	12	S	87,095	121,241	.....	29,139	144,507	69,130
Arkansas	9	S	11,222	33,449	.....	24,297	68,838	21,673
Florida	6	S	.....	22,761	.....	4,279	36,417	4,535
Georgia	14	S	.....	205,652	.....	5,190	93,171	22,010
Louisiana	10	C	.....	40,545	8,867	3,834	60,966	9,323
Mississippi	10	C	.....	36,060	.....	1,511	57,164	3,627
South Carolina	9	S	.....	32,950	.....	536	48,355	1,293
Tennessee	12	C	44,951	149,193	.....	59,444	130,335	53,725
Texas	20	C	.....	173,177	.....	28,853	221,589	26,755
Virginia	12	C	23,654	58,320	210	23,288	90,332	21,777
Wisconsin	13	S	134,221	135,321	.....	130,878	164,409	58,661
Nevada	3	S	8,038	8,078	.....	3,196	7,986	5,620
Oklahoma	10	S	73,153	119,214	3,962	90,786	119,156	.....
Oregon	5	S	88,297	111,748	26,220	34,673	47,064	37,600
South Dakota	5	S	44,244	48,076	2,406	.....	48,942	58,811
Total	256		1,809,766	2,847,138	511,079	1,143,785	2,962,609	1,370,662
Grand total	531		5,743,673	5,954,649	1,491,763	3,484,956	6,293,019	4,119,507

Republican majority of electoral vote, 19. Democratic plurality of popular vote, 210,976. S. Popular vote for Senator. C. Total vote for Congressmen.

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Chairman Hilles attains his result by transferring Wisconsin's 13 votes from the Democrats to the Republicans upon the ground that, although a Democratic Senator was elected by a few hundred as a consequence of "local conditions," the total Republican majority for Congressmen exceeded 40,000.

President Wilson reached his conclusion by "taking the States where Senators were elected and, where Senators were not elected, taking the election of Governors and, where Governors were not elected, taking the returns for the State Legislatures, or for the Congressional delegates." Ignoring the vote for State legislators, which seems rather far-fetched, and substituting the vote for Governor, wherever one was chosen, for the vote for Senator or Congressman given in the above tabulation, we find that—

Democrats	Gain	Lose	Republicans	Gain	Lose
Idaho	4	..	..	..	4
Massachusetts	18	..	..	..	18
Michigan	15	..	..	..	15
Minnesota	12	..	..	..	12
West Virginia	8	..	..	..	8
Wyoming	3	..	..	..	3
California	..	13	..	..	..
Colorado	..	6	..	6	..
Oregon	..	5	..	5	..
South Dakota	..	5	..	5	..
Wisconsin	..	13	..	13	..
	60	42		29	60

Net Democratic gain, 18. Net Republican loss, 31. Progressive gain (California), 13.

ELECTORAL VOTE UPON THIS BASIS

Democrats, 274. Republicans, 244. Progressives, 13.—531.
Democratic plurality, 30. Democratic majority, 17.

Assuming, as we fear we must, that the vote on National issues affords the better criterion, the question immediately arises: Can the Republicans reasonably expect to hold the twenty-two States, carrying 275 electoral votes, which they won in November? That the shrewdest of them honestly think so there can be no doubt. Indeed, they feel equally certain that they can abstract from the Democratic column Colorado (6), Maine (6), Oregon (5), South Dakota (5), and Wisconsin (13), making a grand total of 310 and affording a clear majority of nearly one hundred electoral votes. Clearly, however, this calculation would be upset if President Wilson should

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succeed in winning over the remaining Progressives who still hold the balance of power in Illinois, California, Pennsylvania, Idaho, and Washington. For ourselves, we have reached only the negative conclusion that whichever party loses New York is likely to lose the election. But so far as the actual results of November, 1914, are concerned, it was a drawn battle, leaving the Democrats slightly ahead in the popular vote and slightly behind in prospects relating to the choice of electors.

We come now to consideration of the political effect of the President's speech in Indianapolis from which the Republicans profess to have derived no little satisfaction. The common assumption that this deliverance signalized Mr. Wilson's purpose to become a candidate for re-election may be ignored. Whatever warrant the audience may have had for drawing such an inference from his remark to the effect that "there may come a time when the American people will have a chance to say whether I know what I am talking about or not," was dissipated instantly by his quick disavowal of intent to "start anything." Subsequently, moreover, he made it quite clear that he had in mind no more than a prospective verdict upon the achievements of the Democratic party under his leadership.

That Mr. Wilson will make his attitude with respect to a renomination known at no distant day may be assumed with surety. So much he owes to his party no less than to other possible candidates who now courteously await an expression of his desire; but none knows better than Mr. Wilson himself that such a declaration necessarily involves interpretation of the second-term provision in the Democratic platform and, to be truly effective, must be explicit, not casual or inferential, and buttressed by sound and sufficient reasoning.

That he should seek to win popular favor in his first political utterance addressed directly to the people was but natural and no more than his duty, but his real purposes clearly were: (1) To justify the Administration; (2) To confound his enemies within and without his party; and (3) To indicate a definite purpose to appeal to the great body of Independents and Progressives for support in the forthcoming National campaign. The speech was in effect a call to combat, and the challenge was accepted promptly by Senator William E. Borah, the most forceful spokesman of the opposition and, as the foremost Liberal Republican now living, a most promising candidate for the Presidential nomination. This makes for an in-

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teresting contrast at the very beginning of a campaign which bids fair to find a high place in our political history.

The President spoke first as a militant partisan. "If I was not ready to fight for everything I believe in," he began, "I would think it my duty to go and take a back seat." He continued:

The trouble with the Republican party is that it has not had a new idea for thirty years. I am not speaking as a politician; I am speaking as a historian. I have looked for new ideas in the records and I have not found any proceeding from the Republican ranks. They have had leaders from time to time who suggested new ideas, but they never did anything to carry them out. I suppose there was no harm in their talking, provided they could not do anything. Therefore, when it was necessary to say that we have talked about things long enough which it was necessary to do, and the time had come to do them, it was indispensable that a Democrat should be elected President.

I would not speak with disrespect of the Republican party. I always speak with great respect of the past. The past was necessary to the present, and was a sure prediction of the future. The Republican party is still a covert and refuge for those who are afraid, for those who want to consult their grandfathers about everything. You will notice that most of the advice taken by the Republican party is taken from gentlemen old enough to be grandfathers; and that when they claim that a reaction has taken place, they react to the re-election of the oldest members of their party. They will not trust the youngsters. They are afraid the youngsters might have something up their sleeve.

Senator Borah resented this as "a virulent attack upon one of the great political parties of the Nation," not only challenging "the wisdom of the leaders," but also assailing "the intelligence and the patriotism of its rank and file." Denying that the Republican party had "not had a new idea in thirty years," he instanced the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887, of the Sherman Anti-trust Act in 1893, of the Anti-rebate Act and proceeded:

We created a Bureau of Commerce and Labor, afterward passing what is known as the pure-food law, of incalculable value to all the people, the postal-savings law, the parcel-post law, the physical valuation of railroads law, the employer's liability law, the law limiting the hours of service of railroad men, compensation for injuries to Government employees, the child-labor law for the District of Columbia, the Children's Bureau was established, publicity of campaign funds provided for. eight hours a day for Government employees and under

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Government contracts provided for, a law requiring the railroads to report accidents provided for, the boiler-inspection law, the Bureau of Mines established, the amendment of the Constitution providing for an income tax, the election of Senators by popular vote—and so on *ad infinitum*, dealing with each particular subject as it arose. Dealing with them sanely, safely, progressively, permanently.

Then finally we passed that bill which has been so often criticized by the opposition, known as the Vreeland-Aldrich Act, dealing with the finances of the country. I call your attention to the fact, my friends, that when the crisis came a few months ago, and the European situation brought to us a condition unexpected, it was under the Vreeland-Aldrich Act that you proceeded to protect the credit and the business interests of this country. We had months before passed the Federal reserve bank Act, but it was not called into activity; it was not put into operation. It was not tested in that crisis, but when the crisis came it was permitted to remain idle while the Vreeland-Aldrich Act was the act under which we proceeded to pass the shoals and pitfalls of those first days of the European crisis. While we did so the Federal reserve bank Act lay—huge, cumbersome, bulky, expensive—cast upon the shore of the legislative sea like some antediluvian mastodon, not quite live enough for the menagerie and not quite dead enough for the operating table of the taxidermist; designed apparently for the Federal Treasury, but apparently on its way to the Smithsonian Institution.

When it is recalled further that, while the new Banking law was finally enacted by the Democrats, its genesis was Republican and the "idea" from which it was developed was hatched in the brain of Grandfather Nelson W. Aldrich, the difficulty of finding warrant for the President's assertion that he spoke "not as a politician, but as an historian" becomes quite painfully apparent. Why Mr. Borah refrained from contrasting the relative advantages to the country of lawmaking by grandfathers and youngsters can only be imagined; possibly because he felt abashed at being only forty-nine years old, while the President, at fifty-eight, was welcoming his first grandson. But let us pass on.

After having admitted with commendable frankness that each of the big parties is a minority and dependent for success upon the favor of the unattached, the President evinced a most cordial and sympathetic regard for independent voters, saying:

I am not an independent voter, but I hope I can claim to be an independent person, and I want to say this distinctly. I do not love any party any longer than it continues to serve the immediate and pressing needs of America. I have been bred in the Democratic party;

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I love the Democratic party, but I love America a great deal more than I love the Democratic party. And when the Democratic party thinks that it is an end in itself, then I rise up and dissent. It is a means to an end, and its power depends, and ought to depend, upon its showing that it knows what America needs and is ready to give it what it needs. That is the reason I say to the independent voter, you have got us in the palm of your hand. I do not happen to be one of your number, but I recognize your supremacy, because I read the election returns, and I have this ambition, my Democratic friends—I can avow it on Jackson Day: I want to make every independent voter in this country a Democratic voter. It is a little cold and lonely out where he is, because, though he holds the balance of power, he is not the majority, and I want him to come in where it is warm. I want him to come where there are great emotions.

To this Senator Borah made no response. Possibly he considered accurate definitions injudicious at a time when Republican candidates are wondering just how "independent" it is desirable to be, or even to have been. Or it may be that he doubted his ability to compete with Mr. Wilson in conjuring up overpowering emotions for use upon occasion. In any case, he awaited elucidation, which forthcame—if we may use the President's own term as applied to Grandfather Andrew Jackson—forthrightly. It appears that the one thing Mr. Wilson has "a great, almost a reckless, enthusiasm about" is "human liberty," especially at this particular time in Mexico. His heart still beats loudly for the 80 per cent. of submerged peons who have never had a "look-in" and he hopes that "God may speed them in getting it."

"That," he continued, "is what I mean by a great emotion, the great emotion of sympathy. Do you suppose that the American people are ever going to count a small amount of material benefit and advantage to people doing business in Mexico against the liberties and the permanent happiness of the Mexican people? Have not European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilt as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs, and shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak? No, I say. I am proud to belong to a strong nation that says, 'This country, which we could crush, shall have just as much freedom in her own affairs as we have. If I am strong I am ashamed to bully the weak. In proportion to my strength is my pride in withholding that strength from the oppression of another people.' And I know when I speak these things, not merely from the gracious response with which they have just met from you, but from my long-time knowl-

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edge of the American people, that that is the sentiment of the American people."

While frankly confessing our inability to comprehend this extraordinary blending of emotion and cynicism, it is perhaps explicable as an attempt at excuse for failure of a policy when compared with this, which follows:

> With all due respect to editors of great newspapers, I have to say to them I never take my opinion of the American people from their editorials. So that when some great dailies not very far from where I am temporarily residing thundered with rising scorn at watchful waiting, Woodrow sat back in his chair and chuckled, knowing that he laughs best who laughs last; knowing, in short, what were the temper and principles of the American people.

The time may come when we shall venture to surmise the aspiration which induced this curious self-delineation, but for the moment a sense of bewilderment is overwhelming. We quote again from Senator Borah:

> The President now says that we are to let Mexico alone. How unfortunate that that was not the policy from the beginning. I think if he had said in the beginning that we were to let Mexico alone, he would have been in an almost impregnable position. All that needed to have been added to that to make a perfect policy would have been that Mexico should respect the rights of American citizens and of foreigners living in that country. Let them settle their own form of government, let them elect whom they would, let them have a despotism or a republic, according as they lived up to the one or the other, and that we would recognize whatever form of government they established, always adding the proposition that, whether it was one form of government or another, the rights and the lives of American citizens should be protected thereunder.
>
> But we did go to Mexico, Mr. President. What did we go for? What were we at Vera Cruz about? What were the results of the expedition? The first result was that we killed 200 Mexicans; the second result was that we lost 19 of our own men. We were at war with Mexico. Had we killed one English subject or one German subject or one subject of France, there would have been no doubt about our being at war with that country. The only reason it did not take on all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" was the fact that the country with which we were at war was unable to respond against the powerful enemy who had entered its borders. Not only did we intervene when we declared against Huerta, but we were at war when blood was shed upon the soil of Vera Cruz. That was the first result.
>
> The second result of our going there was the destruction of the only semblance of government which they had in Mexico.
>
> The third thing which we did in connection with it is one which

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may have far-reaching consequences in the future, and that is, we notified foreign nations that they must keep hands off of Mexico, that they must not build up or give sustenance and support to Huerta or to any form of government. The result of it was that we assumed the responsibility morally, if not legally, for the injuries which flowed from that time on to those foreign powers or to their nationals by reason of the acts or of the conduct of the warring factions of Mexico.

Then we assumed further, Mr. President, at that time to reform the land laws of Mexico. So we did not let Mexico alone.

What is the situation in Mexico to-day? Mr. President, the situation in Mexico to-day is indescribable. We have no conception of it. I doubt if it would be possible to conceive a proper measurement of the condition of affairs in Mexico unless we were there, but we know that it is as bad as it could possibly be in a civilized or semi-civilized community. We know that over 250 of our own citizens have from time to time been murdered; we know that countless others have been injured in different ways and have no apparent remedy or redress.

Now, sir, when a condition of affairs exists in Mexico such as the civilized world has seldom witnessed and Republicans rise to express their views as to what shall be done, the answer which we get from the public rostrum of the country by the Chief Magistrate of the Nation is practically, in the language of Barère, that the revolution in Mexico shall be permitted to float in upon seas of blood and that the man who questions the course of revolution in Mexico is to be suspected before the American people!

Mr. President, speaking for myself, I am desirous of peace with Mexico; I want no war; and I know we shall never take any part of the territory of that Republic; but above and beyond that, and more important to my mind, is the fact that we should at least protect our own citizenship, securing our women against ravishment and our men from murder at the hands of those ferocious men who prey upon our nationals wherever they find them in their territory. There are some things which are dearer to me than peace. I do know this, Mr. President, that no nation ever retains respect among the other nations of the earth, or long maintains the consideration of other powers, that does not protect its citizens and the honor of its women and prevent them from being ravished and murdered even upon its very door-steps.

We make no comment now upon this utterance; we merely place it beside the President's declaration, for comparison and judgment as to both relative merit and possible political consequences.

Senator Borah expressed regret that the President should have made a partisan speech "at a time when this country had sore need of united wisdom and patriotism to deal with those matters which have been rendered delicate by reason of foreign conditions"; resented his seeming insistence that Senators

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should accept his judgment without question or regard for their own convictions; deplored Democratic extravagance; quoted freely from Mr. Wilson's book on Constitutional Government, etc., etc.; greatly to the satisfaction of his Republican colleagues. With these outgivings, however telling, we need not concern ourselves. The real quality of Senator Borah's argument is indicated sufficiently by the excerpts presented above. Let us glance now along the whole fighting-line.

The points of presumed weakness in the Democratic line-up selected by the coaches of the Republican team as likely to prove most vulnerable may be summarized as follows:

Depression of business.—Despite the hopefulness manifested by financiers with respect to the future, the Republican leaders insist that prosperity is yet afar off; that the existing stagnation, 18,280 commercial failures compiled by Bradstreet's for 1914, mark a new high record in sharp contrast with the reiterated assertions of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor; that the existing stagnation is as far from being "a state of mind" as the depression of six months ago is proven by this result to have been "psychological"; and that in only a few lines of manufacturing can improvement be anticipated as a consequence of the war. That there is no limit to the foreign demand for war material is admitted, but, it is urged, the present capacity of factories is already overtaxed and cannot be increased except through the construction of huge new plants, possibly in contravention of the Administration's conception of neutrality, and in any case impossible of material accomplishment before November, 1916.

Prospective bankruptcy of the Treasury.—This is fully anticipated as a consequence of declining revenues and increased appropriations, as indicated by the Treasury report of January 8, 1915, as follows:

Income of fiscal year to date	$319,609,606.02
Income last year to same date	354,867,122.21
Decrease in income	$ 35,257,516.19
Outgo of fiscal year to date	$401,798,001.15
Outgo last year to same date	390,892,111.52
Increase of outgo	$ 10,905,889.63
Outgo over income this year	$ 82,188,395.13
Outgo over income last year	36,024,989.31
Decrease in surplus	$ 46,163,405.82

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The Treasury estimate, submitted at the opening of Congress, of $1,090,775,154, or $18,000,000 less than the preceding year, is pronounced fictitious evidence of economy for political effect, since the "supplemental" estimates already aggregate $44,000,000 exclusive of $30,000,000 proposed for an omnibus public bill, $14,000,000 already made available in the Urgent Deficiency Bill and a possible appropriation of $30,000,000 for the purchase of ships. To the suggestion that partial relief may be obtained through the sale of Panama bonds the reply is made that the bonds pay only 3 per cent. and, since they do not have the circulating privilege, and cannot under the law be sold for less than par, could not possibly find a market at this time.

Government ownership of ships.—This proposal, although fathered by the Secretary of the Treasury and warmly espoused by the President, has found little public favor. It will be attacked as un-Democratic, as a plain subsidy, as a deterrent of private investment in competition with the Government which avows its intention to transact business at a loss; as advantageous only to shipbuilders and possibly to owners of interned German ships; and as perilous to the maintenance of peace with foreign nations. To the President's declaration that the scheme is necessary as a temporary measure to enable producers to reach markets the answer is made that inadequate transportation is due, not to dearth of ships, but to lack of pier facilities, longshoremen, and other helpers in foreign ports, as indicated by the fact that fifty-six ships at London and fifty-four at Genoa were at the latest report awaiting turn to be unloaded. The President's accusation of excessive rates being charged is met with the assertion that the great delay caused by these conditions necessitates extra remuneration and by reference to the fact that the present price of wheat is the highest ever known. The Bill will probably succumb in this session to the determination of Republican Senators and the indisposition of Democrats headed by Mr. Vardaman. It is thought that the Administration must then suffer from facing the alternative of acknowledging defeat or calling an extra session.

Mexico.—If the warring factions and bloodthirsty bandits who now are despoiling their country shall soon heed the admonition of the President to unite in noble endeavor to establish a just Government with the consent and under the direction of the great majority of common people, the triumph of the Administration's policy will be so overwhelming as to confound

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its critics. If not, the issue inevitably will be whether the United States owes it to her citizens to protect their lives and properties abroad as well as at home, or has no obligation beyond the shouting of *caveat emptor* to all who so far forget themselves as to cross the border line. In any case, it is quite evident, from the impassioned utterances of Senators Lodge and Root and Borah, that the Republican team has yet to be convinced that the President's chuckle at the prospect of laughing last is fully warranted by his intuitive knowledge of "the temper and principles of the American people."

National defense.—It is perhaps but natural that the Republicans should feel that, as a unit for preparedness, they possess an advantage over political antagonists whose views are diversified.

The Colombia treaty.—Whether or not an apology should be made to Colombia, accompanied by a payment of $25,000,000 for the loss of Panama, is beside the political mark. It suffices for the Republicans to know that the mere proposal has alienated Mr. Roosevelt and his considerable personal following so completely that the Administration cannot hope for support or co-operation from that source upon any conceivable grounds.

The diplomatic service.—The mortification of Republicans at the unexpected efficiency demonstrated by our representatives in Europe is mitigated by the common judgment that the most useful services were rendered and the most notable success was achieved by the Republican Ambassador who was retained in France long after his successor was appointed. It is also regarded as certain that such of the independent voters as are devoted to civil-service reform will not be attracted by the appointments to South America and may view the proceedings in San Domingo with aversion as a violation of trust.

Sectionalism.—Republican leaders are well aware of the danger of playing with fire, but they will have difficulty in quenching the flame which leaped forth in New England when a leading journal asked bitterly if twenty dead men would have been branded as "conspirators" in Texas, as they were branded in Massachusetts and Connecticut, while three sons of the Lone Star State were sitting in the Cabinet and another was acting as the intimate adviser of the President.

Woman suffrage.—Final relegation of this subject to the States, it is believed, will deprive the Democrats of an issue which Mr. Bryan surely would have espoused as an appeal for

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the ninety-one electoral votes easily controlled by women if they should act as a unit.

The colored vote.—No doubt is felt that segregation at Washington will hold every negro in the Republican ranks—a fact, if it be a fact, of no little importance in States like Ohio, Indiana, New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts.

Such, in brief, are some of the bases of Republican confidence. There are others of a more definitely political nature, embracing the universal disgust with Mr. Daniels, the quite common doubt of Mr. Bryan's efficiency as an executive, the propriety of Mr. McAdoo remaining in the Treasury as a son-in-law, the alienation of three at least of the ablest Democratic Senators, the disaffection of the so-called Clark Democrats who have not been accorded recognition, the seeming dissatisfaction of the chairman and other members of the National Committee, and so on; but these are family affairs forbidden to intermeddlers.

Most satisfying of all to the Republicans is the reflection that they have a team, while the Democrats have only a Captain—a great Captain, to be sure, bold from his sense of power, firm in his resolute aloofness, sure of the justice of his cause—yet but one against so many and so strong.

So the President, in a speech which must be pronounced ill-timed and ill-judged, resembling nothing more closely than the traditionally putative effort of a tenor to sing bass, turns to the people. In them he has implicit confidence.

But that is not the question. Quite the contrary, we should say.

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A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE

BY THOMAS HARDY

When first you fluttered on this scene
In a May month just growing green,
And a young century turned fifteen,

What did the people say of you
As dubiously they glanced you through,
O North American Review?

You had come to go? You had come to stay?
Or neither? Be that as it may
We know some things they did not say:

They did not say that you would see
The surging nations bond and free
Shape in this wise their history.

They did not say that in your run
Some deeds for freedom would be done
To pale the glory arms had won.

Nor did they, on the other hand,
Deem that some brass gods still would stand
When a whole century had been spanned.

Even you, a young philosopher,
Did not, perhaps, at all infer
That scientific massacre

For empire, step by step would climb
To horrors at this latter time
Undreamt of in your early prime.

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What sane mind could suppose, indeed,
Blunt force again would supersede
The sway of grace, art, cult, and creed.

—Yet some may here and there be fraught
With things humane you long have taught
Unwitting if they effected aught.

For when we take good seed to throw
Broadcast afar, how much may grow,
How much may fail, we do not know;

And of your influence, what may dwell,
What die and work no kindly spell
In minds around, tongues fail to tell.

But may it still expand and last,
And make for binding Satan fast
Ere one more hundred years have passed!

THOMAS HARDY.

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WHAT THE NATURE OF THE PEACE WILL BE

BY YVES GUYOT
FORMERLY FRENCH MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS

THE surgeons and nurses at the magnificent and comfortable American Ambulance at Neuilly, near Paris, have certainly, while chatting with the wounded French soldiers, been struck by the fact that war has not developed in them a warlike spirit. They say very little, and what they do say is said with modesty, about the battles in which they have taken part and the dangers which they have affronted. They rather talk a great deal about their families, their every-day occupations, about trade, and, if they are farmers, about the crops. But whatever may be the trials and dangers to which they may yet be exposed in returning to the front, not one of them asks for an immediate peace. They are fighting against their will, but their resignation is not passive; on the contrary, it is very resolute. Here is what they say or think: "The Kaiser wants war. All right; so much the worse for him. The struggle shall last until he is rendered powerless. We must not conclude a peace which would be a mere interlude. We cannot go on waking up every morning to ask ourselves if we are to have a war on the morrow. Since 1870 we have dwelt under a perpetual threat. Damocles' sword was typified in the eyes of every European by that of William II. At every moment he threatened to let it fall. His speeches and the Crown Prince's threats were sure to be hard facts some day. The resultant anxiety has paralyzed every energy and every initiative of the French nation. It increased the military expenses, it brought back three years' service when we had got it down to two, it increased our taxes and augmented our public debt. Now that we are in the furnace we must fight on until nothing remains of this awful nightmare." This is the way the Neuilly soldiers talk, and their words are echoed by the whole of France. Their opinions are also shared by all the Allies.

The problem to be solved, therefore, is what the conditions

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of this peace shall be; and right at the start looms up the question whether the all-powerful Kaiser will come down from his heights and consent to make peace. But to my way of thinking, the personality of the Kaiser need not be taken into consideration. The all-important thing is to destroy the Austro-German armies. Once they are crushed, Germany will be forced to surrender unconditionally, as Austria did after Austerlitz, and Prussia after Jena. If the Franco-British-Belgian armies force back across the frontiers, as they are slowly but successfully doing, an enemy of exhausted men and horses, an army disheartened by defeat, then the Allies may easily take the classic road of the Main which will lead them to the battle-fields of Jena and Lutzen and render them masters of Halle, the center of the German railway system. If the Russian armies, leaving a part of the German forces sunk in the mud-fields of Poland and East Prussia, and having crushed the remainder, pass along the left bank of the Oder above Breslau, they will be only some one hundred and forty miles from Dresden; and when the armies of the West and the East shall join forces on the celebrated battle-field of Leipsic, the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns will have lived. If, a fortnight later, they make a triumphal entrance into Berlin this will be only a formality intended to impress on every German the certainty of the breakdown of their once-famous Kaiser's pretentious policy. It should be remembered that when the Allies entered Paris in 1814 they did not treat with Napoleon, who had abdicated at Fontainebleau; and when the Congress of Vienna learned of Napoleon's landing at Frejus in March, 1815, it declared him "the enemy of the public peace" and placed him "under the ban of nations." On March 25 the allied monarchs—the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia—received at their headquarters in Haguenau a deputation of the French Chambers, headed by Lafayette, who were informed that the peace would not be discussed until Napoleon was handed over to the Allies.

The Allies of to-day may not be so exacting as those of just a hundred years ago. But that they will refuse to treat with the Kaiser, is certain. Should he abdicate in favor of the Crown Prince, the latter, in view of his conduct in the past, his acts in France and Belgium during the present campaign, and his well-known ideas, would be even more disqualified than his father. But who, then, would be qualified to treat with the victorious nations?

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According to the constitution of 1871 the German Empire is represented by the Bundesrath, or Federal Council, made up of delegates from each State of the federation, plenipotentiaries nominated by the heads of these States. They number 61 in all: 17 representing Prussia; 6, Bavaria; 4, Saxony; 4, Würtemberg; 3, the Grand Duchy of Baden; 3, Alsace-Lorraine; 3, Hesse; 2, Mecklenburg-Schwerin; 2, the Duchy of Brunswick; and 1 for each of the other States and free cities. Here is an excellent body with whom the Allies can treat. And what will the Allies and this Council be called upon to settle? Two all-important points: 1, Deprive Prussia of her political hegemony in Germany; and, 2, Establish an European equilibrium which will make impossible its disturbance by the will of a chief of State.

THE PRINCIPALS AND PRINCIPLES OF THE PEACE

Who, on the side of the victors, will settle the peace? Persons pervaded by more kind-heartedness than wisdom talk of a Congress of Neutral Powers. With the exception of the United States, the other neutral Powers are, in Europe, small countries, with one or two exceptions. If the United States were invited to participate, then Brazil and the Argentine Republic at least would also be invited among the South American nations. I know the rule that no one can be at the same time both judge and party to the suit. The belligerents must not alone have the settling of the dispute. But the armed settlement of conflicts shows that it has been so far impossible to accomplish these ends by pacific means. The belligerents know what this war has cost them, and the highest interests of the Allies demand that their aggressors shall be placed in such a position that a like catastrophe cannot happen again. But suppose the neutral Powers were to try and arrange matters and one of the belligerents should refuse to submit to the decisions of these Powers, what coercive measures could be employed? No, the question will be settled directly between the Allies—Great Britain, Russia, and France—on the one hand, representing Belgium, Servia, Japan, Portugal, and Montenegro, with Germany and Austria-Hungary on the other.

In 1814 Vienna was filled with sovereigns, little German princes, and representatives of all the European Powers. But, by virtue of the Quadruple Alliance concluded at Chaumont, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Great Britain settled everything

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between themselves. The secret part of the Treaty of Paris read: "The relations which are to determine a true and lasting balance of power throughout Europe will be set forth at the Congress on a basis established by the Allied Powers in agreement." Thus the four great Powers had determined to keep within their own exclusive hands the arrangement of the whole matter, and if France was finally admitted to their counsels, this was due to the authority exercised by Talleyrand and to his cleverness, as well as to the rival interests of the four sovereigns who often found it difficult to work together. And once safely seated in the Congress, Talleyrand's influence was felt. He said: "The thing needed by Europe is that once and forever be banished the opinion that rights may be acquired by mere conquest; the principle of legitimacy must be reawakened. I put equity first and mere longings afterward." He insisted that the protocol should contain these words: "The settlements shall be in accordance with public equity." And when von Hardenberg and von Humboldt, representing Prussia, replied, rather angrily, "What has public equity to do here?" Talleyrand answered, quietly, "It accounts for your being here!" Nor did Prussia in after years act on the principles laid down by the famous French diplomat. In the affair of the Danish Duchies, in the declaration of war against Austria in 1866, in the war of 1870-71 with France, in the recent ultimatum sent by Austria to Servia, in Germany's declaration of war last August against France, in the violation of the neutrality of Belgium which followed, the governing idea of Prussia is expressed by Bismarck's phrase, "iron and blood."

To this policy—a direct inheritance of the despoiling ways of the Germans of Tacitus—Great Britain, France, and Russia must now oppose a humane policy which will respect all rights, which will consider all the aspirations of the different nations in so far as they do not endanger the realization of the work in hand as a whole, and which, by the suppression of the greatest number possible of oppressors, will insure the safety of all. In a word, the principle which must guide the Allies must be that of the guaranteeing of peace. Again, from a psychological point of view, every act of a humiliating nature must be avoided. Insults weigh lightly on those who commit them, but they leave a lasting mark on the minds of those who are forced to submit to them.

Of course the question of war indemnities will be brought up. In 1815 Prussia required from France the payment of $140,000,-

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000, and in 1870 Germany took $1,000,000,000. It has been stated on more or less good authority that if Germany is successful in the present war France will be forced to pay $6,000,000,000. None of the Allies considers war a means of making money. Great Britain long ago learned that war is a business that does not pay. The Allies will simply estimate their outlay caused by the war, and the loss occasioned by the destruction of property, and then call upon Germany and Austria to foot the bill. They will have to pay principal and interest. Of course the longer the war lasts, the heavier the costs will be. All this will be but in accordance with Article III of the Convention of 1907 of The Hague, as proposed by the German delegation, which runs as follows: "The belligerent who shall violate the dispositions of this regulation shall be liable to the payment of an indemnity and shall be held responsible for all acts committed by persons belonging to his armed forces." The violation of Belgian neutrality will especially have to be paid for and at a heavy rate; for, however high this rate may be, it can never repay all the losses caused by the armed forces of Germany. It cannot bring back to life or compensate for the massacre of the children, women, and aged men who should not have suffered, nor can it restore the ruins of Louvain or the cathedral of Rheims.

The Allies will also have to examine whether the heads of State, the commanders of army corps, those officers who have ordered and those soldiers who have been guilty of the murder of aged people, women, children, and unarmed men, who have committed acts of barbarity and destruction, who have indulged in plunder, shall not be brought before a tribunal established at The Hague and be dealt with as common law criminals.

Germany has more than 65,000,000 inhabitants, whose private fortunes are estimated at from 80 to 90 billions of dollars. The interest on her public debt is only $70,000,000. So she can easily support an indemnity of from 4 to 6 billions of dollars. As regards Austria-Hungary, she is less wealthy; nor must all her people be subjected to an indemnity. But the belligerents will have the right to claim damages, the larger portion of which will be handed over to Servia and Montenegro.

But in claiming reparation of a pecuniary nature from Germany and Austria-Hungary, the Allies will not be actuated by a desire to ruin those countries. They well know that the poverty of one nation does not make for the wealth of another. They will not fill up the ports of Hamburg and Bremen; they

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will not seek to bar the navigation of the Rhine; they will not close the mines of Westphalia nor restrain Germans from manufacturing chemicals and electric apparatus if they can find purchasers therefor. The foreign markets of Germany will not be closed by the acts of the Allies, but by the distrust caused by the methods of espionage of which the Germans have been guilty in the past.

The second ruling principle which must guide the Allies in their negotiations will be to seek to remove the causes of future wars. In 1648 the treaty of Westphalia eliminated religious differences as a ground of international conflicts, and thereby rendered an enormous service to the cause of peace. We must accomplish a similar good work. Dynastic reasons for discord are disappearing, though it will be remembered that the pretext for the outbreak of 1870 was the candidature of a Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain. The dynasty question will now come forward only in connection with the exclusion of the Hohenzollerns from the throne of Prussia, which must be a *sine quâ non* of the future peace.

The negotiators of the Congress of Vienna pretended that they were trying to establish a European balance. But the Prussian Friedrich von Gentz, secretary of the Congress, said in a report dated February 12, 1815:

> The fine words concerning the regeneration of the political system of Europe and a lasting peace based on an equitable partition of forces, etc., are spoken with the aim of quieting the public mind and giving an air of dignity and grandeur to the meeting. But the true object which the Congress had in view was the apportionment among the victors of the booty taken from the vanquished!

But the Allies of 1915 will not wish to enrich themselves at the expense of Germany or Austria-Hungary. Belgium will not ask for an increased territory; the annexation of Rhenish Prussia, with its more than 7,000,000 inhabitants, almost equal in numbers to the population of Belgium itself, would simply crush the nationality of the latter country. France will only take back Alsace-Lorraine, which was wrested from her in 1870 and which Germany admits, by the way she treats these provinces, have not been assimilated by the Empire. The little strip of territory surrounding Saarbrücken and Saarlouis, which was to have been left to France in 1815, but was handed over to Prussia by the final arrangement, may be added to the two provinces. If the Polish provinces of Prussia and Austria are to return to Poland, it will not be to Russia. The Ruthenians

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of that portion of Galicia situated beyond the river Save, oppressed by the Polish of Galicia and by the Government of Vienna, may ask to join their compatriots, the Little Russians of Russia. As regards the German colonies, their value is insignificant. Their white population consists of but 27,812, and their black population of 11,974,500; their area is under two million square miles, and their trade with Germany amounts to less than $40,000,000. If the Allies take them it will not be for love of lucre, but to remove grounds for future conflict, for it should be remembered that at the opening of the war the Kaiser stated that colonial considerations was one of its causes. This cause must disappear. Servia and Montenegro must alone among the belligerents receive an increase of territory.

Such was the situation up to the moment of the entering on the scene of Turkey. But the territorial plan of settlement must now be modified in favor of Russia. It should be remembered that Constantinople is not a Turkish city, but an international one, where Greeks, Armenians, and people of every race bustle about, forming intrigues of every kind. Could a condominium of Great Britain, France, and Russia take over the power there and enforce the freedom of the Straits? Experience proves that the exercise of a condominium is difficult and its duration precarious. The Allies will probably conclude that the best solution will be the handing over to Russia of Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Bulgaria, in compensation for the development of Servia, may get back a portion of the territory of Turkey which she had to abandon after the last war, and may receive in addition a portion of Macedonia. Or some such arrangement as this may be made: All that portion of Turkey bordering the Black Sea may be given to Russia; Mesopotamia, and the regions of the Euphrates and the Tigrus, to Great Britain; and Syria and a part of the Mediterranean shores to France.

A word more about the minor Allies. Austria-Hungary has always wished to prevent Servia from having access to the Adriatic. But such access will certainly result from the present war. It may be effected by the railroad from the Danube to the Adriatic, which has long been planned and which, passing by Montenegro, will have as its terminus Antivari, Montenegro's only seaport.

The Montenegro question is intimately bound up with that of Albania, which bristles with difficulties. This handful of Albanians—they number but 800,000—might be left out of

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consideration if they were not a continual cause of discord, particularly in the Balkans, due largely to the fact that they are worked upon by three influences—that of Turkey, that of Austria, and that of Italy. If the Allies decide that the autonomy of Albania is to be maintained, the new State must be kept within the strictest limits.

Portugal declared war not because she intended to invade Germany with her little army, but in order to prevent the enemies' shipping from seeking refuge at the mouth of the Tagus or from setting up a wireless telegraphic station on the Portuguese coasts. Though Portugal is already a very large colonial Power, coming directly after Great Britain, France, and Germany as regards the square miles of her possessions, she cannot expect an enlargement of her domains in exchange for her co-operation. The fact is that she would derive a more substantial benefit if she were to seize the opportunity of the general liquidation at the close of the war to dispose of her colonies to one of the Allies for a good price.

Japan has shown great cleverness by openly siding with the Allies at the very start without waiting, to use a vulgar but very apt expression, to see which way the cat is going to jump. At the same time she has satisfied an old grudge by taking from the German Empire Kiao-Chau, thus ending the German dream of the morselization of China. When she entered upon the scene, Japan gave the United States the most formal assurance that she had no intention of troubling the islands of the Pacific, and I trust she will observe the same wise demeanor in regard to Kiao-Chau, so that the question of its retrocession to China will not have to be brought up before the Allies at the close of hostilities.

The disinterestedness of Great Britain, France, and Russia is a guarantee of their agreement when the time comes for them to settle the world-wide matters awakened by the aggressions of Germany and Austria-Hungary. The three Powers have gone to war to obtain a lasting peace for themselves, and for Europe likewise. But it is an illusion to believe that such a peace can be obtained simply by dismantling fortresses and limiting the armaments of the conquered nations. After Jena, Napoleon employed these means with Prussia: he reduced her army to 42,000 men. But this reduction fired Stein with the idea of organizing the *Landwehr*, whence sprang that instrument of war which enabled Prussia to defeat France in 1870. After Wagram, Napoleon also restricted the Austrian army to 150,000

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men. But the suppression of this clause in the treaty was one of the conditions of his marriage with Maria Louisa. Such limitations imply, on the part of the Government which exercises them, a right of supervision incompatible with the independence of the nation subjected thereto. They who would base peace on restriction of armaments confuse effect and cause. It is the causes of war which must be done away with.

Nor is it certain that an imposed change in the form of government of the conquered nations will be any more efficacious in securing a permanent peace than forced disarmament. In January, 1814, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England decided what régime should be set up in France on the ruins of the Empire, and we know what the result was. We French have learned from our experience in 1848, which cost France so dear, that replacing a king by a president does not transform a monarchical nation into a republic. Though the republican form of government is a better guarantee of peace than the autocratic one, it is not free from defects which may provoke a conflict. But in the present instance the Allies are not to be called upon to interfere in the form of government of Germany and Austria, though neither of these countries can remain constituted as it is at present. But the alterations to which these Powers will be subjected will not be inspired by the desire on the part of the Allied Governments to interfere with the home policy of the two conquered nations. The Allies will have but one end in view—*viz.*, to render impossible the breaking out of a new war within a few years.

When, at the Congress of Vienna, Talleyrand advocated the principle of monarchical legitimacy, he spoke to men who considered only the interests of sovereigns and princes who were looked upon as the owners of the people. But to-day the rôles are reversed. Political decisions are based on the interests of the people. But right here comes in an ethnological complication. Thus, the Germans have tried to justify their conquests of 1870 on politico-anthropological grounds; and declare that they annexed Alsace because the population was of German origin. The same claim did not hold true for Lorraine, which did not prevent them from annexing a portion of that province just as in the previous century they participated in the partition of Poland. The learned professors across the Rhine have a great deal to say about a "Teutonic type." In this connection one should read the book of Prof. William Z. Ripley, of Harvard, entitled *The Races of Europe,* where it will be learned that

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somatic characteristics are very variable among people who claim to belong to the same race. Linguistic considerations, legends, and historical souvenirs are better criteria, and must be taken into account, for languages and traditions have formed solid groups of men. Yet the "principle of nationalities," which played so baleful a part in European politics during the second half of the nineteenth century, is not based on law, but on traditionalism, and is opposed to the views proclaimed by the philosophers of the French school of the eighteenth century. In determining the fate of Germany and Austria the Allies must take this point of view.

To sum up, the peace treaty which will end the present war will be imposed on Germany and Austria by the three Allied Powers—Great Britain, Russia, and France—who will be actuated by the following principles: 1. A war indemnity which will represent the damages caused by the war. 2. As regards territorial acquisitions, the Allies will show disinterestedness. 3. All other considerations will be subordinated to this one—*viz.*, the elimination of the causes of future warfare. 4. This will be the sole object in view in the reorganization of Germany and Austria-Hungary. 5. In bringing about this reorganization the Allies will take account of the groups called "nationalities," but without giving them the fictitious importance attributed to them by political anthropology.

THE REORGANIZATION OF GERMANY

Referring to his act of so modifying the famous Ems telegram in the summer of 1870 as to precipitate a war with France, Bismarck once said: "I was convinced that the abyss which had been formed in the course of history between the north and the south of the Fatherland by divergences of sentiment, race, and dynasties could be filled up only by means of a national war against our French neighbor." The Iron Chancellor attained his object and the German Empire was declared at Versailles.

In international matters the power of the German Emperor is absolute. For instance, when he convened the Bundesrath just before the outbreak of the present war the aggression against Servia, which he and the Austrian Government had prepared, was already under way. The Emperor-King is the head of the army, and the Prussian military system extends throughout the whole Empire. As a matter of fact the kings and grand dukes who form part of the German Empire are

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really the subjects of the King of Prussia. Indeed, William II. has never missed an opportunity of asserting his absolute power. "*Suprema lex Regis voluntas*," he wrote in the Golden Book of the Munich municipality. "I am the sole master in the Empire and I will tolerate no other," he said before the Chamber of the Rhenish Province. "There is but one law, and that is my law," he declared to the recruits in 1893; and he wrote beneath his portrait which he presented to the Minister of Public Worship in Berlin, "*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*" The rest of this verse of Juvenal —"*sit pro ratione voluntas*" ("my will is my reason")—was not expressed, but was understood. The Allies must destroy this military absolutism; they must deprive Prussia of the political hegemony of Germany.

The Confederation of the Rhine might be re-established with Bavaria as its center, which is connected by the Bavarian Palatinate with the Rhenish Province and Westphalia. The majority of the inhabitants of these States are Catholic. To Saxony might be given back the parts of her territory taken from her by Prussia in 1865 and 1866, while Denmark would recover the Schleswig-Holstein Duchies of which she was robbed in 1864, and the Kiel Canal would be neutralized like the Suez Canal. In a word, the problem which arises may have one of two solutions: Will the coming defeat be the cause of the breaking up of the German Empire or will it increase the solidarity of States which Bismarck, by victory, established through bloodshed? There can be no doubt that the kings, princes, and peoples of the Fatherland have been Prussianized; they have been proud to fill other nations with fear; they have all been on a pilgrimage to Germania. This compensation has led the vanquished of 1866 to take their defeat for a victory. The King of Bavaria may even have forgotten that his lameness is due to a Prussian bullet. Or, on the other hand, may they conclude that Greater Germany has not given them the security they expected therefrom? They know, as I have already said, that the Kaiser precipitated all Germany into the war without consulting the Kings and States composing the Bundesrath, and that his braggart policy, of which they were very proud while digesting their beer, has passed from the realm of words into that of deeds. They have seen that the "irresistible army" with its "infallible strategists" has hurled itself on a pygmy like Belgium, and that the pygmy resisted in a way worthy of its audacity; that those Frenchmen, "so flippant and improvident," so crushed, as they supposed, in 1870, have not been trodden

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under by the weight of the German mass; that the valiant Crown Prince, instead of entering Paris, was obliged in one night to draw back some twenty-five miles; and that the famous German staff, instead of obtaining another Sedan, now sees disaster staring it in the face on both the eastern and the western line of battle. In a word, they perceive that glory and security have disappeared and that the constitution of 1871 is breaking up in the midst of the greatest downfall which Germany has ever experienced. So we may well ask whether German particularism will ever reappear and whether the various German peoples may not declare, We are no longer Prussians and will become once more Saxons, Bavarians, Würtembergers, Hanoverians, Badeners, and free Frankforters.

THE DISMEMBERMENT OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Professors of constitutional law have asked whether Austria-Hungary is a federative State, a federation of States, a State of States, a kingdom of States, a unified State, or a dual State. This perplexity of the learned specialists well typifies the complexity of the problem that the future congress of the Allies will have to solve as regards the Dual Monarchy. Viewed from the standpoint of languages, the same diversity exists. Thus, in Austria-Hungary are over 12,000,000 souls who speak German and 10,000,000 who speak Hungarian. Then there are 8,500,000 Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovaks, 5,000,000 Poles, 4,000,000 Ruthenians, 5,500,000 Croatians and Servians, 3,000,000 Rumanians, etc., none of which groups, all speaking different tongues, constitutes an independent political body. But from the physical point of view all these various agglomerations appear to be somewhat closely connected while they are separated from one another chiefly by reciprocal hatred; each looks on liberty as the right to dominate the others. At present, after a century-long struggle, the Germans of Austria and the Hungarians have succeeded in dominating all the other nationalities, though, as we have seen by the foregoing figures, the former are in a minority and so have not even the excuse of numbers as a pretext for such domination.

When one hears Hungarians vituperating against Austria one might conclude that they desire separation from the Austrians. But they do not want any such thing; quite the contrary. Budapest knows only too well that, once having broken with Vienna, Hungary would be only a small nation

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submerged by the Slavs. They remember that they have given a Prime Minister to the Dual Monarchy, Count Andrassy, who proposed in 1871 the alliance with Germany and who carried the project through in 1879. They know, too, that Hungary owes its preponderance in the Dual Monarchy to the victory of Germany over Austria at Sadowa; they never forget this fact. Furthermore, it should not be overlooked at the future settlement that Count Tisza, Prime Minister of Hungary, is more responsible for the present war than is Count Berchtold, till recently Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Allies should see to it that Hungary is not left in a position to do such a thing again.

In 1860 Austria promised autonomy to Bohemia, but forgot all about the promise when, in 1867, the compromise was made and the Dual Monarchy established. It should be remembered that during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Bohemia was the center of civilization in Central Europe. But later she was devastated and exhausted by the Thirty Years' War. Again, whereas Hungary never formed a part of the Holy Roman Empire, the King of Bohemia was one of its seven electors. Furthermore, Bohemia has never ceased to struggle against German influence; in spite of all the efforts of Austria to crush the national spirit in Bohemia, the latter has never ceased to assert it, and to-day the Bohemians, the Moravians, and the Slovaks are eager to found an independent State. This wish is sure to appeal to the Allies.

After the settlement of 1867 the Slovaks agitated for the establishment of the kingdom of Slovenia or Illyria, which was to include Trieste, Istria, Gorizia, Gradisca, southern Carinthia, and southern Styria. But now the question of Greater Servia is to the fore and it may be that the Allies will have to examine the question of a confederation of those different territories. Italy may object to certain parts of this programme, but it should be remembered that, as regards Trieste, for example, though the Italian portion of this region is very active, it is nevertheless but a minority. Indeed, this Slavic problem will not be one of the easiest that the Allies will be called upon to solve. It has always been a source of anxiety to the Dual Monarchy, and this anxiety was not decreased by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which added about 2,000,000 Slavs to those already within the borders of Hungary-Austria. The initial cause, as we all know, of the present conflict was hatred of Servia and fear of the growth of Pan-Servianism.

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But the result will be just the contrary of what was hoped for at Vienna and Budapest.

As for the German provinces of Austria—Lower and Upper Austria, the Duchy of Salzburg, the German Tyrol, and the northern part of Styria—they might be formed into a State of about 10,000,000 inhabitants with Vienna as its capital, or they might be added to Bavaria, as was done by Napoleon at the peace of Pressburg.

Finally, Vorarlberg, a small district of less than 150,000 inhabitants and entirely isolated, might be attached to Switzerland, while the Trentine region, comprising about 700,000 souls, would of course be joined to Italy.

Such are the principal matters concerning the Dual Monarchy that will come before the Allies at the grand settlement, when it will be patent to everybody that Vienna has never managed to assimilate the various nationalities which it has annexed to Austria, and this incapacity is its condemnation. The question will then certainly be asked, Why maintain as a Great Power a State which, having shown its utter administrative and military incompetency within its own borders, has moreover long disturbed the peace of Europe by its ambitions and its hatreds? And the question will be as certainly answered in the negative. Add to this the well-known fact that the majority of the peoples of the Dual Monarchy are themselves calling for its dismemberment, and it will be seen that the line of conduct of the Allies in this part of Europe is already traced for them. And this is the line they will certainly follow.

THE RESURRECTION OF POLAND

Frederick the Great says in his *Memoirs*, "The acquisition of our portion of Poland was one of the most important additions we ever made, for it joined Pomerania to East Prussia and rendered us masters of the Vistula." In 1848 a proposition was brought forward in the Frankfort Diet for the reconstitution of Poland, whereupon Bismarck exclaimed, "It would sever the principal arteries of Prussia." But the Prussians have shown themselves incapable of assimilating the Polish inhabitants subject to their rule, though they have tried all kinds of "colonizing" schemes with this end in view. The result is that whereas the Duchy of Posen numbered, in 1867, 688,000 Germans and 884,000 Poles, in 1910 it numbered 807,000 of the first and 1,279,000 of the second. In Silesia

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there are 1,236,000 Poles and 4,774,000 Germans, while in West Prussia the figures are 476,000 Poles and 1,098,000 Germans. The parts containing more Poles than Germans will be incorporated in the New Poland which the Czar by a master stroke has decided to establish and which the Allies can only too willingly approve of. They will remember the speech delivered at Marienburg by the Kaiser in 1900 in the ancient castle of the Knights of the Teutonic Order, when he summoned them to aid him in his crusade against the Poles. They will recognize the fact that Dantzic and the mouth of the Vistula belong to Poland, as well as Galicia, as far as the river San, with its beautiful capital, Cracow. The frontier of the New Poland will be only about ninety-six miles from Berlin, and the King of Prussia, if such a personage exists at the close of the present war, will then be able to visit Königsberg only by sea, unless he crosses Polish territory. In a word, Poland will then form a buffer State between Prussia and Russia, which was in the plan of the Congress of Vienna, but which Prussian avidity prevented from being carried out. Furthermore, this reconstitution of Poland will be the best guarantee that Russia can give the rest of the world that she does not nourish the ambitions of which she is accused in some quarters.

AFTER THE TREATY

It does not follow because a treaty is put on paper and signed that its stipulations will be carried out. This has been seen in the case of the Treaty of Berlin; in 1885 Bulgaria violated it, and in 1911 Austria, without the slightest blush, annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. In order that a treaty have legal force there must be a mandatory whose duty it shall be to see that the stipulations of the treaty be strictly carried out. In 1815, for instance, the Triple Alliance first and the Quadruple Alliance afterward undertook this task, and in the present instance the three Allies will have to enter into a similar agreement and distribute the rôles between them, so that if one of the conquered Powers should try to escape the consequences of its defeat it will immediately find itself in such a position that a single injunction will suffice to obtain strict observance of the treaty.

Such are the outlines of the arrangements which may guarantee a lasting peace to Europe. The setting up of small buffer States will restrict the ambition of the great Powers, and

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certain Governments will no longer be able to make France and Russia fill the part of bogy, for the latter will have shown that they are not bent on seizing territory. Prussia's hatred of France came out clearly at the Congress of Vienna, as it has again in the present war. But one does not live on hatred.

The legislative and economic unification of Germany has been accomplished and should not be disturbed, for such an act would affect every one of its inhabitants. If the peace decreases military taxes, lightens service with the colors, removes from every mind the worry of an impending conflict, and leaves men free to devote all their energy to productive occupations, then every German citizen will see that he has profited by the defeat of Prussian militarism and imperialism. He will also perceive that one of the chief causes of this war, an economic cause, has also been removed. I refer to the Kaiser's passion for a monopoly which mixed up industrial policies with military matters, imagining that he could create new markets for German products by the aid of bayonets and cannon. He desired to carry to its extreme limits the assertion that "trade follows the flag."

I may be permitted to add in closing that if our statesmen of to-day were economists they would do away for ever with the causes of economic conflicts by adopting free trade and thus take a definite step toward a lasting world's peace. Unfortunately this will not be accomplished on this occasion. Though the diplomats of Great Britain and Belgium would be capable of understanding such a policy, those of France and Russia will wish to still cling to the practice of "national economics," which Germany has long been teaching in her universities, and whose bitter fruits she is now tasting. But one of my friends, M. Henri Lambert, the large glass manufacturer of Charleroi, without indulging in a word of complaint concerning the evil deeds of the Germans in Belgium, has well said in a recent letter addressed to the President of the United States, "Cobden declared that 'Free trade is the best peacemaker'; and I venture to add that free trade will become more and more the only peacemaker."

YVES GUYOT.

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THE ORGANIZATION OF PUBLIC OPINION

BY ARTHUR T. HADLEY

For the past twenty years we have been trying to give the people a more direct voice in the work of government. We have been experimenting with measures like the initiative, the referendum, the recall, or the direct primary. Some of these things have passed beyond the stage of experiment and have become recognized parts of the political system of many of our States. But as we look over what has been accomplished by these means it is surprising to see how slight has been their effect. They have not justified either the hopes of their advocates or the fears of their opponents. Reformers thought that by providing for a spontaneous expression of the popular will the referendum and the direct primary would give us better laws and better candidates. Conservatives thought that any such spontaneous expression of the popular will would lead to disastrous radicalism. Both parties were deceived. The new system does not provide for spontaneous expression of popular will to anything like the extent which is commonly supposed. It has simply substituted one kind of organization for another.

This is not the first time such a thing has happened in American history. Ninety years ago the overthrow of the caucus system gave rise to similar hopes and was followed by similar disappointments.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the members of Congress in each party held "caucuses" to determine who should be the candidate at the next presidential election. Theoretically the people chose electors and the electors chose a President. Practically the members of the previous Congress restricted the range of choice to two men.

This system was severely criticized. It was regarded as a violation of the fundamental principles of the Constitution for members of Congress to undertake to say who should or should

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not be President. This feeling became so strong that the Congressional caucus was overthrown in 1824 and the field left free for popular nomination. The change was hailed with enthusiasm as a triumph of Constitutional principles and a means of giving the people the opportunity to choose the men they wanted. But it did very little practical good. The party convention took the place of the party caucus. The people were no longer compelled to choose between candidates selected by members of a former Congress; but they were compelled to choose between candidates selected by members of nominating conventions, and the convention was quite as much under the control of politicians as the caucus had been. We had changed the form of political organization and control; we had not done away with the substance. In certain respects the convention system of nomination was even more objectionable than the caucus system. It avoided the open connection between the legislative and executive departments of the Government, but it gave a chance for all sorts of hidden connections. The caucus system had defied the spirit of the Constitution; the convention system evaded or ignored it.

It took people seventy or eighty years to discover how completely the control of political machinery enabled a skilful man to control popular government itself. The immediate effect of this discovery is seen in the introduction of the initiative and the referendum to prevent the politicians from determining what laws shall be passed, and the direct primary to prevent them from determining what candidates shall be nominated. Inexperienced people regard these changes as meaning a purification of politics and a triumph of democracy, in the same way that their great-grandfathers regarded the overthrow of the Congressional caucus as a purification of politics and a triumph of democracy. The chance for disappointment is as large now as it was then. In 1915, as in 1825, we are simply discarding one form of organization and substituting another. Whether the new one will be better or worse than the old one will depend upon the intelligence with which we meet its possibilities and its dangers.

The party organization of the latter part of the nineteenth century was a complex mechanism for determining and organizing public sentiment. It had its ward leaders and its district leaders who were in touch with local conditions, its county committees to harmonize the claims and wishes of the several districts, and its central heads or bosses that directed the policy

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of the whole organization. It was its constant aim to make up a list of candidates popular enough to secure a large vote and at the same time subservient enough to yield to the wishes of the party machine in all minor matters.

This method of organization was most effective when candidates were nominated by conventions and laws were made by candidates thus nominated. When the people themselves vote on nominations and laws the politician must go to work in a different way. To have them made to suit him, he must appeal more directly to public sentiment. This sentiment can best be created by the influence of newspapers and magazines. It is through the press—daily, weekly, or monthly—that the American people forms its opinion as to men and measures. The success or failure of a candidate in securing the nomination depends largely upon the support which he receives from this quarter. The man who accomplishes most in modern politics is he who recognizes this fact most fully. It is not by the personal influence which was characteristic of the old party system that nominations are now secured and the way made clear for the passage of laws. It is by the influence of the printed page, which enables the man who controls it to determine thousands of votes for good or for evil.

In 1824 we overthrew the legislative caucus as a dominant power in politics, and left the field open for the party machine. To-day we are overthrowing the party machine and are leaving the field open to the press. And according as the press uses its new power for evil or for good will the results of the referendum and the direct primary, and other similar agencies of modern democracy, be also evil or good.

The organization of public opinion by the newspapers instead of by the party managers has certain distinct and obvious advantages. In the first place, it involves a more direct appeal to public opinion. A newspaper owes its power to the fact that its readers think as its editor wishes them to think. Their opinion may be right or wrong. The evidence presented to them may be complete or incomplete. But the opinion is in any case a real opinion, based on an examination of important evidence.

In the next place, this opinion is formed in the open, instead of being shaped by secret conferences, as was so often the case under old-fashioned party leadership. The newspaper makes its appeal in broad daylight. If the appeal is an unfair one, those who are arguing on the other side have at least a chance

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to see what is being said and done by their opponents and to try to prove that it is unfair. Government by newspapers is government by discussion. It is perhaps the only form of government by discussion which is practicable in a large community.

In the third place, the call which the newspaper makes upon its readers almost necessarily takes the form of an appeal to their judgment rather than to their selfishness. A party manager working under the old system is constantly occupied in pointing out to his followers how their personal interests would be advanced by some measure or some candidate. A newspaper or magazine that should adopt this policy would soon find its influence confined within a limited circle. The general public would suspect, and rightly suspect, that a measure which one group of voters was urged to support on purely selfish grounds would be of doubtful benefit to the community as a whole. A journalist may himself often be led to support certain measures or certain candidates for reasons of self-interest. But his appeal to his readers for support must be based on broader grounds than this in order to be effective.

Such are the patent and obvious advantages of having the organization of popular opinion placed in the hands of the press. They are so fundamental in character that we are sometimes tempted to overlook the disadvantages and dangers with which this process is attended. The very fact that makes the appeal of the press an almost ideal agency in democratic government when rightly used correspondingly increases the perils when it is used wrongly. The power of an editor is a power to influence men's judgment. If he confines himself to legitimate methods of influence he realizes Bagehot's ideal of government by discussion. If he uses it wrongly, and leads his readers to act on imperfect information, he not only turns the action of the Government into wrong channels, but he effects the more permanent and disastrous harm of poisoning public opinion at its source.

A man who desires to make his newspaper popular is under a constant temptation to pander to the prejudices of his public. Without actually making grave misstatements, he can print the facts which they like in large type and suppress or relegate to obscure columns the facts which they do not like. Under these circumstances their judgment is distorted and their preconceived impressions confirmed, until they become incapable of weighing the real evidence on which their political action ought

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to be based. If another paper tries to furnish them the true facts, they disbelieve it. They are accessible only to the kind of evidence that their own particular journal prefers to furnish.

The editor, under such circumstances, often makes the excuse that he gave his readers what they wanted. Even if he were an ordinary private citizen, this excuse would hardly pass current. The man who puts aniline dyes into children's candy is not excused by the fact that the children like to have their candy bright-colored. And the newspaper man is not an ordinary private citizen. He is, by the course of recent events, intrusted with a place of public responsibility. He has it in his power more than any other man to see that the country is governed well or ill. If he enables his readers to base their votes on organized information, he does service. If he leads them to base those votes on organized emotion, he does irreparable wrong.

I do not know whether it was President Lowell or some one else who coined the phrase "organized emotion." Whoever may have been the inventor, it is an accurate description of something which gravely threatens the stability of American government. Every student of history knows what fearful mistakes democracies have made under the influence of emotion evoked by popular orators; how thousands of men, listening to an appeal to prejudice veiled in the form of exposition of fact, have taken leave of their judgment and brought their commonwealths to the brink of ruin, or even beyond it. Our own people have not been wholly exempt from this danger. "The curse of the country," said Daniel Webster in a moment of bitterness, "has been its orators." This dangerous gift of the orator, of making emotion take the place of information, is one to which the newspaper has to-day fallen heir.

The danger which will result to the commonwealth if our political action is based on organized emotion rather than organized information is peculiarly great in connection with the direct primary.

Under the old-fashioned system of nomination by party conventions, two questions were always asked concerning a candidate: first, did the party want him? and, second, could he be elected? It was not enough for the leaders to know whether the candidate was popular with the majority of their followers. It was an equally important question—in fact, in a great many instances, a much more important question—whether he could attract a sufficient number of votes from the opposite party,

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or hold a sufficient number of doubtful votes within his own party, to make his election reasonably certain. They wanted to get the strongest candidate they could; and the strongest candidate was not always the man for whom his party associates were most enthusiastic. He was commonly a man of more moderate views than they. Take a salient instance, which has now become historical. In the Presidential campaign of 1860, if the Republican convention had consulted the wishes of the majority of voters within the party it would have nominated Seward. He had taken strong ground against slavery; and northern Republicans who were excited by the heat of our slavery contest saw in him their natural champion. But sagacious men knew that Seward could not be elected, and convinced the convention of the soundness of that view. It nominated Lincoln—a man who cared less for abstract principles than Seward, and more for Constitutional law; less for the abolition of slavery, and more for the preservation of the Union. The nomination of Lincoln was a distinct disappointment to extremists throughout the North; but it appealed to moderate men in States adjoining the Potomac and the Ohio, whose votes were necessary and sufficient to elect him.

This instance is a typical one. The convention system has been distinctly favorable to the nomination of businesslike candidates for the principal offices—of candidates who were unsatisfactory to some of the extreme elements in their own party and satisfactory to the moderate men in the opposite party. It has tended to give us men who appealed to the country instead of appealing to a group. With the substitution of the direct primary, we are bound to lose something of this advantage. We are almost certain to see a larger number of candidates who represent extreme views on either side. To prevent this danger from becoming fatal the press of the country will have to recognize the responsibility that is placed in its hands by the new conditions, and assume that the position of the editor, no less than that of the government official, is one of public trust.

ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIT

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

In my youth I once heard the then well-known lecturer Star King speak on "The Law of Disorder." I have no recollection of the main thought of his discourse, but can see that it might have been upon the order and harmony that finally come out of the disharmonies of nature and of man. The whole universe goes blundering on, but surely arrives. Collisions and dispersions in the heavens above, and failure and destruction among living things on the earth below, yet here we all are in a world good to be in! It is as if the Creator played his right hand against his left—what one loses the other gains.

It has been aptly said that while Darwin's theory of natural selection may account for the survival of the fittest, it does not account for the arrival of the fittest. The arrival of the fittest, sooner or later, seems in some way guaranteed by tendencies that are beyond the hit-and-miss method of natural selection. Yet one hesitates to appeal to any teleological principle.

It is hard to believe that the course of organic evolution would have eventuated in man and the other higher forms of life without some guiding principle; yet it is equally difficult to believe that the course of any guiding intelligence down the ages would have been strewn with so many failures and monstrosities, so much waste and suffering and delay. Man has not been specially favored by one force or element in nature. Behold the enemies that beset him without and within, and that are armed for his destruction! The intelligence that appears to pervade the organic world and that reaches its conscious expression in the brain of man is just as manifest in all the forms of animals and plants that are inimical to him—in all his natural enemies—venomous snakes and beasts of prey, and insect pests —as in anything else. Nature is as wise and solicitous for rats and mice as for men. In fact, she has endowed many of the lower creatures with physical powers that she has denied him.

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Evidently man is only one of the cards in her pack, doubtless the highest one, but the game is not played for him alone.

There is no economy of effort or of material in nature as a whole, whatever there may be in special parts. The universe is not run on modern business-efficiency principles. There is no question of time, or of profit, or of solvency, or of insolvency. The profit-and-loss account in the long run always balances. In our astronomic age there are probably vastly more dead suns and planets strewing the depths of sidereal space than there are living suns and planets. But in some earlier period in the cycle of time the reverses may have been true, or may be true in some future period.

There is economy of effort in the individual organism, but not in the organic series, at least from the human point of view. During the biologic ages there have been a vast number of animal forms, great and small, and are still, that had no relation to man, that were not in his line of descent, and played no part in his evolution. During that carnival of monstrous and gigantic forms in Mesozoic time the ancestor of man was probably some small and insignificant creature whose life was constantly imperiled by the huge beasts about it. That it survived at all, in the clash of forces, bestial and elemental, during those early ages, is one of the wonders of time. It has been a rough-and-tumble, or go-as-you-please, game from the first. The struggle has been to the strong, and the race to the fleet. Species of gigantic insects, of giganitc crustaceans, of gigantic fish, of gigantic reptiles, of gigantic mammals, lived and flourished during whole geological ages, and then became extinct, possessing the earth, and the sea, and the sweetness thereof for millions of years, and then slowly vanished—a spectacle of waste and prodigality impossible to reconcile with our human ideas of the fit and the efficient. The drama or tragedy of evolution has had many actors, some of them fearful and terrible to look upon, who have played their parts and passed off the stage, as if the sole purpose was the entertainment of some unseen spectator. When we reach human history, what wasted effort, what failures, what blind groping, what futile undertakings—war, famine, pestilence, delaying progress or bringing to naught the wisdom of generations of men! Those who live in this age are witnessing in the terrible European war something analogous to the blind, wasteful fury of the elemental forces—millions of men who never saw one another, and who have not the shadow of a quarrel, engage in a life-and-death struggle, armed with all the

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aids that centuries of science and civilization can give them—a tragedy that darkens the very heavens and makes a mockery of all our age-old gospel of peace and good-will to men. It is a catastrophe on a scale with the cataclysms of geologic time when whole races disappeared and the face of continents was changed. It seems that men in the aggregate, with all their science and religion, are no more exempt from the operation of cosmic laws than are the stocks and stones. Each party to this gigantic struggle declares that he is in it against his will; the fate that rules in the solar system seems to have them all in its grip; the working of forces and tendencies for which no man was responsible seem to have brought it about. Social communities grow in grace and good-fellowship, but Governments in their relations to one another, and often in relation to their own subjects, are still barbarous. Men become Christianized, but man is still a heathen—the victim of savage instincts. In this struggle one of the most admirable and efficient of nations, and one of the most solicitous for the lives and well-being of its citizens, is suddenly seized with a fury of destruction, hurling its soldiers to death as if they were only the waste of the fields, and trampling down other peoples whose geographic position placed them in their way, as if they were merely vermin, throwing international morality to the winds, looking upon treaties as "scraps of paper," looking upon themselves as the salt of the earth, the chosen of the Lord, appropriating the Supreme Being as did the colossal egotism of old Israel, and quickly getting down to the basic principle of savage life—that might makes right.

Little wonder that the good people are asking, Have we lost faith? We may or we may not have lost faith, but can we not see that our faith does not give us a key to the problem? Our faith is founded on the old prescientific conception of a universe in which good and evil are struggling with each other, with a Supreme Being aiding and abetting the good. We fail to appreciate that the cosmic laws are no respecters of persons. Emerson says there is no god dare wrong a worm, but worms dare wrong one another, and there is no god dare take sides with either. The tides in the affairs of men are as little subject to human control as are the tides of the sea and the air. We may fix the blame of the European war upon this Government or upon that, but race antagonisms and geographical position are not matters of choice. An island empire, like England, is bound to be jealous of all rivals upon the sea, because her very life, when

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nations clash, depends upon her control of it; and an inland empire, like Germany, is bound to grow restless under the pressure of contiguous states of other races. A vast empire, like Russia, is always in danger of falling apart by its own weight. It is fused and consolidated by a turn of events that arouses the patriotic emotions of the whole people and unites them in a common enthusiasm.

The evolution of nations is attended by the same contingencies, the same law of probability, the same law of the survival of the fit, as are organic bodies. I say the survival of the fit; there are degrees of fitness in the scale of life; the fit survive, and the fittest lead and dominate, as did the reptiles in Mesozoic time and the mammals in Tertiary time. Among the mammals man is dominant because he is the fittest. Nations break up or become extinct when they are no longer fit, or equal to the exigencies of the struggles of life. The Roman Empire would still exist if it had been entirely fit. The causes of its unfitness form a long and intricate problem. Germany of to-day evidently looks upon herself as the dominant nation, the one fittest to survive, and she has committed herself to the desperate struggle of justifying her self-estimate. She tramples down weaker nations as we do the weeds of the fields. She would plow and harrow the world to plant her Prussian *Kultur*. This *Kultur* is a mighty good product, but we outside of its pale think that French *Kultur* and English *Kultur* and American *Kultur* are good products also, and equally fit to survive. We naturally object to being plowed under. That Russian *Kultur* has so far proved itself a vastly inferior product cannot be doubted, but the evolutionary processes will in time bring a finer and higher Russia out of this vast weltering and fermenting mass of humanity. In all these things impersonal laws and forces are at work, and the balance of power, if temporarily disturbed, is bound, sooner or later, to be restored.

Evolution is creative, as Bergson contends. The wonder is that, notwithstanding the indifference of the elemental forces, and the blind clashing of opposing tendencies among living forms—a universe that seems run entirely on the trial-and-error principle—evolution has gone steadily forward, a certain order and stability has been reached in the world of inert bodies and forces, and myriads of forms of wonderful fitness and beauty have been reached in the organic realm. Just as the water system and the weather system of the globe have worked themselves out on the hit-and-miss plan, but not without serious

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defects—much too much water and heat at a few places, and much too little at a few others—so the organic impulse, warred upon by the blind inorganic elements and preyed upon by the forms it gave rise to, has worked itself out and peopled the world as we see it peopled to-day—not with forms altogether admirable and lovely from our point of view, but so from the point of view of the whole. The forests get themselves planted by the go-as-you-please winds and currents, the pines in one place, the spruce, the oaks, the elms, the beeches, in another, all with a certain fitness and system. The waters gather themselves together in great bodies and breathe salubrity and fertility upon the land.

A certain order and reasonableness emerge from the chaos and cross-purposes. There are harmony and co-operation among the elemental forces, as well as strife and antagonism. Life gets on, for all the groping and blundering. There is the inherent variability of living forms to begin with—the primordial push toward the development from within which, so far as we can see, is not fortuitous, but predestined; and there is the stream of influences from without, constantly playing upon and modifying the organism and taken advantage of by it.

The essence of life is in adaptability; it goes into partnership with the forces and conditions that surround it. It is the trait which leads the teleological philosopher to celebrate the fitness of the environment when its fitness is a foregone conclusion. Shall we praise the fitness of the air for breathing, or of the water for drinking, or of the winds for filling our sails? If we cannot say explicitly, without giving too much rein to our anthropomorphism, that there is a guiding intelligence in the evolution of living forms, we can at least say, I think, that the struggle for life is favored by the very constitution of the universe and that man in some inscrutable way was potential in the fiery nebula itself.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

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IN THE DEEP COUNTRY

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

To-day was a day that the lover of warmth and sunlight would call *triste* and dull—I don't know! To me it seemed almost perfectly beautiful. The sky was vaulted with a pavement, so to say, of high grey clouds, pure and clear-cut as a chalcedony; there was a westerly breeze; and in the subdued light the landscape took on the softest melting tints, like the wings of a dove, I thought. There were little flames and splashes of color in copse and holt—the autumn leaves are not all whirled away. Here and there, where they had been plowing, the rich brown earth lay upturned, awaiting the sowing-time. The sedge was all withered now by the brimming brook, and the little brakes were wintry and tangled. Everything seemed settling down to rest, a little tired, perhaps, of the long summer-tide, and nestling down to a well-earned sleep. It was a lonely road that I chose, passing through two or three little villages, where the thatched and white-fronted cottages stood in their little orchard gardens, very homelike and gentle, speaking just of simple life and labor, not without love and cheer. In the rick-yards of small, lonely farms the summer's store was stacked. The horses plodded home—great gentle creatures, each proudly bestridden by a small boy whom they were glad to obey. The rows of straw-built hives were closed for their winter sleep, and a few late flowers straggled in the dying borders.

I wish I could find words to say how I love all this space and quiet and country charm. Even so the world has lived in these low uplands, perhaps for a thousand years. There was more wood and waste, no doubt, but round about these villages the land has borne crops and fruit, has been tilled and replenished for centuries. The churches are very old, the houses are old; indeed, in a field that I passed there was unearthed, not long ago, the great country grange of a Roman settler, with its refectory, its little cloistered court, its baths, and chambers, and

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storehouses. And it may all last on, hardly changing, for another thousand years, or longer still.

Perhaps nothing very great springs out of it all. Families live on and on here, well content. They do not send out hard-hearted and ambitious men into the world. They have no stock of ideas, no theories about life. It is enough for them to live as their forefathers lived, though they grow milder, kinder, more peaceable in the lapse of time. I could not live so myself, but I think it beautiful, for all that; for the souls that have their earthly pilgrimage in these fields there is doubtless enough experience to do for them whatever needs to be done. I can hardly guess, with all my activities and eager questionings, what life is intended to do for me, and still less can I conceive what life is meant to do for these, or why they should open their eyes upon the world. But it is life taking shape, willing to live, not desiring to take flight, and learning something which it is well to know. Work and love, fatherhood and motherhood, age and death, those are mysteries high enough for the lowliest.

I love this land, not for any special beauty that it has, though it is filled with beauty for my eyes, but just because it speaks of all these quiet secrets to me, and because it is familiar and dear. When I die I do not expect to revisit it. But I shall carry away the love that I have learned here and all the wonder of it safe in my heart; and if my spirit comes back to live in the world it will surely find other scenes, other fields, and woods, and skies to love as well. I claim no permanence of recollection—I do not think I even desire it. Indeed, I hardly know what I mean when I say that I love the land of my birth. I think I mean that I love something in it and behind it, of which sloping pasture, and reed-fringed brook, and gnarled tree are the visible symbols. I am sure that there is something there which can be loved, and which, perhaps, loves me in turn. I only know I have a sense of trust and good-will and serenity in it all as my eyes, idly straying, recover the well-known sights—the little grove, the low tiled farm-house with its stained orange plaster, the manor with its solid chimney-stacks, the high-roofed barn, the wide plain, seen through the folded slopes. They are all there, just as and where I expect them.

My thoughts to-day center themselves much on a friend I have lost, a bright, eager, joyful spirit who lived life very fully, played it, I used to think, like a brisk game, gave of his charm freely to all alike, practised a hundred activities, touched and won many hearts. The one thing that was strange to me

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about him was that he was great in controversy. He said bitter and ironical things about his opponents, tossed them on his horns, made them appear ridiculous and mean. Yet I think they were mostly aiming at the same ends as himself, though on different lines. He will live long in many hearts, but for his kindness, his sweetness, and his simplicity. But no one will remember his sharpness or his scorn; that will all fade away. He achieved nothing by it except that he was misunderstood and mistrusted. He won no one over by his derisive sayings; those who believed in him, and had some bitterness of spirit, admired the skill with which he silenced his adversaries. But the adversaries themselves only believed all the more fiercely in the things which he despised. But the sharp strokes of his wit are just the things which I would now most swiftly forget if I could. He sowed the seed of strife. He was not content just to uphold what he knew to be true and beautiful. But all his triumphs now are in the spirits whom he helped and won, not in those whom he made angry and sore.

I thought to-day that I would try, once and for all, to cast that sort of bitterness out of my own life. In an active life like mine one is brought face to face with stiff, dogmatic, censorious, unreasonable people. It is easy to say rough and sharp things about them and to them; and one is tempted to resist them, to demolish their certainties, to show their lack of reason. But one wins no victories that way, because the only victories are when one persuades, and attracts, and encourages. Then you can, perhaps, make people see what is beautiful and good, and find more things to love. But when you argue and controvert, the only thing you win is a little admiration for your skill, a little terror of your tongue.

So I thought that I would henceforth only try to praise and bless what I thought worthy of love, and that if I were met by controversy I would argue, if I argued at all, with good-humor and amusement, not with bitterness, not to wound. Because bitterness really betrays a little touch of fear. It only means that you cannot trust the beautiful things to win by their own beauty and sweetness, and you try to maul your foe because you are afraid that he may damage you if you do not anticipate him.

Life is so short, and yet there is so much to admire and love and to be interested in, that these ugly tempers are just a waste of time and strength. By yielding to them you only increase your power of being wounded. It is not as if you decreased stupidity or roughness by striking at it; you only put

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yourself on a baser level. I do not mean to practise mildness and meekness; that is another sort of feebleness; but I would wish to be generous and chivalrous, and to be amused rather than angry. Life is full of pleasant absurdities, and the certainties of perverse and stupid people are among them. But impatience and rudeness and contempt are only the signs of timidity.

I am not made to deal with big things, or intricate problems, or wide reasonings. I see things too much in detail for that. I cannot hold the factors of great problems in mind; but I can see the quality of things and the aspects of life, the outlines, and features, and textures of people, and buildings, and landscapes. There is a strange essence of beauty in all this; not only a sentimental or an emotional or an artistic beauty, but the sharpness and distinctness of objects, the differences of temperament. It is not only the high, and splendid, and gracious, and lovable qualities that are clear to me, but the salient, crooked, appropriate elements, and even the grotesque, and clumsy, and absurd qualities. Many of these are interesting, absorbing, even admirable and lovable, because they are exactly what they are and not otherwise. And I must try, I am sure, to make the most of a quick and inquisitive eye, a power of seeing and caring for the sharp and vivid detail of things; and the end of it all is that it is worth while to draw the attention of people to the extraordinary interest and variety of life, to make them understand how much there is to watch and to enjoy, and that the simplest sort of life, with no great opportunities or glowing ambitions, can yet find a rich harvest of fine experiences, wherever one lives and works, and whatever one has to do.

So many people drift into disappointment and dreariness because they are dissatisfied with the materials of life, and would like to play a bigger part than they are entitled to play. It is all a deep mistake, the worst mistake a man can make. It is not the impression a man makes on life that matters; it is the impression which life makes upon him.

The night began to gather and roll in upon the landscape as I came down the hill with the lights of the town flashing and winking in among the trees, over the misty flat. I was glad to return to it, to take my place in it, the daily work, the fireside, the talk of friends; better even than the beautiful solitary country with the wide-spread fields, the dark woods, the lonely lanes settling down to night and silence. The breeze sank, whispering into the great covert, shook the sailing leaf from the tree, and died away. ARTHUR C. BENSON.

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WHITMAN IN WHITMAN'S LAND

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

Camerado! this is no book.
Who touches this, touches a man.

LIKE that of his compatriot Poe, the fate of Walt Whitman, so far as his own country is concerned, forms one of the incongruities of literary reputations. It is one more instance of high and fiery ideals borne down by an ironic destiny, another of those peculiar reversals of hope inflicted upon an author by that just and all-wise Posterity to which he appeals so fondly and confidently.

How, then, does American posterity regard the great chanter of triumphant Democracy? Is he borne about like a light in its heart? Do his sonorous lines live on its myriad lips? Has his ringing message kindled that "love of comrades," that heroic sense of the grandeur of toil and of manhood which was his battle-cry and inspiration? Is there an audience for him among those masses for which he wrote, akin to that which Tennyson and Longfellow find both in England and America? And that true spiritual American poesy he hoped to call forth and foster, what evidence is there of its birth? No; the bard of brotherhood, the prophet of a simple, golden, and virile democracy, is quite unknown to the common man in his own land. Yet it was for him chiefly that he wrote and chanted his rude, impassioned staves.

The average American may have heard of Walt Whitman as he may have heard of Julius Cæsar, but to him the significance of the poet is almost as remote as that of the conqueror. It was the fate of Whitman's poetry to become, not a creed for the many, but a cult for the few, an excuse for the tenuous raptures of esthetic gentlemen and literary ladies. The simple-natured bard has furnished an ostensible reason for the formation of a Whitman Society, with an imposing list of vice-presi-

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dents and an equally imposing annual dinner. And here and there, in boys' colleges and girls' seminaries, certain of his poems are secretly read in a mood fevered over with the red cast of sex. True, there are several uninspired disciples and emulators who wearily imitate the literary forms, vices, and mannerisms of their master. But beyond the small immediate circle kindled by their own enthusiasm, the outpourings of Mr. Horace Traubel, Whitman's excellent biographer and faithful if pedestrian disciple, and those of the late Ernest Crosby, fall on ears cold and deaf with indifference and vexed by the stale, monotonous reiteration. And yet Whitman has become a living force and theme for controversy among many of the young writers of Germany, has a goodly following in France—among which Léon Bazalgette, Francis Viélé-Griffin, Henri Guilbeaux, and Gabriel Sarrasin shine forth. In England that iconoclastic eremite, Edward Carpenter, has fashioned some of his most forceful messages in the fire of Whitman's genius, succumbing, however, like all the rest, to the perilous fascination of Whitman's measures.

Somehow this shaggy, thunderous phenomenon of literature, with all its pristine force, crudeness, and untrammeled emotion, its lofty, eager stressfulness in living, loving, and laboring, as well as its gigantic greed for fraternity and the greatness of the Republic, has missed its mark in America. Perhaps the posterity to which he will appeal is as yet unborn, but the fact is fresh and glaring that the real significance of this dynamic dreamer has been proclaimed by other lands than his own. This does not preclude his being read, for in some degree he has already suffered the fate of the classics, and is studied, not as a modern humanist with a message for the present, but as part of a crystallized, established literature.

For his neglect by the generation of to-day there is more than one strong and adequate reason. The most pertinent is the simple fact that the democracy which Whitman glorified no longer exists. The Americanism of to-day wears another face and has another voice than that which he saw so gloriously exaggerate. Its ideals have changed; the motive forces within and without it are such as even his prophetic vision could but dimly foresee. True, even in his own day the ideal and beautiful society of "love of comrades," of sane, sweet man-and-womanhood, of simple manners and idyllic labor, existed rather as a vision than a reality. But the seer and poet within him discerned in the chaos of the young and lusty nation the seed

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and promise of national greatness. He sought to build up a new aspiration, to create new standards, new values for man; to plan a programme for the development of the commonwealth.

With his bardic heart glowing from the clamor and storm of the Civil War, in which he had acted as a kindly, brotherly nurse, he saw the embattled States, deluged with blood, emerge triumphant in the cause of the Union. The eagle of democracy, phœnix-like, rose over its own wreckage and seemed to justify itself to the world. In the bluff fraternity of soldiers and in the absence of all class distinction among these patriots in the ranks, he caught glimpses of a close-knit, altruistic love binding all American hearts and hands. The tramp and charge of armies transferred their echoes to his verse. His reckless sentences sweep on with wild huzzas; his long, uneven lines and staccato phrases are like columns, whole or broken, rushing forward to the crash of drums and trumpets. The exaltation of thought, the glow of passion, the unfaltering onset of chanting, dithyrambic measures, the loud, valiant note of stress and the tidal rhythms are the great qualities in Whitman which render all imitation futile.

The ardor, the new faith in the Republic brought to the breasts of men by the Victory of the Northern States; the noble, humble, humanitarian character of Lincoln; the acceptance of the African negro slave as a freedman and potential brother; the vision of a mighty Empire stretching ever farther West, gave him at once an impetus and a majestic motive. Invincible, opulent, august, he pictured "These States,"—superb and hopeful, the manhood and womanhood within them. His poetic Republicanism was imbued with the simple and noble spirit of a Brutus or Cincinnatus; a masculinity as unashamed, blithe, and free as Adam's; a maidenhood like Atalanta's; a motherhood stately and splendid; a race of regnant figures in a land of Spartan simplicity, Athenian culture, and Arcadian naturalness. The multitudes enchanted and obsessed him; in them he saw marvelous material for the supreme greatness of the land; the cities were to him divine citadels of life, liberty, power, and wealth. He adored the pavements, the shops, factories, and stone fronts of New York. From his peculiarly provincial point of view, Europe and its hoary kingdoms were effete failures, and the only hope for man and the race lay in the youthful vigor of the States. The steamboats of New York Bay or the Mississippi, the locomotives plowing the infinite prairies—these visible signs of power and growth filled him with

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ecstatic dreams which burst forth in turbulent song. And in that song, impatient of restraint, of form, of tradition, he broke down all conventional bonds of thought and of rhyme, and shaped for himself the free, loose, lilting line that gave him scope for the play of his expansive emotions and towering enthusiasms.

Yet in that time, when America was still but an intellectual province of Europe, and modern thought was still waiting like an immigrant at the gates, when American civilization was saturated with that peculiar Philistinism which in England has since been dubbed "mid-Victorian," and when native poets procured but a scanty hearing, a voice such as Whitman's was bound to startle and outrage. He was regarded as one half mad, divinely or demoniacally, the critics assailed him and mocked his "barbaric yawp," the journals and magazines but rarely admitted him admittance to their columns. He was forced to become his own publisher and bookseller. But his gigantic optimism and his rooted faith in his fellow-citizens, the real nation and the ideal Republic, armed him against all assault from without or doubt within. He went on piling up his great ashlars of triumphant song, rapturously intoxicated with his themes, his rapt blue eyes distended with inner light, his beard and hair afloat in the winds, his open hands, inured to labor, held out to tramp and prostitute: "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you." He was the spirit incarnate of a new Golden Age, a prophet proclaiming a new dispensation of valiant and robust communism. Naked, and joyously proud of his nakedness, he proclaimed vociferously his Dionysian affinity to the Earth; rejoiced in the sunlight, the sea, the vasty spaces and brisk airs; rioted in his healthy appetites and vigorous sensuality; regarded every man as a comrade, and every woman as sister or mate. He became the indifferent father of at least six children by different and unknown mothers. Restraint he hated, musty erudition, the closely confined lives of house-dwellers, and the grubbing instincts of civilization. In himself and his untrammeled life he was dominated by a poetic anarchism and emotional disproportion; but faith in democracy and its institutions for the regeneration of man was the key and solid corner-stone of his work. He soared and roared on the afflatus of an epic spread-eagleism. To-day an all-embracing Socialism would be his goal and message. But Whitman's was a Socialism that was essentially human, social, and personal, full of bravery and the compelling joy of existence,

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and bore scant likeness to the barren and arid formula which has become almost entirely economic and materialistic.

He proclaimed a nation of vital and independent men and women; he affirmed, everlastingly he affirmed. He saw that the opulence of the vast material Republic and the countless opportunities open to all, were sufficient for its jocund sons and daughters, to enrich them in life and gladden them in death.

I announce a man or woman coming—perhaps you are the one,
I announce the great individual, fluid as Nature, chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully-armed,
I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual, bold.
I announce an end that shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation,
I announce myriads of youths, beautiful, gigantic, sweet-blooded,
I announce a race of splendid and savage old men.

Yet those whom Whitman would fain have drawn to him by his passionate love and explosive joy looked askance at this pagan, remained untouched by his voice and vigor, or turned away, shocked by his extravagance and unblushing phallic frankness. Their schools had accustomed them to expect other poets than this—and to find poetry in other forms. He was the futurist of his day, but no mere explosionist like the ramping madman of Milan.

The staid New England group of writers—Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and the rest—regarded him with amazement, with slow and niggardly recognition of his genius and secret Puritanical displeasure. This was particularly conspicuous in the case of Emerson with respect to Whitman's "Children of Adam," though the Concord Seer in one or two instances thawed sufficiently to give Walt magnanimous praise.

The energies of America had not yet in Whitman's mid-period poured themselves into such deep and permanent channels of commerce, industrialism, and monopoly as is the case to-day. Corruption there was in plenty, both in trade and in politics, as Whitman himself was aware, but the enormous resources of the land had not yet produced a crushing and enslaving tyranny of capital, nor had the millions become entirely mammonized nor economically oppressed. The late war and martyrdom of Lincoln had given impulse to certain ideals, to Washingtonian patriotism, and had revived principles of lofty Republicanism. It was the multitudes quickened by this spirit and composed of splendid Saxon, Celtic, or Teutonic strains

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which Whitman sought to lash and fire with his zeal and thunderous challenge of love and manly fellowship. In his cry there was something of the feeling men had for men in the Golden Age of Antiquity—a warm, embracing, devoted, though rugged love. On this score the "good, gray bard" has not escaped the deadly suggestions and deductions of pathologists and curious delvers in morbidity, who, with but little success, have attempted to fasten upon him a certain dark and damnable stigma. It is but a few years ago since the German pathologist, Edward Bertz, waged a bitter and wordy war over this question with Johannes Schlaf, who, with Dr. Karl Federn, is one of Whitman's most devoted German disciples.

Defying tyrants, flouting kings (George III. was still a popular, well-detested scapegoat embodying both), jeering at feudalism and tradition, Whitman strutted jauntily in the face of the cosmos, hobnobbing with Nature, sufficient unto himself, basking his ego in the sun, spouting forth the rude energies of his being, and forging his brazen songs like some priapic sylvan god or demiurge galled with his own inner fire. He was in fact, so far as power, expression, and mastery went, a sort of benevolent American superman exhorting his lesser countrymen to break with convention, to adjust themselves to Nature, and to fire their hearts and imaginations with the majestic concepts and democratic vistas he saw unrolled in unutterable majesties of height and breadth.

Walt Whitman apotheosized not only a new civilization and a people far removed from all that he held to be decrepit and antiquated in feudal Europe, but also the gestation of a new race. His poetry vaunted and proclaimed it in detail, its social organism, its physical characteristics, its natural environment, its unity and significance. But his insistent cry of "love of comrades" rang hollowly upon a land still suffering from a fratricidal war and burdened with the problem of its millions of liberated black brethren. His rudeness of diction, his absolute renouncement of all poetic convention, estranged that section of the public naturally susceptible to poetic appeal. To such his poetry seemed to be only uneven lengths of prose piled one upon the other; his fervor rang of fanaticism, and his themes were uninformed with either a sentimental or a Christian spirit. Dionysianism in America after the war was as out of place and time as a Bacchic revel in a hospital. Yet here and there in later years his very loudness and picturesqueness attracted certain cultured Boston audiences for his lectures. It was always

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the cultured even then, and never the untutored, who listened to him.

The reason for this was in part that Whitman's poetry, in form and expression, was essentially a poetry for free spirits, for a nation, a race of masters each heroically individual, yet all bound together by a sort of spiritual covenant for the glory of life, of man and the Union. The jubilant Walt was himself the freest of the free, ranging nomadic over the country; unfettered in war, in politics, in love, in literary conventions, in dress, speech, and intercourse with his fellows. He lived and acted consistently with the poetry and philosophy which he shouted into the heavens, and each was but the unfettered efflorescence of himself. His poetry was not of an aspiration toward freedom, but of an actual realization and enjoyment of it. In this lies the secret of his futile appeal to his own generation and to this one. For neither at that time nor to-day—much less to-day—might the American boast the possession of such vast and epic freedom as Whitman expressed. In his time the common people, the bulk of democracy, were narrow intellectual, religious, or political partisans; to-day they have become economic bondmen to industrial oppression. For it is apparent that a new helotism has arisen in America, the necessary corollary of a new aristocracy based on a powerful financial feudalism. In such arid airs, in the narrow, jealous, and soulless hugger-mugger of opposing forces of capital and labor, Whitman's cry of comrades or love of comrades, if uttered at all, will be uttered only as a revolutionary shibboleth.

What, to the raw and alien millions with which the United States teem to-day, the unassimilated peasantry of Italy, Hungary, Greece, the Jewish refugees from the Russian pale, and the hybrid peoples from many little lands of southeastern Europe—what to these vast hordes, remote in language, race, and thought, is the idealism or poetry of Whitman? Though it should mean all things, what does his poetry, or any poetry, mean to their children? Their elders have fled from poverty or oppression, but in the new land they have encountered the new oppression of a ruthless, complex, materialistic civilization, rearing itself stupendously upon their bodily labor. The industrial aristocrat of America builds up much of his enormous wealth and power by means of this vast flood of cheap labor which pours into his land year after year. And by no stretch of his sympathies or imagination can he ever include in his own class these poor races he looks upon as inferior. Whitman's

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idea of *noblesse oblige* as a national motto is not likely to appeal to those who grasp and hold the hard, imperial power of dollars in their hands. Hence the white serfdom of the States, while the liberated black slaves increase and multiply largely in idleness. Hence, too, sharp and bitter industrial strife and a storm of sordid clashings that rises up for ever. As the immigrant catches the itch for gain and marks the lack of respect for the law, a sullen discontent works within him. He becomes ripe for that frightful Armageddon of the rich and poor, the despoilers and the despoiled which his frenzied leaders prophesy.

The bulk of the population of the States in Whitman's day was of English, German, Dutch, and Irish descent—elements that merged easily into Americanism, producing a certain uniformity and solidarity in the type of the land. But now the diffused Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, and Celtic cast of the nation is being overwhelmed and surcharged with prolific Slavonic and Latin breeds, as well as what is certainly the largest Jewish population in the world. It is notorious, too, that the plutocratic and even the prosperous native Americans have little or no progeny, thus giving the alien majorities a still greater influence upon the final destiny and racial complexion of the United States. No new literature has evolved out of this struggling and motley concourse of races. Even the inherited and adopted language, English, is undergoing decomposition and change, under the influence of foreign idioms, slang, and native idiosyncrasies. In time the speech of Whitman, despite its Yankee raciness and its gallicisms, may be more closely related to the speech of Shakespeare than to the language of the future American. Possibly out of this there may evolve a plastic and vivid medium not wholly English save in stock.

It is on this very issue of a common speech and a vital literature that Whitman based his highest and most sanguine hopes. Again and again he proclaims the necessity for a national literature and for poets to act as spiritual guides to the people. "First to me," said he, "comes an almost indescribable august form, the People, with varied typical shapes and attitudes—then the divine mirror, Literature." In a forceful article upon American literature in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, he wrote:

> For perhaps it is not alone the free schools and newspapers, nor railroads and factories, nor all the iron, cotton, wheat, pork, and petroleum, nor the gold and silver, nor the surplus of a hundred or several hundred millions, nor the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, nor the last national census that can put this Commonwealth

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high or highest on the cosmical scale of history. Something else is indispensable. All that record is lofty, but there is a loftier.

He was full of warnings against the restoration of old codes and customs, against mental slavery and mimicry and the deadly esthetic sterility of the Puritan conscience:

> What are now deepest wanted in the States as roots for their literature are Patriotism, Nationality, Ensemble, or the ideas of these, and the uncompromising genesis and saturation of these. Not the mere bawling and braggadocio of them, but the radical emotion-facts, the fervor and perennial fructifying spirit at the fountain-head. And at the risk of being misunderstood, I should dwell on and repeat that a great imaginative literature for America can never be merely good and moral in the conventional method. Puritanism and what radiates from it must always be mentioned by me with respect; then I should say, for this vast and varied Commonwealth, the Puritanical standards are constipated, narrow, and non-philosophic.

Then, in that peculiar prose of his, so rich yet so little known, a prose as idiosyncratic as Carlyle's, and as rugged, he utters the definition of his concepts, his challenge to the times, his opinion of what a true American literature ought to embody and reflect. Though the thought of the "Great American Novel" still haunts the scribes and critics of the United States, the native fiction of to-day has developed a certain vitality, and, treading in the steps of journalism, has become a product with many salient qualities of its own. Though great universality and passion and noble imagination be wanting, strong and faithful work is being produced by certain American novelists of to-day.

Whitman, standing in the dark press-vaults, amid mountains of white paper, and hearkening to the song of the crashing ten-cylinder presses, was wont to curse the feeble, ephemeral products of the writers of his day. Imitations, they, of the dandified importations from abroad, neglecting their colossal opportunities, and lavishing themselves in the elaboration of anemic amours. But his cry for huge oceanic poets, for a great nation, electric bards to sting men into action, goad them to the heights, translate for them modern thought and science, would, alas! be as barren now as it was then. Obstacles, different from those of his day, but quite as hostile to the acceptance of such men as himself, would confront this potential Milton among American poets, as they now confront those who seek a spiritual or literary rostrum in the forum of the vast Republic. Whitman would encounter those very things which, in his

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darker moments, he foresaw—moments when even his soaring spirit grew clogged and leaden with doubt.

And still, providing for contingencies, I fain confront the fact, the need of powerful native philosophers and orators and bards, for these States, as rallying-points to come in times of danger, and to fend off ruin and defection. For history is long, long, long. Shift and turn the combinations of the statement as we may, the problem of the future of America is in certain respects as dark as it is vast. Pride, competition, segregation, vicious wilfulness, and license beyond example brood already upon us. Unwieldy and immense, who shall hold in behemoth? Who bridle leviathan? Flaunt it as we choose, athwart and over the roads of our progress loom huge uncertainty and dreadful, threatening gloom. It is useless to deny it. Democracy grows rankly up the thickest, noxious, deadliest plants and fruits of all—brings worse and worse invaders—needs newer, larger, stronger, keener compensations and compellers.

Whitman, despite his innate and heroic hopefulness, saw a certain decay of old and noble standards beginning to taint the younger generation of the Republic; the symptoms of modern democracy which found swifter and wider play in America than elsewhere. These characteristics, growing day by day, will be recognized not only there, but also in England and in other lands. It was the disease of modernity on which he put his finger, the evils that had been visited upon the victims of an age of machines and money and a policy of push and plunge in material things, and of drift and sleep in the spiritual and esthetic. Here follow his withering and abysmal charges; let us ask ourselves whether these are not as valid to-day as then:

Shutting our eyes to the glow and grandeur of the general superficial effect, coming down to what is of the only real importance—Personality—and examining minutely, we question, we ask, are there, indeed, *men* here worthy the name? Are there athletes? Are there perfect women to match the generous material luxuriance? Is there a pervading atmosphere of beautiful manners? Are there crops of fine youths and majestic old persons? Are there arts worthy freedom and a rich people? Is there a great moral and religious civilization—the only justification of a great material one? Confess that to severe eyes, using the moral microscope upon humanity, a sort of dry and flat Sahara appears, these cities, crowded with petty grotesques, malformations, phantoms, playing meaningless antics. Confess that everywhere, in shop, street, church, theater, barroom, official chair, are pervading flippancy and vulgarity, low cunning, infidelity—everywhere the youth puny, impudent, foppish, prematurely ripe—everywhere an abnormal libidinousness, unhealthy forms, male and female,

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painted, padded, dyed, chignon'd, muddy complexions, bad blood, the capacity for good motherhood decreasing or decreas'd, shallow notions of beauty, with a range of manners, or rather lack of manners (considering the advantages enjoy'd), probably the meanest to be seen in the world.

It is significant that the keynote of his complaint is the lack of Personality. Excepting the late demagogic prominence of Roosevelt, now greatly blighted by the inevitable treachery of popular favor; excepting, too, the fictitious greatness and financial glory of Rockefeller and his like, one looks in vain for any dominating figure in statesmanship, art, or literature. American journalism, in contradistinction to the English, utterly lacks Personality. Personality is a force which the newspapers of the Republic hold in fear, because they are aware that the populace is intolerant of all attempts at individual expression. It is this jealous and universal assertion of individuality which accounts for the lack of it in conspicuous examples, just as it accounts for the instinctive resentment of democratic masses toward him who would assert his personality in intellectual leadership. It is the itch for independence which enslaves itself.

Walt Whitman was a prophet who, like so many of his breed, called aloud before his time had ripened, a poet whose fruition for America lies dimly in the future. It is well, no doubt, that even in small cults for the few his influence be fostered for the many, if ever his ideal democracy is to evolve out of the eruptive and corruptive idolatries, mixtures, and madnesses of this epoch. Undismayed, buoyant with fierce conviction and unshakable faith, he moved amid the thunders of ruin menacing the Republic and the later insidious threats of its decay, the bard of manhood, the chanter of democracy, the laureate of labor. The voice that lives in "Leaves of Grass" will never grow dumb; that tremendous inward fire will, in spite of all its soot and slag, burn on until, with changing conditions, the proper time arrives wherein the stalwart human bard may become a beacon at which men may kindle many torches.

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

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PATER THE HUMANIST

BY AUGUSTUS RALLI

I

THERE is much talk at the present time of a revival of poetry and the excellences of the "Georgian" poets. Yet the spectator of the modern world, unpenetrated as it is by the spirit of beauty, cannot accept such cheering statements without question. The artistic nature demands enjoyment of life for its complete development; indeed, the plea advanced by some poets for happiness has often seemed excessive; yet there never was a time when the outer experience would accord less with the inward vision of beauty than the present. And in proof of this we may select the instance of Pater, which, in so far as he was the typical artist, lies at the very crossroads of thought. Already he belongs to a past generation, yet he summarizes the difficulties and triumphs of the artist beset by a utilitarian world.

It has been objected to Pater that what he sought was a state of mind rather than a motive for beneficent action, and the student of his life will hardly controvert this statement. Its very eventlessness was characteristic of him, as he himself remarked that the impersonality of Merimée's style was an effective personal trait. Like his own Marius, it was his custom "to take flight in time from any too disturbing passion." He declined marriage and the graver responsibilities; and it is even recorded that he would at once leave a hotel in which any person spoke to him. He expended his imaginative affections upon the past, and retained a profound mistrust of the actual age in which he lived.

Pater stood for the humanities, as opposed to the utilities and the expediencies; and in an age like the present his indeed would be a voice crying in the wilderness. The academic type of mind, of which he is the greatest example,is tending more and more to eclipse; and even the older uni-

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versities are hardly withstanding the attacks of those who desire education to become practical. The pressure of competition is urging the adoption of business principles in every department of life; indeed, the term "business" is becoming the fetish of the twentieth century, as "evolution" was of the later nineteenth. That such preoccupations are antagonistic to the preservation of the ideal element in human nature is an obvious truth; and as a result we see a universal sacrifice of beauty to the lust for gain and an ever-increasing worship of Mammon.

It is well known that man's best nature appears in communion with but one other mind—as the sweetest of all human relationships testifies—that he is acted upon by the presence of numbers to less worthy self-expression. Some such transformation has been effected by the conditions of the modern world. Man's opportunities of retirement have become rarer, his anxieties external, and his hope of success or fear of loss limited to what is material. Agnostics of the type of Cotter Morison exulted in the downfall of orthodox belief, yet it is doubtful whether religion was such a fruitful source of terrors to the average man, and whether the imminence of hell was so unquestioned as they would have us believe. What the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did admit was the reality of conscience; and this recognition of an invisible Overseer imparted to the character a dignity in which we who measure all actions according to their acceptability by our fellow-men are lacking. The "religion of humanity," which was to cure all evils and herald the millennium, is looking sadly faded to the thoughtful mind: its message to the worldly man is, "Thou shalt not be found out."

The academic or disinterested type of mind like that of Pater is fast verging upon extinction. One of the most gracious traditions of educated man, the judging of his fellow-creatures according to their individual powers, is being superseded by the brutal standard of "results." That men are either efficient or inefficient is the doctrine of the man of business; and scorn, not tolerance, should be meted to the inefficient. The chance of failure being more admirable than success has passed out of the sphere of practical life.

The artist has always tended to live with himself, but he fetched from the world the stuff of which his dreams are made, and never did one standing at his watch-tower gaze into such

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darkness as at the present. For this reason Pater sought inspiration from the past, among those ages where the outer life had some correspondence with the inner vision. But in him, as in all who live remote from the actual world and are debarred from participation in its duties, there is a certain unreality. His style is fundamentally sincere, and the emotions which he derives from the past are genuine, but they give light without warmth. Indeed, he often works in pure light rather than light and shade; but the legendary and historical scenes which he restores to us lie as in the unaccustomed glow of a midnight sun.

After journeying through this land of the midnight sun, to which we may compare Pater's works, and pausing to review our impressions, we find them exceedingly complex. Pater was, above all, an artist, and, secondarily, critic, biographer, philosopher. The ultimate pleasure to be derived from his writings is an emotion, but the chain has been so surrounded by what seems acquired knowledge that a casual touch may not reveal it to be electric. In earlier days a purer form of literature might have suited Pater's genius, but a late civilization absorbs nearly all in criticism, and hence there is some want of balance between his form and content. Nowhere is this trait more salient than in those passages which are autobiographical. His soul comes to us in intellectual semblance, as the goddesses of his beloved Greek mythology veiled their beauty in the disguises of old women. Emotion is generated by the movement of the intellect—we must think in order to feel—and the meaning yields its sweetness in proportion to the intensity of the reader's thought. In the chapter of *Marius the Epicurean*, "The Will as Vision," it is revealed to Marius that he had never for one moment been left spiritually alone in the world, but an unfailing companion had always been by his side. One half regrets that this singularly wistful idea was not disparted from some of its intellectual dress and preached in the outer courts of the Temple, where it might have increased Pater's disciples a thousandfold. Carlyle compared the "Iliad" to a star, growing brighter as it grows more distant; and if we watch the process of the mind in reading, shall we say, Fielding and Thackeray, who, with many points of resemblance, belong to different ages, we see that in the case of Fielding the emotion takes longer to reach us, as his star has receded further through time. Even so, Pater does not

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speak to us quite in our own language. The guest is gone before we discover that we have unawares entertained an angel.

II

Under the title *Imaginary Portraits*, which is given to Pater's slenderest volume, the greater portion of his critical work might have been included. One feels that between Pater and his subject there is a deeper subconscious affinity than is usual with criticism. The reason is partly his own happy gift in selecting a kindred nature, for it is said he never wasted time in experimental reading, and partly the period of brooding before composition which he exacted of himself. Indeed, he quotes with approval the ten years' meditation through which Sir Thomas Browne passed before writing *Urn Burial*. Hence, while seeming most impersonal, Pater is often the reverse, and, while apparently absorbed in his subject, he is unconsciously self-analytic. It is hard to write of him, because he has himself made some of the best criticism on his own work. He tells us that Wordsworth's object was "impassioned contemplation"; that Leonardo possessed the art "of tracking the sources of expression to their subtlest retreats"; that Plato had "a sort of sensuous love of the unseen"; that Botticelli "accepts that middle world in which men take no side in great conflicts, and decide no great issues, and make great refusals."

It is in writing of the ancient world that there is some displacement of the balance, and to it we owe Pater's most characteristic work. In *The Child in the House* he tells how, parallel with his susceptibility to beauty, there grew up in him "an almost diseased sensibility to the spectacle of suffering," and, in the most beautiful chapter of *Marius*, how men are constructed for suffering, and feel sorrow in proportion to their moral or nervous perfection. Pater brings this capacity for sorrow to his survey of ancient times, and by a seeming contradiction of his former assertion that the Greek lived a purely outer life he interpolates into the myth of Demeter and Persephone that "worship of sorrow" which is said to be scrupulously modern. He defines romanticism as the desire for a beauty born of unlikely elements, and it is in his conception of the majestic figures of Demeter and Kore that he is romantic. He sees them either at sunrise or sunset, when the shadows which they cast are longest.

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Similarly, who does not connect those tender scenes in the *Hippolytus* with Pater's self? We have the "ancient twilight world" with its tradition of celestial visitants remote from the luxuries of Athens, and the mother who is shocked by "a sense of something unearthly in her boy's contentment," or relieved when it becomes "a shade less unconscious." Pater's affections were entwined with the church and the family, as the last institutions to preserve beauty in the modern world.

The habit of protracted meditation which has made of the greater part of Pater's work a kind of disguised autobiography has left its imprint upon his style. Whether one can overdo even such an excellent habit as profound meditation previous to composition is a question that might with all diffidence be asked. We get, it is true, an exact transcript of his thought; but is the thought still alive by the time it reaches the paper after so long a sojourn in the chambers of his brain? Is the reader called upon to make too great an effort toward its reanimation? A writer usually starts upon his subject with a certain number of ideas, and the effort which the brain makes to co-ordinate these generates further ideas. One feels with Pater that he has waited till the process of generation is complete, and only when the descendants of the parent ideas have become infertile does he mark out the genealogical tree. At its worst an air of exhaustion hangs over his page, and nowhere is there the sudden delight of spontaneous generation from the chance meeting of wandering thoughts.

Although the separate parts have been previously completed in Pater's mind and noiselessly joined together so that the Temple rises to no sound of ax or hammer, the reader may test the solidity of the foundation in his interest by his power to be strongly moved by certain phrases or even single words. Such is the term "narcotic" applied to the flowers most appropriately used at the worship of Demeter or the often-repeated comparison to homesickness of man's thought of death.

The essayist was wont to greet us in our own language and speak of topics which we knew well as a means of winning our attention, but in the slow fire of Pater's long-choosing mind all earthly particles have perished, and he conducts us to the upper chamber of his thought not by the common stairway of sense. His message thus seems detached from experience, and the impression resembles that of a vivid dream.

And yet, considering the difficulties of the modern writer

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working in an ancient material, this attitude of Pater's seems the only possible one. It was not exclusively the Athenians who demanded some new thing; and the best definition of a bore is one whose sayings may be foretold. When Candide arrived in the El Dorado country he picked up the gold that was lying by the roadside and offered it for payment at an inn, which gold was returned to him with good-humored laughter. Such treatment would be accorded now to the writer who dealt in the simple rhythms and emotions of the older poets. For even the greatest poetry falls less resonantly on the ears of a later generation; it has become part of the common language, and as thousands speak it who have never consciously perused it, the shock of novelty is gone.

An intenser subjectivity, therefore, must distinguish a literature in its old age. In form and content it reflects the author's dread of besieging his reader's ears with a thrice-told tale. And one like Pater, in his anxiety of expending a single word that should draw the reader's attention from his own impression into the wider areas of settled thought, attenuates his meaning to a point that recalls the garment which could only be seen by the virtuous. It advances with an imperceptibility which brings despair to a wandering mind. In glancing back it is almost impossible to say at what moment his message has been delivered, or which is the word that has converted us. The older writers, except in their most perfervid moments, were content to use words which a reader might transform according to his associations; but the severer taste of modern times requires an author to adjure totally this language of the market-place. No word or even portion of its meaning must lie outside the radius of his personality.

The simplicity which a style of this kind gains is not in accordance with our usual understanding of the word. It is the simplicity of age rather than youth; not of one who has small knowledge of books, but who has read deeply and refrains of set purpose from expressing his thought in the terms that recall men's accumulated wisdom. As an instance we may cite that passage in *Gaston de Latour* describing Montaigne's relations with the friend of his life: "Yet, after all, were he pressed to say why he had so loved Étienne de la Boétie, he could but answer: 'Because it was He! Because it was I!'"

AUGUSTUS RALLI.

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QUATRAINS

BY MADISON CAWEIN
March 23, 1865—December 9, 1914.

LOVE

THE source of laughter lies so near to tears,
And pain to rapture, that one fountain flows
From out the two—Love's; in whose deeps appears
The image of the Heaven each man knows.

HAPPINESS

Around its mountain many footpaths wind,
But only one unto its top attains;
Not he who searches closest, takes most pains,
But he who seeks not, that one way may find.

ADVERSITY

A barren field o'ergrown with thorn and weed
It stays for him who waits for help from God.
Only the soul that makes a plow of Need
Shall know what blossoms underneath its sod.

MADISON CAWEIN.

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"THANATOPSIS" IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
Lampson Professor of English at Yale

[The January issue of this REVIEW—the first to celebrate its centenary—reprinted "Thanatopsis" from the September, 1817, issue, because it marks the date of the beginning of American poetry. By a strange coincidence—for he naturally had no knowledge of our plans—Professor Phelps sent us this article in December, which arrived too late for the January issue.—THE EDITOR.]

BRYANT was nearly twenty-three years old when "Thanatopsis" was first printed in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. So much has been said about the astounding precocity of this poet, and so many errors have accumulated around the publication of his masterpiece, that it may be well to state the facts.

I have before me seven histories of American literature, each one by an authority. The first says the poem was written in 1816; the second, in 1811 or 1812; the third, in 1811; the fourth says it was published in 1816; the fifth says it was published in the poet's twenty-first year; the sixth says it was written in the summer of 1811, when Bryant was sixteen, but elsewhere in the same volume we are told it was written when he was seventeen; the seventh—by the late T. W. Higginson—remarks, "His merely boyish poems . . . the 'Thanatopsis,' in particular, written at seventeen, have perhaps never been equaled in literature by any boy of that age." Bryant himself said that he did not know when it was written.

"Thanatopsis" is a great poem, but it is unquestionably not a precocious poem; and the common supposition that it was a juvenile masterpiece is false. Many poets have produced greater poetry at an earlier age.

We know just two facts about this work. First, it was published when Bryant was almost twenty-three—not young for a poetic genius; second, that in its original published form in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW it is not a remarkable poem.

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It will be observed that the splendid peroration, beginning "So live," is not there at all:

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan, that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustain'd and sooth'd
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
>
> *—From the edition of 1821, which also included for the first time eight lines that precede this paragraph.*

The equally splendid overture, "To him who in the love of nature," seventeen magnificent lines, is missing:

> To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language; for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings, with a mild
> And gentle sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
> Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
> Over thy spirit, and sad images
> Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
> And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
> Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
> Go forth under the open sky, and list
> To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
> Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
> Comes a still voice—
>
> *—From the edition of 1821.*

And in its place we have four flat quatrains. Some of the best lines in the poem, "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste," are not present. In place of the lines, "The gay will laugh When thou art gone," we have the feeble, "The tittering world Dance to the grave."

It was in the 1821 edition of Bryant's poems, when the author was twenty-six or twenty-seven, that the work first appeared in its universally known form. Only a few minor changes were made after that date. This disposes of the gen-

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erally accepted statement that "Thanatopsis" is a juvenile masterpiece.

Bryant was, however, a precocious poet, although his precocity is not displayed in his greatest work. One of the most extraordinary facts about his poetical career is that he actually published verse during the administration of Thomas Jefferson and during the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes. So long a period and so slender an output speak well for his fastidious taste. Shelley, Keats, and Bryant were born, respectively, in 1792, 1795, and 1794: Keats's poetical career lasted three years; Shelley's, twelve; and Bryant's, seventy! Keats published more original poetry than Bryant, and Shelley three times as much.

In the year 1808, at the age of thirteen, Bryant published his poem "The Embargo," a satire on the policy of Thomas Jefferson. The first edition was a pamphlet of twelve pages, of which only four or five copies are now known to exist. The late Mr. Hoe bought a copy for $41.50, which was sold in April, 1911, for $3,350. In 1912 the purchaser, Mr. Walter T. Wallace, bought another copy for $3,000. "The Embargo" went into a second edition in 1809. From a copy of this in the Aldis collection in the Yale University library, I transcribe part of the "Advertisement":

> A doubt having been intimated . . . whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem . . . the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact. . . . Mr. Bryant, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice; and if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence.
>
> *February, 1809.*

The cheek of the boyish Federalist is exhibited in the passage where he calls upon President Jefferson to resign.

> Go, wretch, resign the presidential chair,
> Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair.
> Go, search with curious eye, for hornèd frogs,
> Mid the wild wastes of Louisianian bogs;
> Or, where Ohio rolls his turbid stream,
> Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme.

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Roosevelt is not the only President who has been attacked for his prowess as a naturalist.

The lines about Belgium have a melancholy interest to-day:

> Aspiring Belgia, once the patriot's pride,
> When barbarous Alva, her brave sons defied;
> The nurse of arts, th' advent'rous merchant's boast,
> Whose wide-spread commerce whiten'd every coast.
> Humbled, degraded, by the vilest arts,
> Beneath his iron scourge, succumbing smarts;
> The crowded city, the canal's green shore,
> Fair haunts of free-born opulence, no more!

"The Embargo" is more interesting to read than many poems of greater merit.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

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BROTHERHOOD

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART

I

WHAT'S become of the Star in the East?
Has battle-smoke of wars
Obscured its beam in the crown of night,
While doomed men in red-darkness fight
(With a groping sense of wrong or right)
And clench and die, by the lurid blight
Of the bloody eye of Mars?

Where are the reverent wise men gone
Who followed the Bethlehem star?
Did they flee in fright from its gleaming road
When dim at its end the dark cross stood?
Have they lost their way in the bleak, black wood?
Have they ridden to hounds and tasted blood?
Are the "Wise Men" gone to war?

Where is the little manger-bed
Where the Prince of Peace was born?
They found it lost in slime and weeds,
Where pestilential famine breeds,
And they've made it a trough where the war-horse feeds,
In a stable "reclaimed for his country's needs,"
By a lord of war and scorn.

Where are the flames of prophesy,
Lighted at Pentacost
To flash Love's word through every tongue?
In conflict's Babel, all unstrung,
Are theirs the alien curses flung
Across grim battle-lines—which rung
As taught of Holy Ghost?

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Where's the Virgin Mother now?
Who bided last at the cross?
Behold, she waits as she waited then,
Her soul in travail of birth again,
For every woman's a mother of men,
And each her son, when a man is slain,
Be she maid in her vestal floss.

Where are the angel guards who said,
"He is risen from the tomb"?
With wings adroop and joyance fled,
Low on his breast drops each his head
In sorrow? While he moans instead,
"Despair, O man, thy Lord is dead;
His grave thy final doom"?

Ah no, joy, no! Love's star still gleams
Above Faith's hostelry
Where God-in-man's enshrined for aye;
A living world keeps Easter Day;
Star-led, come wise men still to pay
Rich tribute in their newer way
To haloed mystery.

Anointing thus the long-foretold,
By star of Love enticed,
Crowning the lowly "bastard son
Of unwed virgin, stable-born,"
As King—by prophesies forerun—
Came out the wise men, every one
Himself a healing Christ.

To heal, to lift, to bind, to save—
Ordained to ministry
By laying on of infant hand,
Come still earth's little faithful band
Of those who love and understand
The *brotherhood of man*—on land
And sailing every sea.

What matter, Teuton, Slav, or Gaul,
Or Anglo-Anything,
If this, their watchword, be not lost
Through tongues confused and kinship glossed?
Heaven send another Pentecost,
Till BROTHERHOOD all tongues has crossed
From peasant unto king.

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II

The little brother to the Czar—
The serf in battle slain,
Conscripted oft without his will
In able manhood—*fit to kill*—
And his frail comrade, weak and ill,
Retained the heavy lands to till—
Both brand their king as Cain!

If first and best are sacrificed
And epileptics thrive,
Begetting of their feeble strain
In pale successors of the slain
Whose sons within their loins have lain
In soldiers' trenches—whence again
Will virile men arrive?

Why not send idiots to fight?
Conscript the leper camps?
Wipe out the White Plague on the field?
Soldiers of courage it would yield!
Perhaps our murderers might be healed
By overwork—and kindly shield
From prisons' gloom and damps.

If kill we must, let's wisely kill,
Cast out the world's "unfit";
Force paupers to "a noble chance
To win renown," with gun and lance;
Insane asylums would advance
All needed generals—and dance
With glee, "to be in it"!

But now's no time for cap and bells
(Though fools' words oft are good!).
Father of mercy, grant surcease
Of strife, and send a quick release
To men in bonds to kings' caprice;
Let all earth's travail bring forth peace
Conceived in BROTHERHOOD.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.

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THE UNITED STATES AND THE WAR: A BRITISH VIEW

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

AMONG the curious incidents of the war the November elections in the United States occupy for the onlooker a place of extraordinary interest and significance. They were held three months to a day after the outbreak of by far the most terrible and probably one of the most decisive struggles in the history of the world. The American people had from the first felt in their own persons and fortunes, as individuals and as a nation, the repercussion of this devastating cataclysm. Their exchanges had had to be closed; they were unable to remit their obligations to Europe; a vast commerce of some $2,000,000,000 a year was suddenly either demolished or dislocated; the falling-off in fiscal revenue was such that the Government was driven to impose a number of direct taxes; unemployment and trade depression supervened on a scale that threatened to make the position and prospects of the railroads, long dubious, exceedingly critical; right and left unprecedented measures were being taken to ward off a complete financial and commercial collapse; the Southern States were prostrated by the cessation of the cotton industry; emergency currency had to be issued; the authorities at Washington found themselves confronted with new and anxious problems concerning the rights and duties and liabilities of neutrals; and throughout the United States the apprehension gathered strength that the extension of the war into the Pacific, and particularly the entrance of Japan into the lists, and the possibility of a German victory, might reach to the prejudice of America's material, political, and strategic interests.

Besides this the emotions of the American people had been deeply stirred by the catastrophe in which Europe had permitted itself to be engulfed. Apart altogether from any question of immediate or ultimate self-interest, the sheer horror and wicked-

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ness of the spectacle had moved them equally to revulsion and pity. Perhaps in no country were the rights and wrongs of the war more passionately debated. So many millions of American citizens claimed kinship with the belligerents on one side or the other that the conflict had for them something of the character of a civil war by proxy. Moreover, as by far the greatest of the neutral Powers, and the only one that could be said to represent the informed judgment of the outer world, the United States found herself appealed to for sympathy and moral support by each and all of the combatants. There was almost a scramble, from which, I am glad to think, Great Britain, wisely preferring that the facts should speak for themselves, stood aloof, to win American approval and good-will. The Germans were particularly, but not always intelligently, solicitous of American opinion. The Belgians despatched a special mission to lay before the President and people of the United States the tale of their wrongs and sufferings. Not without reason Americans conceived themselves as occupying for the time being a sort of provisional judgment-seat from which it was expected that they should dispense their verdicts of guilt or acquittal. Behind this competition to gain the ear of the United States there was probably a twofold impulse — first, that decent respect for contemporary opinion which is making it more and more impossible for any nation to go to war without at least an attempt to show that its cause is just; and, secondly, a consciousness that, while American neutrality was accepted on all hands as a static factor, American resources and benevolence and diplomacy might have no small influence on the course of the war and the terms of peace.

Through many channels and in many forms the struggle in Europe was thus brought imminently home to the minds and hearts and interests of the American people. It threw all merely domestic questions into the background. For the first time a foreign event, and its material consequences, and its variegated and absorbing aspects dominated not merely American thought, but American life and welfare. One gathered the impression of a deepening realization that the modern world is, after all, interdependent, and that the United States, however much it might proclaim its isolation and cultivate a studied indifference to European happenings, could not escape, politically, financially, commercially, or in any other way, from the conditions of its environment. With a start almost of surprise and consternation multitudes of Americans began making the

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discovery that their country was not a whole, but merely a part of a whole. Some in the first flush of this revelation took to speculating on the probable effects of a German or an Allied victory on American interests. Others descried in the conflict the predominance or the overthrow of the ethical conceptions, social ideals, and political principles that are the groundwork of American civilization. Others, again, foresaw, as the results of a struggle that would assuredly entail the exhaustion of all the belligerents a vast increase of American commerce and influence—New York ousting London from its old and supreme position as the financial center of the universe and the clearing-house of all trade, and American merchants seizing the major share of the business which their rivals would be forced to let slip. But what seemed, above all things, to engage and stimulate and flatter the American imagination was the hope and belief that this war would ultimately be ended through the good offices of the United States, and that the future not only of the Old World, but of mankind itself, might largely depend on the vision which the American mediators brought to their task. I should be sorry to say how many forecasts and exhortations along these lines I was privileged during September and October to read in the American papers and reviews. The notion appeared to have taken a remarkably firm hold over the country that American statesmanship would sooner or later be face to face with an unexampled opportunity, not only for composing the differences between the warring nations, but for ushering in a veritable reign of peace and releasing the world from the detonating terrors and searing burdens, the mad welter of hates and rivalries, that hitherto have been its lot. Before the exalted and prophetic sensibilities of an incredibly large number of the American people there seemed to rise up the possibility of such a service to humanity as no Power had had even the chance of rendering since the collapse of the Roman Empire.

It was in these circumstances, and among all these manifold agitations, and with a universal consciousness that the immediate future would be full possibly of peril, certainly of anxiety, for the United States, that the American people turned their attention to the business of passing a verdict on the first two years of President Wilson's Administration and of electing the whole of a new House of Representatives and a third of a new Senate. I remember Lord Rosebery once exclaiming, when the European sky was dark with clouds, that he would support any British Government which showed strength and capacity. It was some-

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what in that spirit that one expected the American electorate to cast their votes. From all the available evidence it appeared beyond doubt that the question uppermost in their minds was war and their country's relation to it. They were adjured from many quarters whence they are accustomed to look for light and leading to lay partisanship aside, to rise to the level of the bigger issues, and to do nothing that would weaken the President's hands. The October number of this REVIEW contained a powerful editorial appeal to all voters to rally round their Chief Executive. "Now more than ever before or perhaps ever again," it said, "it behooves our country to stand behind its leader, united before the world. Whatever of disaffection may exist in the Democratic party, whatever of partisan feeling among Republicans, whatever of discontent among Progressives, must be brushed aside for the time if the greatest glory is to be won for the nation and for democracy in achieving the goal of all mankind—the disarmament of the world." Similar appeals, based on the same necessity of upholding the President at a moment not merely of international crisis, but of world-wide convulsion, flowed out from other and equally authoritative sources. I do not pretend that domestic issues were entirely lost sight of. But they were certainly relegated to a secondary place. The argument always culminated in a reference to the war and its problems as the vital consideration that should induce his countrymen to tender President Wilson a vote of national confidence.

But what was the result? Even amid the engrossments of a struggle for national existence Englishmen found time enough for a gasp of amazement when the American election returns came in. For they indicated, or seemed to indicate, that the American people did not, after all, regard the war in Europe as a reason why they should close their ranks, or forego a single jot of their wonted partisanship, or allow their minds to be distracted even for a moment from the excitements of domestic politics. They voted apparently just as they would have voted had the world been wrapped in the profoundest peace. The old spirit of parochialism neither abated nor surrendered anything. They administered to Mr. Wilson the time-honored rebuff which every President must by now have learned to expect at these mid-term elections. They cut down the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives from over one hundred and forty to less than twenty-five. They made mincemeat of the Progressives with a sort of holy and exclusive joy. They

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swung over to the Republicans as unconcernedly as they had swung away from them in 1910 and 1912. All the familiar factors played, so far as one could judge, their accustomed and unhampered rôles. Times were hard and the voters, as usual, visited their dissatisfaction upon the party in power. Large manufacturing and agricultural interests had been hit by the reduction of the tariff and sought an immediate revenge. Big business, as it well might be, was antagonized and perturbed by the Democratic policy against the trusts, and took the quickest means of letting its feelings be known. The positive achievements of the Administration went, it would seem, for little or nothing. The popular admiration for the President's character and the popular trust in his methods and judgment proved equally ineffective to stop the reaction. As for the war, it is questionable whether it influenced a single vote. The old slogans, the old local attachments and rivalries, the old particularistic considerations, carried all before them. "Uncle Joe" re-emerged in Illinois without the slightest reference to his views on German policy, which are probably, in any event, unprintable. Senator Penrose was re-elected in Pennsylvania and nobody dreamed of inquiring into his attitude on the disarmament of the world and the steps that the United States should take to promote it. "In the crisis of Europe," wrote Sydney Smith, of one of the distracted ministers who succeeded Pitt, "he safely brought the Curates' Salaries Improvement Bill to a second reading." For the crisis of civilization the American people solemnly fitted a new handle to the parish pump.

It was at once a disconcerting performance and a magnificent one. Magnificent, I mean, because this spectacle of the United States going about its homely, trivial affairs while all the rest of the world was tearing itself to pieces, demonstrated both the happy fate which has exempted the American Republic from the fierce contentions of Europe and the sublime confidence of its citizens that nothing will really disturb their serene aloofness. But at the same time it was disconcerting because one could not well forbear to wonder how far this confidence was the product of ignorance and inexperience and how far the outcome of a calm and comprehensive study of the situation and its possibilities. It was disconcerting, too, because it seemed so little to harmonize either with the material damage that the war has already entailed upon the American people or with their grandiose conceptions of the part reserved for them in helping on its conclusion and preventing its recurrence. What Europe noted as the result

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of the November elections was that, when it came to the test, the voters of the United States could sweep the greatest of all wars to one side as a matter of no effective concern to them and could find a seemingly complete oblivion in local politics. At a time when every other nation was pondering how best to strengthen its Government, the American people deliberately weakened theirs. At a time when all the rest of the world was standing on guard, concerting measures of national defense and simplifying all internal issues, the United States visited upon its President a humiliation which undoubtedly had a political, if not a personal, significance and which for the remainder of his term of office must fetter his power of achievement and make him feel that he is to some extent a President on sufferance. The only inference that foreign onlookers could draw from such a proceeding was that, for all their abstract interest in the war and their desire to assist at its settlement and their apprehensions that its outcome might in some ways prejudice American policies or fortunes, the American people did not at bottom regard it as an American event or of sufficient importance to affect the normal course of their domestic politics. On any other hypothesis the result of the November elections, surprising in any case, became from the international standpoint inexplicable.

The contrast thus displayed between American speech and aspirations, on the one hand, and American action, on the other, is a contrast that frequently reappears in American dealings with external affairs. Can it be said that, apart from the Monroe Doctrine, the scope of which no two Americans seem able to agree upon, the United States has really any foreign policy at all? I was very greatly struck by one of President Wilson's first acts on stepping into the White House. When Mr. Knox was the American Secretary of State, the United States Government in the Far East, as in South America, appeared to have adopted the German plan of pushing private trade by every artifice of official and diplomatic assistance. Mr. Taft's indorsement of this policy was repeatedly proclaimed, and his insistence upon American participation in the Hankau-Szechuen loan proved that he meant what he said and was determined to act upon it. Had he remained in office there can be little doubt that the United States would have more than maintained her initial share and interest in what was known as the Six-Power loan. President Wilson had not been in power for more than a few weeks when he ordered the withdrawal of his Government from the whole

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transaction. He defended his action on grounds that involved a flat condemnation and reversal of the spirit and aims which animated his predecessor and the total abandonment at a moment's notice of what had seemed to be a definite policy. But what chiefly impressed me was that this great and possibly momentous change in the American attitude was made by the President "off his own bat," and not as the result of any agitation or discussion one way or the other in Congress or the press. The American people as a whole had never been in the least interested in President Taft's and Mr. Knox's diplomatic activities in the Far East, and they were just as little moved when Mr. Wilson called an abrupt halt and started off in the opposite direction. Little incidents like that in remote and "inferior" countries do not, it appears, touch the national consciousness. Not one Congressman in a hundred, or one of his constituents in fifty thousand, knows or cares anything about them; and the man in the cars hears that America is doing something in China, or refraining from doing something, with equal indifference.

The broad moral to be extracted from the complete passivity with which his countrymen received Mr. Wilson's departure from what had all the appearance of being the established lines of American policy in the Far East has been confirmed by the failure last November of the American electorate to close round the President in the face of the European convulsion. The moral roughly is that the average American still holds to the belief that the United States has one set of interests and the rest of the world another. The general sentiment of the country, so far as I have been able to gauge it, still regards the wars and diplomatic disputes of the Old World, even such a war as the present, with a mainly spectacular concern; still desires to have as few dealings as possible with foreign Powers, and still shrinks from any course that might conceivably lead to an "entangling alliance." American foreign policy, therefore, so far as it is concerned with the affairs of Europe and Asia, proceeds without any reasoned and consistent backing of popular knowledge or interest, and very largely, in consequence, turns on the personality and opinions of particular Presidents or particular Secretaries of State. It is altogether natural that this should be so. The United States is remote, unconquerable, huge, without hostile neighbors or any neighbors at all of anything like her own strength, and lives exempt in an almost unvexed tranquillity from the contentions and animosities and the ceaseless pressure and

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counter-pressure that distract the close-packed older world. Inevitably, therefore, a sober, sustained, and well-informed interest in foreign affairs is a luxury with which the ordinary American citizen feels he can dispense. He sees at present no necessity for it; circumstances have never compelled him to look upon it as an essential part of his political equipment.

That is what makes it extremely difficult to forecast with any definiteness the course of American action in regard to the present war. One must always allow for the traditional sentiment in favor of isolation and non-interference, for the hiatus disclosed in the November elections between the opinions and ambitions expressed in the American journals and the actions of the American voters at the polls, for the rarity in the United States of first-hand acquaintance with the complexities of European affairs, and also for the comparatively lowly position occupied by the American army and navy. Everything points to the possibility that a time may come when the United States, after carefully sounding all the belligerents, may usefully proffer its services as a mediator. But it is certain that no proposals looking toward peace and emanating from Washington will be entertained merely to flatter American esteem or before each of the combatants is ready to sheathe the sword; and it is quite on the cards that negotiations may be initiated without employing any outside agency at all and that the map of Europe may be drastically redrawn without America being called into consultation at all. One thing at least is very sure, and that is that whatever hopes Americans cherish of influencing the final settlement will be jeopardized by a single false or premature move in the direction of peace. A formal and decorative but none the less honorable and helpful rôle may be reserved for American diplomacy later on, but to assume it at the right moment and with the requisite efficiency, and to save themselves also from fruitless efforts and avoidable disappointments, Americans, I imagine, will do well to exercise a vast amount of patience and to avoid all hasty overtures that are prompted merely by a desire for peace and that ignore the vital elements of the problem to be solved.

As for the larger visions which seem to be floating before many American eyes, and particularly the vision of universal disarmament tempered by a League of Peace, I confess to a certain skepticism as to the possibility of realizing them, the more so as in many influential quarters in the United States the war in Europe is pointed to as a reason not for decreasing, but

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for increasing and reorganizing, the American army and navy. In any event, there will be such an infinity of work to be done in getting European life and government restored on their new lines that ultimate issues will inevitably have to wait their turn. A reduction of armaments on a fixed scale and by means of an international agreement is, on the other hand, a feasible undertaking which American influence and example may conceivably do much to forward. But beyond that the danger of attempting too much becomes both near and real, and a warning against extravagant and unrealizable expectations is even now not untimely. It is a warning that may be applied to other spheres. Americans clearly anticipate a prodigious increase in their foreign trade through the inability of the exhausted nations of Europe to hold their position in neutral markets. But it is doubtful how far these very natural and legitimate hopes can be fulfilled. They certainly cannot be fulfilled unless Americans emulate the Germans and the British in their knowledge of foreign tongues, their readiness to give long credits and to trade on small margins of profit, their attention to the whims and peculiarities of distant and exacting customers, and unless they develop once more a well-organized American mercantile marine. The well-worn and customary channels of foreign commerce, to which hitherto Americans have paid but small attention, cannot be altered in a day; and it is already clear that the tremendous advantages accruing to Great Britain from the unique position of London are going to be tenaciously held.

Many awkward difficulties are likely to arise before this war is ended over questions of contraband. But as they will chiefly concern the United States and Great Britain, as both countries are well disposed toward each other, and as there is, I believe, as little desire among Americans to hamper British arms as there is among Englishmen to interfere unduly with American trade, these questions ought to be disposed of one by one without disturbing Anglo-American relations. Nobody in Great Britain expected from the United States any other position than that of a strict neutrality; nobody has any criticisms to pass upon it; nobody believes there will be any trouble about maintaining it. It is true that the exceptionally rigid construction which President Wilson places upon the obligations of neutrality has occasioned some surprise in Great Britain just as it has in the United States. But it is recognized that in everything he has thus far done—in his appeal for a neutrality not merely of action, but of comment and opinion, in his embargo on the raising of

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American loans for the belligerents, in his hesitancy to protest against the violation of The Hague conventions, in his gravely dispassionate replies to the Belgian mission and the Kaiser's representations, and in his permitting the vetoing by his Secretary of the Navy of "Tipperary" as a proper song for American soldiers and sailors—the President has been actuated by but one motive, to convince all the combatants of the completeness of his impartiality that he may the better serve the cause of peace hereafter. That is a motive with which no Englishman has or can have any quarrel.

I need hardly add that Great Britain has been heartened in this war by the belief that the great majority of the American people are in sympathy with the cause of the Allies and realize how necessary it is that that cause should triumph if democracy is to be preserved and if militarism and force, as the supreme arbiters of human affairs, are to be restricted. It would be only in the event of a German triumph that American neutrality would be really endangered and that the menace which Prussia has long aimed at Europe would stretch across the Atlantic. That is a development which the Allies are taking the best possible means to avert.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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NEUTRAL RIGHTS AND DUTIES

BY C. T. REVERE

FROM the standpoint of experience the question of contraband furnishes one of the most orthodox developments of the present war. It was to be expected that a situation would arise which would call forth a communication such as the United States addressed to Great Britain protesting against the restrictions placed upon our commerce with neutral Europe. It was equally certain that Great Britain would receive the communication in a spirit of amity and as a matter of course. Such an attitude was foreshadowed by her centuries of naval practice as both belligerent and neutral.

Since the early part of the seventeenth century every war involving maritime operations has revived the inevitable conflict between belligerent privilege and neutral rights. Prior to that time the neutral had no rights except such as could be held by force of arms or fear of reprisal.

Although recognizing modern concessions, the belligerent always looks upon so-called peaceful commerce as pernicious, frequently giving as much cause for anxiety as the hostile thrust of a declared opponent. The aid thus furnished the foe may be worth a whole army corps. Complications may arise, thus provoking pacific into combatant. The strain on self-control comes at an awkward time. It is hard to shift from berserk exercise of the mailed fist upon the enemy, and extend kid-gloved finesse to the nuisance who holds his friendship in such nice balance that he is equally facile in dealings with either side.

In fact, the intercourse of nations provides no phenomenon more typical in its manifestations than the outcry of the belligerent over the suspicious commercial activities of the professed bystander—unless it be the outcry of the professed bystander over the seizure of his goods and the interference to his trade.

As the sole high-powered neutral, the United States occupies a position of peculiar opportunity and responsibility. Both

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sides place our good-will above all other considerations except victory and national honor. Since the first shock of the conflict it is seen that commercial advantage of an undreamed extent may come to us. Our exported products may even determine the issue of the war.

Quite apart from the rôle we may be called upon to play in the peace negotiations, our conduct as a non-combatant may influence the lines of historical development as much as the course of the leading participants in the war. Although it is too early to venture such an assumption, it is possible by our policy that we may add some new principle to the code of conduct between nations. At any rate, there has come to us an opportunity, such as seldom is given governments or chancelleries, of putting on an unprecedentedly broad plane a discussion that heretofore has been limited by the narrow dictates of self-interest.

It has been more than a century since the principle of contraband has been so strongly involved in international disputes, unless we except the Civil War cases, which belong more properly to the category of blockade. For this reason it might be advisable to review some of the commercial incidents of the war, with their effect on our trade as a neutral nation, and our rights and duties as set forth by precedent.

It was to be expected that trade with Germany would cease with the declaration of hostilities. England's maritime supremacy gave assurance that commerce would be confined to the accessible ports of the Allied nations and neutral countries. No restrictions, of course, were placed upon shipments to Great Britain, France, Belgium, or Russia. The difficulty has arisen entirely over our trade with neutral countries, chiefly on the ground that the destination of the cargoes might be questionable.

British warships held up American merchant-vessels carrying cargoes of copper, gasolene, food stuffs, rubber products, naval stores, and other commodities on their way to such points as Genoa, Rotterdam, and Gothenburg. The alert British naval officer could see no occasion for the growing commercial importance of these neutral ports than the baneful desire to make a large profit by the transhipment of these goods to Germany and Austria.

At the outbreak of the war the generally recognized list of contraband articles, as set forth in the Declaration of London in 1909, consisted of eleven groups of articles. By the Order in Council issued October 29, 1914, Great Britain had considerably more than doubled this list, placing therein a large

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number of articles which never had been considered in the light of contraband. Exporters and importers of neutral nations heatedly protested that at this rate it would not be long before the whole range of commerce would be under ban.

Additional hardship was imposed by the construction placed on cargo destination. Our right to ship copper to Italy was admitted, but the attitude of British naval officers practically placed upon the shipper of this metal the obligation to guarantee that none of it should ultimately fall into German hands. The examples cited are sufficient to illustrate the purpose of this country's protest which has assumed pre-eminence as an international incident.

Consideration of contraband involves two phases: first, the character of the merchandise; second, the destination of the merchandise. Attempts to classify contraband have engaged the attention of authorities on international law for more than two centuries. The line of grouping set down by Grotius is generally followed to-day. It makes three classes: contraband —those articles which are of use chiefly or only in war; non-contraband—those which are of no use in war; conditional contraband—those which are useful both in war and in peace.

There is no controversy over the general principle of the classification. The trouble arises when specific articles are added to the list of absolute contraband. No two treaties between different nations agree exactly on the list of articles which shall be regarded as contraband or innocent. Military necessities have changed with the advance in industry. Copper products were not given a thought in the Peace of Utrecht. They are noxious articles to-day as a result of our electrical development. Naval stores occupied a high place in the contraband list in the days of sailing-vessels. With the development of the steamship they lost their illegal character. In the present war rosin and turpentine are back in the contraband list, not as naval stores, but as ingredients for explosives.

The essential nature of the problem appears to preclude the likelihood of any definite and final agreement on the contraband list. Conditions are changing so much that restriction by specific articles might be highly injurious to a belligerent.

On the other hand, an undue extension of the contraband list may result practically in a blockade. Precedent in international law is strongly against such an advantage for a belligerent who holds command of the sea. The tendency is toward the view that if one belligerent decides to shut off the enemy

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from commerce, an effective blockade must be maintained. A blockade of an effective character is both dangerous and expensive, and the hostile who attempts it is entitled to the fruits of his effort. Any student of warfare can see at a glance the risk attendant upon a blockade of Hamburg and Bremen. On the other hand, it would be comparatively easy, by stopping neutral vessels at Gibraltar, Suez, the English Channel, and the entrance to the North Sea, to prevent any shipment whatever from reaching the Germanic allies.

Neutrals, however, can and do insist strongly that the contraband list shall not be extended unduly beyond the "criterion of warlike usefulness." The privilege must not be used as a weapon against the civil population of the enemy country. Articles like foodstuffs are noxious only when destined to the naval or military forces of the foe. A recent instance of this was furnished by our protest in 1904 over Russia's seizures of rice shipments to Japan. The most notable example, however, was furnished by our controversy with Great Britain in 1793, when an attempt was made to block all shipments of grain to France in an effort to reduce that country "to reasonable terms of peace."

Jefferson, then Secretary of State, declared that the position that provisions were contraband "in the case where the depriving an enemy of these supplies is one of the means intended to be employed for reducing him to reasonable terms of peace," or in any case but that of a place actually blockaded, was "entirely new"; that reason and usage had established "that, when two nations go to war, those who choose to live in peace retain their natural right to pursue their agriculture, manufactures, and other ordinary vocations; to carry the produce of their industry, for exchange, to all nations, belligerent or neutral, as usual; to go and come freely, without injury or molestation; and, in short, that the war among others shall be, for them, as if it did not exist."

Cargo destination is a feature that gives to a belligerent even more trouble than the character of the shipment. There is nothing illegal in trade between one neutral country and another, whether the articles be absolute contraband or conditional contraband. The sudden increase in the trade of ports in neutral countries adjacent to the blockaded belligerent furnishes occasion for much cynical comment and considerable active suspicion. During our Civil War the port of Nassau on the island of New Providence did such a thriving business that it

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became the envy of Liverpool and London. Federal cruisers unkindly took the view that this commercial activity was of an illegal character—that the ultimate destination of the shipments was not Nassau, but more probably Key West or Charleston, which were under blockade.

Here we come to the so-called "doctrine of continuous voyages," which furnishes one of the knottiest problems in international law. Belligerents, irritated over continued aid given the enemy, are usually inclined to overstep their privileges and rest their case on the mere suspicion that the destination of a shipment is hostile. Precedent, however, is quite clear upon the point that there must be *proof*, very strong if circumstantial, that the destination is illegal, in order to justify seizure. The mere fact that contraband trade may have been general with a certain port gives no ground for action in a specific instance.

In the present war the only new feature which has marked the controversy is furnished by the suggestion that cargoes be certified as to character of contents and destination. Obviously such a step would do away with much of the irritation on the part of Great Britain and her allies, while a shipper acting in good faith could raise no objection to an examination which would give his goods a clean bill of health.

Every nation has its individual lines of tendency, all determined by what is considered to be the need of the future. For example, Great Britain has tended toward a wide contraband list. Consistency in her desire to make seizures in time of war is held to be more valuable than the right of protest over interference with her commerce. Small maritime nations like Holland and Denmark lean toward restriction of the contraband list, as the right of protest against injury to commerce while neutrals is likely to be more important than the privilege to make seizures in war. The policy of the United States quite naturally has favored a limited contraband list, as a European war would be more than likely to find us neutral. In other words, we favor a tendency which affords the most protection to our own commerce rather than one which will enable us to block most effectively the ability of a possible enemy to obtain supplies during a war.

Notwithstanding considerations of self-interest under trying conditions, maritime practice has adhered closely to certain well-developed rules. Some of these are more clearly defined than others, but under no circumstances can violations be so flagrant as to pass without protest and ultimate penalty.

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Whenever Great Britain has permitted the exigencies of the moment to overcome her prudent regard for equitable precedent, she always has taken occasion to disavow such acts in order that her practice might be purged of damning inconsistencies.

Undoubtedly the chief reason for opposition to the agitation in Congress favoring prohibition of contraband shipments is based on the fear of laying an embarrassing precedent. A nation too high-minded to ship war supplies to a belligerent country might be in no position to protest against similar action by neutral countries in case we should become involved in a war. International custom is much better qualified to deal with such a situation than the legislative bodies of individual countries, no matter whether such statutory prohibition is inspired by Utopian ideals or racial partisanship. Such legislation would be broadly regarded as unneutral. It would not receive the academic sanction of its beneficiaries, no matter how cordially they might welcome it.

Although the over-zealous British naval officer may transcend the bounds, it is safe to say that the record of Great Britain, so far as her official notes or prize-court decisions are concerned, will be marked by unswerving adherence to established practice. Precedent will be left without a smudge to serve as reference when she may have occasion to stand on her rights as a neutral. The dominating impulse which is to be traced throughout the warp and woof of international law may be found in the determination to permit no act of Philip belligerent to prejudice the case of Philip neutral at some later date.

Prize-court decisions, except in rare instances, have been characterized by an equity as broad as that which would actuate the most exalted international tribunal. To the layman this never fails to appear as amazing, in view of the fact that the procedure is conducted entirely by the country making the capture. Sir William Scott, afterward Lord Stowell, who became Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in 1798, in delivering his judgment in the case of the *Maria* said:

> The seat of judicial authority is, indeed, locally here, in the belligerent country, according to the known law and practice of nations, but the law itself has no locality. It is the duty of the person who sits here to determine this question exactly as he would determine the same question if sitting at Stockholm; to assert no pretensions on the part of Great Britain which he would not allow to Sweden in the same circumstances, and to impose no duties on Sweden, as a neutral country, which he would not admit to belong to Great Britain in the same

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character. If, therefore, I mistake the law in this matter, I mistake that which I consider, and which I mean should be considered, as the universal law upon the question—a question regarding one of the most important rights of belligerent nations relatively to neutrals.

Despite the eventual justice of the prize court, the harm done to neutral commerce can never be measured by the compensation afforded by belligerents. Damages may be awarded for illegal seizures and detentions, but no reparation is offered for the paralysis that is visited upon trade. Commerce suffers more through the cargoes that are not shipped than from those that are captured.

Unfortunately the United States has been forced to pay an enormous penalty through the failure of the Allies to come to more definite understanding with the neutral nations contiguous to Germany. There is nothing noxious in shipments of gasolene and copper to consignees in Rotterdam and Genoa. The ultimate destination, possibly, may be hostile. Such a situation, it would seem, should be corrected through embargo by Italy and Holland rather than by seizures on the high seas. An arrangement of this sort seems in process of adjustment, and it will be interesting to note its effect upon the desire of neutral merchants to make importations at the present rate.

Enough aggravations have arisen out of the present situation to justify the prophecy that the rules of conduct relating to the eternal clash of neutral and belligerent interests will be made the subject of early and paramount consideration. To the ultra-pacifist this brings a vision of the super-State, all-powerful, enforcing as world policeman the decrees of the international tribunal. Conservatives, with their abhorrence of the factitious, will rest content with some new principle added to the code of international law, confident that slower growth will bring a surer understanding. International law does exist, Belgium's fate to the contrary notwithstanding. Transgressions are punished by world reprobation, which sometimes falls more heavily than the club of the policeman.

C. T. Revere.

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ARE NAVAL EXPENDITURES WASTED?

BY GEORGE V. L. MEYER
Former Secretary of the Navy

THE public demand for the facts with respect to the preparedness of the navy to-day grows out of a popular desire to be sure that we are getting our money's worth for money expended. The people cannot pass intelligently upon the question of the size of the navy until they know its condition, its organization as it now exists, whether it is being administered efficiently and economically, and what methods have been employed as to the making and using of the appropriations.

Our naval appropriation for 1914 was $140,000,000; that of Germany, $120,000,000. The total appropriation for our Navy from 1900 to 1914, inclusive, amounted to $1,656,000,000, while the appropriation during the same period for Germany's navy was $1,137,000,000, showing that the American navy during fifteen years has cost 45 per cent. more than the Kaiser's navy. Yet to-day Germany's navy is more powerful than ours. The difference during those years represents the cost of two battleships annually for fifteen years.

Until within a few years no naval appropriation could pass the Senate which did not meet the sanction of both a Northern and Southern Senator, each of whom was a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs. It is interesting, in consequence, to analyze some of the appropriations between 1895 and 1910.

In 1899 a site was purchased in Frenchman's Bay, Maine, at a cost of $24,650—far above the assessed valuation—and later an additional amount of $600,000 was expended to obtain there an absolutely unnecessary coaling-station, which has since been dismantled, as it was practically unused.

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At the Portsmouth Navy-Yard, so called, in Kittery, Maine, a dock was built at an expense of $1,122,800, and later it was found necessary to blast away rock in the channel in order to reach the dock, at an additional expense of $745,300.

Between 1895 and 1910 improvements, machinery, repairs, and maintenance in the yard amounted to $10,857,693, although there was a large navy-yard within seventy miles.

On the other hand, at Port Royal, South Carolina, a dock was built at the insistence of the Southern Senator, at a cost of $450,000, which proved useless, and, although the original cost of the site was but $5,000, it was not abandoned as a naval base until $2,275,000 had been expended.

Not the least daunted by this extravagant waste, the same Senator determined to have a share of the naval melon for his State, so, with the assistance of the Northern Senator, he obtained the establishment of another naval station at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1901. There was no strategic value thus accomplished, nor was it necessary, with the Norfolk Navy-Yard located at Hampton Roads. The $5,000,000 which has been squandered at Charleston includes a dry-dock built for battle-ships, costing $1,250,000, but which experience shows can only be used by torpedo-destroyers and gunboats. The $5,000,000 could have been employed to great advantage at the Norfolk Navy-Yard, where the battle-ship fleet generally assembles. A portion even could have been used wisely at Key West, Florida, a supplementary base of real strategic value for torpedoes and submarines—a protection to the Gulf of Mexico and the mouth of the Mississippi River, and on account of its geographical situation, Key West would serve as a base of supplies to the fleet in the Caribbean Sea.

The purpose of the navy-yards is to keep the fleet in efficient condition. Their location should be determined by strategic conditions, their number by the actual needs of the fleet. The maintenance of navy-yards which do not contribute to battle efficiency is a great source of waste.

The United States has over twice as many first-class navy-yards as Great Britain, with a navy more than double the size of ours, and more than three times as many as Germany, whose navy is larger than that of the United States.

The total cost of navy-yards up to June 30th, 1910, with land, public works, improvements, machinery, and maintenance, including repairs, amounts to $320,600,000. (As seen by the footnote on the following page.)

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Overburdened with a superfluous number of navy-yards distributed along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Louisiana, in 1910 I recommended that Congress give up and dispose of naval stations at New Orleans, Pensacola, San Juan, Port Royal, New London, Sackett's Harbor (New York), Culebra,

Statement showing date of establishment; original cost of site; expenditures for buildings, public works, and improvements; machinery installed in the various buildings; and cost of maintenance of the several navy-yards and stations to June 30, 1910; also the average yearly cost of maintenance for five years.

Stations	Date of establishment	Original cost of site	Total expenditures for buildings, public works, improvements, and machinery installed in the various buildings	Total maintenance, including repairs	Total cost of land, public works, improvements, machinery, and maintenance, including repairs	Average yearly cost of maintenance for five years
First-class navy-yards (at home):						
Portsmouth	1800	$110,500.00	$10,006,929.89	$8,720,582.09	$18,838,011.98	$428,595.15
Boston	1800	360,782.26	14,015,799.50	16,007,646.23	30,384,227.99	916,535.41
New York	1801	590,123.15	25,867,974.92	31,177,278.60	57,635,376.67	1,958,452.92
Philadelphia	1868	Gift	11,015,439.94	10,269,160.47	21,284,600.41	708,093.69
Washington	1800	157,099.00	11,969,124.71	13,197,175.25	25,323,398.96	728,695.26
Norfolk	1800	478,517.50	15,733,682.19	16,113,733.15	32,325,932.84	1,006,598.64
Mare Island	1854	83,491.00	17,644,057.09	17,363,162.17	35,090,710.26	1,051,424.93
Puget Sound	1891	18,212.50	5,610,377.53	3,769,602.96	9,398,192.99	469,012.97
Second-class navy-yards (at home):						
Charleston	1901	105,207.00	3,857,180.01	778,381.52	4,740,768.53	142,952.88
Pensacola	1828	[1]	7,700,637.10	4,516,794.01	12,217,431.11	340,011.95
New Orleans	1849	15,000.00	2,684,151.18	701,984.69	3,401,135.87	112,098.79
First-class navy-yard (abroad):						
Hawaii	1899	58,140.50	1,577,814.35	590,700.73	2,226,655.58	89,318.43
Second-class navy-yards (abroad):						
Cavite	1898	[2]	2,523,136.35	8,723,088.71	11,246,225.06	1,056,401.84
Olongapo	1901	[2]	2,908,849.48	909,515.30	3,818,364.78	177,265.33
Naval stations (at home):						
Port Royal	1883	5,000.00	1,173,647.78	1,100,002.00	2,278,649.78	24,351.76
Key West	1854	156,111.83	2,205,440.23	1,787,934.35	4,149,486.41	143,096.25
Naval stations (abroad):						
Guantanamo	1903	Leased	1,189,237.01	969,211.60	2,158,448.61	178,131.23
San Juan	1898	[2]	73,754.06	770,265.31	844,019.37	95,746.86
Guam	1898	[2]	296,624.14	1,253,188.58	1,549,812.72	180,510.90
Tutuila	1900	45,125.39	489,353.09	447,005.83	981,484.31	64,258.52
Training-stations:						
Newport	1869	69,850.00	2,378,171.72	4,778,286.21	7,226,307.93	506,917.90
California	1898	[1]	344,969.36	720,656.07	1,065,625.43	96,084.07
Great Lakes	1905	Gift	2,591,546.58	313,306.90	2,904,853.48	62,661.38
Coaling-stations:						
Frenchm's B'y	1899	24,650.00	541,167.44	57,884.54	623,701.98	8,655.55
Bradford	1900	35,000.00	1,148,944.80	220,536.88	1,404,481.68	38,589.37
Pichilinque, Mexico	1900	.....	51,804.44	20,032.78	71,837.22	2,019.94
San Diego, Cal.	1904	[1]	204,758.87	26,822.98	231,581.85	4,742.17
Tiburon	1904	80,000.00	556,409.53	98,124.75	734,534.28	19,490.97
Miscellaneous:						
Annapolis (Naval Acad.)	1845	405,345.76	10,825,529.94	10,244,815.07	21,475,690.77	1,252,519.53
Naval proving-ground	1890	38,220.00	944,620.24	1,206,324.75	2,189,164.99	130,790.63
Las Animas (naval hosp.)	1907	[1]	374,573.42	827,247.52	1,201,820.94	165,449.50
Culebra (nav. base)	1904	[2]	23,132.08	157,788.91	180,920.99	30,187.35
Sitka	1900	[1]	124,961.96	22,909.92	147,871.88	3,324.78
Yokohama	1900	.....	88,677.99	406,232.00	494,909.99	55,811.94
New London	1868	Gift	431,037.46	337,561.68	768,599.14	13,156.05
Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.	[3] 1846	4,425.00	36,387.05	14,820.95	55,633.00	[4] 647.98
Total	.....	2,840,800.89	159,209,903.39	158,619,765.46	320,669,429.74	12,252,602.82

[1] Military reservation.
[2] Acquired by conquest.
[3] First record of any appropriation being made for improvements or maintenance.
[4] Expenditure fiscal year 1910, $2,107.91.

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and Cavité, none of which was a first-class station. The average yearly cost of maintaining these stations between 1905 and 1910 was $1,672,675, and very little useful work had been performed at any of them. Later, I practically closed them, but could not abolish or dispose of them, no action having been taken by Congress. Pensacola and New Orleans have since been reopened by my successor.

The interests of the country and the interests of the navy would be best served by one first-class naval base with sufficient anchorage for the entire fleet, north of the Delaware, equipped for docking, repairing, etc., and another station of equal capacity at Norfolk, in Chesapeake Bay, with Guantanamo, Cuba, to serve as the winter-station rendezvous.

On the Pacific coast we are fortunate in having only two naval stations, one at Bremerton, on Puget Sound, established in 1891, with ample depth of water, costing to date about $9,000,000; and the other at Mare Island, established in 1850, some thirty miles from the harbor of San Francisco, with inadequate depth and width of water along its water-front. The total costs, with maintenance and repairs, have amounted to $35,000,000, and, on account of insufficient depth of water, none of the battle-ships built in the last eight years could have been berthed there.

Arrangements were entered into some time ago, and have lately been consummated, by which the navy will have the use of a thousand-foot dock to be built at Hunter's Point by a private corporation, the Government making an annual payment of $50,000. With the completion of this great dock the fleet will not have to depend entirely on Puget Sound. Later, there will be additional facilities in Hawaii, when the Pearl Harbor Dock is finished.

The situation of the naval base near San Francisco is as follows:

We have the Mare Island Navy-Yard at Vallejo, with use of a future battle-ship dock at Hunter's Point, near San Francisco, a coaling-station on an island in the bay, and a training-station on still another. It has been well understood for years that the California Senator on the Naval Committee would not consent to the abandonment of the Mare Island, suited to its requirements when first selected in 1850, but absolutely unsuited to navy requirements after battle-ships became a feature.

The New Orleans yard, located one hundred miles up the river and with a floating-dock of no service to dreadnoughts, its

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capacity being limited to 16,000 tons, as a maximum, was furbished up for a while with modern shop-buildings and incompleted streets in order to appease a Louisiana Congressman, a member of the Naval Committee, since deceased. The amount expended on that needless and useless station was over $2,000,000.

The Pensacola Navy-Yard, originally a military reservation, had cost the United States Government, up to 1910, $12,200,000, with little return in the way of output.

The fundamental cause of excessive expenditures is due to the fact that appropriations are not made with the sole view of the battle efficiency of the fleet (which is the navy) and its military requirements. Politics and log-rolling, as I have shown, have entered into the making of appropriations by Congress.

A more recent case is the training-station outside of Chicago, established in 1905. The original site was a gift, but $3,646,000 has been expended, buildings erected on a lavish scale, quite unnecessary and not suitable, due to the zeal of a Congressman of the district, a member of the Naval Committee. One-half the amount would have more than met the requirements and have been better adapted to what a training-station should be.

For an example as to the present lack of efficiency, in a hearing at Washington, December 9, 1914, Admiral Fletcher is asked:

> MR. ROBERTS (member of the Naval Committee): "Here is a statement reciting reasons why the submarines are in such bad condition. 'The fault has been that no one in the department has been charged with the direct responsibility of keeping submarines in constant repair.' Do you know anything about that? Is it a fact that there is no one in the department especially charged with looking after submarines and keeping them in repair?"
>
> ADMIRAL FLETCHER: "No, I know nothing of that kind."
>
> MR. ROBERTS: "Then, if there is such a lack of care with submarines as set forth in this article, there is no one in the Navy Department who is responsible for it?"
>
> ADMIRAL FLETCHER: "Yes."

When Commander Sterling made the report on the unsatisfactory condition of the submarines, if Secretary Daniels had not abolished the aid for inspection he could have sent for the aid, turned the report over to him for investigation, the findings to be made direct to the Secretary. The next move would have been to call together the chiefs of bureau concerned and thresh the matter out before the aids, in conjunction with the bureau chiefs, either in the presence of the Secretary or brought to him for final decision after conclusion had been reached. This was not done, the aid for inspection having been

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abolished, but Commander Sterling was reprimanded by the Secretary.

The organization of aids to the Secretary, consisting of an aid for operations, for personnel, for material, and for inspection, making a council of four responsible expert advisers, was turned over to the present head of the navy. This has been disrupted and no established system has taken its place. In case of a crisis, business would be congested, confusion would reign, discredit to the navy would follow, with possible disgrace to the country.

Building battle-ships without an adequate force of men is equal to wasting money; only ten ships of the first line and eleven of the second, according to the Navy Department, can be placed in full commission for service, due to a shortage of men and officers.

To provide a proper complement for all vessels of the navy which could still be made useful would require an additional force of 18,556 men and 933 line officers, according to the testimony of Admiral Badger before the Naval Committee, December 8, 1914.

That we have not been getting proper return for money expended in the navy is not known to the majority of our people, nor is it realized to what extent political influences have misdirected the appropriations during the past twenty-five years. The remedy will only come from absolute publicity.

Let a special committee be appointed to investigate the conditions in the navy.

Let a special committee of military experts from the army and navy be appointed to recommend what naval stations shall be abolished and sold and if any shall be established to take their places.

Let Congress inaugurate a national council of defense made up of members of the Cabinet, Senate, and House, with the chiefs of staff from the army and navy, that more efficient co-operation may be obtained between the executive and legislative branches of the Government in respect to military requirements.

Let Congress establish a general staff in the navy.

Let appropriations be made in budget form on a plan of expenditures proposed by the department.

Let action be taken by this Congress in order that necessary reforms and changes may be made at once, as it is now recognized that the navy should be the strong right arm of the Government and one of the vital factors in the national strength.

GEORGE V. L. MEYER.

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THE PROBLEM OF OUR COAST DEFENSE

BY FIRST LIEUT. M. H. THOMPSON, COAST ARTILLERY CORPS, U. S. A.

AN adequate Coast Defense designed (1) to protect commercial centers and naval bases of rendezvous and supply, and (2) to leave no point affording a base for an enemy unprotected, must in a broad sense conform to these requirements:

(*a*) All points of the coast-line of strategic value should be fortified.

(*b*) The *personnel* should be sufficient and efficient.

(*c*) The *matériel* should be sufficient to accomplish what is expected of it against the latest approved methods of attack.

The first and most important of these requirements has been substantially fulfilled in this country. All ports of commercial and strategic value in the United States are now fortified, with the exception of the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, although in the Insular Possessions additional armament is required for Guantanamo, Puerto Rico, Guam, and Alaska. The problem of our Coast Defense is therefore reduced to questions of *personnel* and *matériel*. Is the *personnel* efficient, and are there enough Coast Artillery troops to man the Coast Defense equipment? Is the *matériel* sufficient to accomplish what would be required of it in action against the latest approved methods and equipment?

These questions pertain only to the Second or Coast Defense Line, since, in the defensive scheme of any maritime power the navy constitutes the First Line of Defense. Such portions of the naval forces, however, as are not included in the seagoing fleet may be assigned to assist military forces in the defense of important harbors. Vessels so assigned are designated as floating defenses, and ships of the line, monitors, scouts, torpedo-boats, submarines, patrol-boats, and picket-boats may be assigned to the Second Line of Defense.

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The Second Line comprises the permanent fortifications and submarine defenses manned by troops for defense against naval attack of the harbors and the bases that are of commercial or strategic importance. Such assault may take the form of a naval attack, a land raid, or a combination of the two.

The troops of the Second or Coast Defense Line are classified with reference to their duties as follows:

(*a*) Coast Artillery Regulars, who man the guns and mine equipment as far as possible. (*b*) Coast Artillery Militia, who are required to man certain guns in order to complete the *personnel* lacking in the Regular Coast Artillery forces. (*c*) Coast Artillery Supports, whose function is the local protection of fortifications against quick land raids made in conjunction with naval attacks by sea. (Supports build earthworks and operate field and machine guns, on the flanks and the rear of fortifications, and are usually composed of troops of the "Mobile Army"—*i. e.*, Infantry and Field Artillery.) (*d*) The Coast Guard, consisting of large units of Infantry, Cavalry, and Field Artillery necessary to operate in a campaign waged by large bodies of the enemy, convoyed to a strategic point and landed for the purpose of capturing a harbor and fortifications. (Note here the distinction between the quick, sudden small raid and such a movement. A campaign of serious proportions by an enemy necessitates large bodies of troops to meet the attack, for which the Coast Artillery Supports would be inadequate.)

The Third Line constitutes the "Mobile Army" (Cavalry, Infantry, Field Artillery, and Supply troops). These troops are mobilized inland at points strategically located with respect to the entire coast-line. Such troops are used in case the First and Second Lines are broken, and the enemy has secured a strong base from which it is enabled to operate a serious campaign.

Bearing in mind that our military system is wholly defensive and that our Insular and Canal ports present an infinitely more difficult problem than that of Continental United States, we may take up the first question. Is the *personnel* efficient, and are there enough Coast Artillery troops to man the equipment?

The Coast Artillery Regular troops are at present in the highest state of efficiency. They are, and have been for a period of years, undergoing the most thorough and technical training of both officers and enlisted men. This branch of our service has been the subject of strongest praise in the past from European experts. South-American countries have sought

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and in some cases have secured our Coast Artillery officers, by foreign advisement, in order to incorporate a similar system of instruction and training in their own services. The Coast Artillery Militia in some States also has received thorough and conscientious training at the armories by Coast Artillery officers detailed for the purpose, although of course the Militia, who are expected to fill the gaps in the ranks of the Regulars at the guns cannot be expected to reach the same standard of efficiency as the Regulars themselves.

The Second Line as it is now constituted, embraces the following Coast Defenses,* which are geographically distributed as indicated below, showing the present and "required" distribution of companies in the United States.

NORTH ATLANTIC COAST-ARTILLERY DISTRICT

Coast Defenses of	Regular Companies now provided	Total Regular Companies required to man ½ home gun defenses and all home mine equipment, in accordance with adopted policy
Portland	12	14
Portsmouth	1	3
Boston	12	15
New Bedford	1	2
Narragansett Bay	8	13
Long Island Sound	12	14
Eastern New York	6	8
Southern New York	14	23
Total	66	92

SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST-ARTILLERY DISTRICT

The Delaware	4	8
Baltimore	3	6
The Potomac	2	5
Chesapeake Bay	10	9
The Cape Fear	3	4
Charleston	3	5
Savannah	4	4
Key West	1	5
Tampa	2	3
Pensacola	5	5
Mobile	2	5
New Orleans	2	4
Galveston	2	4
Total	43	67

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PACIFIC COAST ARTILLERY DISTRICT

Coast Defenses of	Regular Companies now provided	Total Regular Companies required to man ½ home gun defenses and all home mine equipment, in accordance with adopted policy
San Diego	2	3
San Francisco	17	22
The Columbia	4	7
Puget Sound	13	20
San Pedro	..	3
Total	36	55

*The term "Coast Defense," as applying to the whole system of defense of the Second Line, should not be confused with the term "Coast Defenses," which is defined as comprising the armament and equipment of one or more adjacent forts required to protect any one harbor or base. A collection of the contiguous Coast Defenses comprise a Coast Artillery District.

Manila Bay and Subic Bay at present contain 11 companies which will have to be increased to 25 companies. There are now 6 companies in Hawaii, but this number will soon have to be increased to 10, and in Panama there are now 8 companies, where soon 21 companies will be required. The list of Regular companies shown as required in the tables above is the number required to man one-half the home gun defenses and all home mine equipment. As will be shown below, the plan is for the Militia to man the remaining half of the home gun defenses in order to have one complete manning body.

A bill to increase the Regular Coast Artillery by 612 officers and 10,988 men has been introduced in the Senate to fill out the shortage of Regulars above. The number asked for in this bill, if provided, will enable the Coast Artillery to furnish its contemplated *share* of the *personnel* required for one complete relief for all the Coast Defenses now actually constructed and appropriated for. Considering that the Coast Artillery Militia has never been able to furnish its quota (as shown in detail below), the necessity for the increase in the Regular Coast Artillery becomes all the more apparent. The adopted plan is for the Militia to furnish troops to man the other one-half of the home gun defenses.

On June 30, 1914, the actual strength of the Coast Artillery Corps available for a manning body was 700 officers and 17,901 enlisted men. The strength now designated by law as a manning body is 700 officers and 18,321 enlisted men.

The Chief of Coast Artillery, Brigadier-General E. M. Weaver, in his annual report for the year 1914 makes the

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following statement as to the numerical strength of available and required *personnel* for the corps.

The strength of the Coast Artillery Corps was, therefore, on June 30, 1914, below the strength authorized by law, 1,420 enlisted men. The following table shows the *personnel* required to provide one complete manning body for all of the elements of all Coast Defenses now constructed and appropriated for under the adopted policy that the Coast Artillery of the Regular Army shall man fully all of the guns, mortars, mines, and accessory material in the Insular Possessions and the Canal Zone, and all of the mines and one-half of the guns, mortars, and their accessory equipment in the United States proper, and that the Militia Coast Artillery shall man one-half of the guns and mortars of the defenses of the United States proper:

DEFENSES CONSTRUCTED AND APPROPRIATED FOR

	Officers	Men
Regular Coast Artillery required for all mines, power and light plants of home defenses	309	5,544
Regular Coast Artillery required for all mines, power and light plants of insular and canal defenses	43	1,194
Regular Coast Artillery required for all gun defenses of insular and canal defenses	220	5,040
Regular Coast Artillery required for one-half of gun defenses of home defenses	740	18,531
Total Regular Coast Artillery required	1,312	30,309
Total Militia Coast Artillery required for other half of home gun defenses	740	18,531
Total force Regulars and Militia required	2,052	48,840

From the foregoing it will be seen that the present strength of the Regular Coast Artillery Corps is short 612 officers and 10,988 enlisted men of the strength required to man our defenses under the adopted policy outlined.

(Note the Regular Coast Artillery troops are to man one-half the home gun defenses and the Militia Coast Artillery the remaining half.)

The defenses outside of the Continental United States are practically ready for their garrisons, and when these are prepared there will remain for home gun defenses 176 officers and 7,543 enlisted men, which is about one-third of one relief (or one complete manning body).

In order to provide for our primary home defenses—to wit, Coast Defenses of Portland, Boston, Narragansett Bay, Long Island Sound, eastern New York, southern New York, Chesapeake Bay, Pensacola, San Francisco, and Puget Sound, there are required 662 officers and 16,251 enlisted men.

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It will thus be seen that there are now provided about one-fourth of the officers and one-half of the enlisted men necessary for this purpose. Unless provision be made in the near future for additional Coast Artillery *personnel*, it will be necessary to reduce the garrisons to mere caretaker[1] detachments at some of the defenses of lesser importance, including Portsmouth, Delaware, Charleston, Savannah, Key West, New Bedford, Potomac, Tampa, Columbia, Baltimore, Cape Fear, and Mobile.

THE MILITIA COAST ARTILLERY ORGANIZED AND AVAILABLE FOR SERVICE AS REPORTED AT LAST ANNUAL INSPECTION

State	No. of Companies	Officers	Enlisted Men
Maine	11	42	652
New Hampshire	4	16	214
Massachusetts	12	47	718
Rhode Island	17	65	988
Connecticut	13	44	697
New York	32	104	1,839
North Carolina	6	20	354
Georgia	4	14	143
California	12	41	713
Oregon	8	33	521
Washington	4	15	283
New Jersey	...	...	...
Pennsylvania	...	...	...
Delaware	...	...	...
Maryland	...	...	...
Virginia	...	...	...
South Carolina	...	...	...
Louisiana	...	...	...
Texas	...	...	...
Present strength of Militia	123	441	7,122
(*Note.*—Shortage in Militia for manning one-half home gun defenses in accordance with adopted policy	...	299	11,409)

It is therefore recommended that the seacoast States be urged anew to provide their due proportion of Militia Coast Artillery troops, special efforts being made with respect to those at present providing none. All of these contain cities and possess interests to which existing Coast Defenses are of importance. In this connection it should be noted that Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Florida,

[1] The use of caretakers is not really an economic measure, since guns, like houses, deteriorate from lack of use. The loss entailed would be great.—AUTHOR.

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Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas have heretofore had Coast Artillery companies, but for some reason or other have disbanded them.

The installation of dummy (practice) armament in Coast Artillery Militia armories is proceeding satisfactorily, and a higher state of efficiency generally is hoped for. Considering the time available, some of the Militia do very creditable work.

After several years of strenuous effort on the part of all concerned, and every encouragement possible, the Militia quota furnished during 1914 was below that of 1913. As can be seen from the above tables, the conservative plan adopted in 1907 was to provide one manning body for all of the Coast Artillery defenses constructed and appropriated for, under the adopted policy that Coast Artillery of the regular army shall man fully all the guns, mortars, mines, and accessory material in the Insular Possessions and Canal Zone and all of the mines and one-half of the guns, mortars, and their accessory equipment in the United States proper, and that the Militia Coast Artillery shall man one-half of the guns and mortars of the defenses of the United States proper.

In addition, attention is called to the fact that this plan calls for *one* complete manning body. In time of war the guns could not be manned by less than *two* complete manning bodies, or two times the force estimated above, making the wartime shortage of troops twice as great as indicated. As Coast Artillery troops, under war conditions, are necessary at all times at all batteries, with two manning bodies, these troops would have twelve-hour shifts. Three bodies of eight hours' duty each would prove more efficient, but it is doubted if such numbers could ever be secured or properly trained to be of value, unless action was taken to that end long before the declaration of any war.

As to the Coast Artillery Supports, it is presumed in time of war that they would be drawn from the local Mobile Army Militia, but here the question arises as to what part such action would play with the mobilization of the Third Line of Defense —the "Mobile Army"? The Third Line is sadly deficient also in available numbers. It may be mentioned, however, that the Land Defense Board has made all arrangements, and plans are now completed at all Coast Defenses to be able on short notice to prepare the necessary land physical defenses for protection of the fortifications themselves against small raiding parties. Machine-guns, ammunition, and plans of defense, etc., are on hand, needing only short notice to com-

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plete certain work, which it is not necessary to do in times of peace. Troops of this character do not need highly specialized training and could probably be developed speedily, particularly as only small numbers of these troops are required for such purposes at any one place.

We come now to the question of *matériel*. The Artillery *matériel* required for modern Coast Defenses is based upon tactical considerations, and one of the leading authorities of modern times on the subject of Coast Artillery Tactics, Brigadier-General John P. Wisser, divides the work of the *matériel* in any one Coast Defense into two classes as follows: (*a*) To keep the attacking fleet so far from the forts as to prevent them, while attacking the forts, from bombarding the inner harbor at the same time. (*b*) To prevent the attacking fleet from coming up close to the true harbor entrance, and from running past or forcing an entrance. If we comply with these two requisites, we have accomplished all that can be expected of the *matériel* in the defenses of any particular harbor. The first of these duties relates to the major-caliber guns only, and the second concerns mostly minor-caliber guns and the mines.

The question then arises: Are our major-caliber coast guns powerful enough to withstand an attack on the forts and protect the inner harbor from being bombarded. The answer to this question is mainly dependent upon the range of our high-powered guns, which are the ones relied upon to fight off the enemy in such a case. Let us take the statistics now available showing the ranges of the modern guns mounted on the latest ships of war. Such data are necessarily not absolute, and it must be borne in mind that they are only roughly approximate. The largest-calibered gun used in modern navies is the 15-inch. Such vessels as the British *Queen Elizabeth*, completed in 1914, and the German *Ersatzworth*, the latter still building, carry guns of 15-inch caliber. In all the navies of the world there are at present very few ships built or building that carry guns of over 12-inch caliber, but all battle-ships designed in the future will probably carry guns of greater caliber. The 15-inch guns are the very latest development. Fourteen-inch guns and 13.5-inch guns are not numerous in any navy. As one Power advances in caliber of guns on shipboard, other Powers match these in their own navies, either in part or wholly.

The 14 and 13.5-inch pieces are used in the Japanese, Russian, and our own latest dreadnoughts. The older ships carry the

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12-inch guns which our coast defenses in the United States were built to compete with.

TABLE SHOWING APPROXIMATE DATA OF MODERN HIGH-POWER GUNS

Type and Caliber	Weight of Projectile. Lbs.	Muzzle Velocity. Ft. Sec.	Max. Range. Yards	Striking Velocity. Ft. Sec.	Striking Energy. Ft. Tons
Foreign naval, 15-in.	1,950	2,500	21,200	1,436	27,903
U. S. Army, 14-in.	1,660	2,400	19,000	....	.....
Foreign naval, 13.5-in.	1,250	2,700	22,000	13,50	15,500
U. S. Army, 12-in	1,100	2,250	12,000	1,500	.....
Proposed U. S. A., 16-in.	2,400	2,400	20,000	....	.....
U. S. 12-in. mortars	1,800	....	20,000	....	.....

From the above tabulation it will be seen that our highest calibered, most powerful guns in the United States—*i. e.*, the 12-inch guns—are outranged. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that the majority of our Coast Defenses are situated so far from the inner harbor and the base they protect that the difference in ranges between our guns and those of the strongest enemy would not permit accomplishment of the first requirement named by General Wisser—*i. e.*, the bombardment of the inner harbor. Furthermore, this country has built 14-inch guns for Coast Artillery to be placed at strategic and important points in the Insular and Canal ports. Sixteen-inch guns are now being tested, but no provision has been made for their adoption in the future.

Moreover, it can be appreciated that no naval policy would be sound that contemplated bombardment only, for any length of time, at extreme range of over 20,000 yards. The cost of such a continued bombardment would be out of proportion to the possibility of damage to be wrought. At such an extreme range modern coast forts would present a very small target and be barely visible under the most perfect conditions. Taking into consideration the curvature of the earth, some fortifications would not be visible at all. An expensive piece of machinery, such as a modern dreadnought, could hardly expose itself to the extreme danger of closer range without a very urgent necessity. Our own latest mortars are now capable of very accurate fire at 20,000 yards and are designed to hit a vessel on its weakest part—*i. e.*, the decks—and are greatly to be feared. The latest development of the war, such as the bombardment of the English coast towns, lasted only a small

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fraction of an hour. Such an attack, however, is more in the nature of a small raid.

One of the principles of gun construction is that a piece of steel making up a gun can be used to a limited extent only; that is to say, if a large powder charge is used, an enormous range can be obtained, but this large powder charge diminishes the life of the gun. A gun used under such conditions cannot be fired as many times as would be possible had it not been subjected to overcharges. The Ordnance Department designed the 12-inch guns during the past, planning on securing the maximum life of the steel consistent with an effective range, and they were designed to carry to a range corresponding to ranges expected in modern ships built and being built by the principal maritime powers. At the time they embodied, all things considered, every possible valuable asset known to gun construction.

It is only reasonable and proper to suppose that in furnishing the great amount of armament necessary to protect the United States and the Insular Possessions, the only wise course to be pursued is along conservative lines.

Many of our coast forts are very inaccessible, and our 12-inch guns if made to shoot to long ranges would have had to be replaced by new ones so soon as to make conservative gun design imperative. Relining guns worn out by firing necessitates an enormous expense on account of the transportation cost involved, as well as exposing the vacant gun positions for long periods of time. The life of our guns is very prolonged in comparison with many foreign types. The case is similar to an automobile tire: By running at the rate of sixty miles an hour the tire is used up quickly, or by going slower it will last much longer. Our experts pursued the latter course. Many wonder why guns of the same caliber on a battle-ship can throw a projectile farther than similar guns used by our land forces, but it will be apparent that relining a gun, which involves a comparatively small proportion of the cost of a new gun, is a much simpler process in the navy than it is in the army. In the navy a ship steams into the yard and a traveling-crane lifts the ship's guns into the gun factory at small cost and little loss of time. The navy, therefore, can well afford to increase their powder charges, reduce the weight of the projectiles, and, consequently, get a longer range. Should those in charge of gun construction determine to make the army 12-inch guns longer in range, with consequential loss of life to the gun and the great

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expense involved, it is doubtful whether our present carriages could withstand the strain caused by the additional powder charge and the higher angle of elevation required to make them compare in range with the latest 13, 14, and 15 inch guns of the maritime Powers. But that is one of the great questions that confront those who control the policy of army gun construction.

It would appear that the time approaches for the advent of larger-caliber guns in order to secure the necessary longer ranges to compete with the modern naval armament, without a disproportionate amount of loss in the life of the gun, and it would seem that it would be, pursuant to the recommendation of the Chief of the Coast Artillery, the best policy not to rush too quickly into a complete rearmament of all our defenses. In the light of the advancement in modern gun construction during the past ten years, it is not without the range of possibility that such an armament constructed now would in an equal time prove to be inadequate to meet the defense required of it. Would it not be better to provide each modern fort with one battery of modern high-power guns (the present period points to 16-inch guns) and pursue this policy during the periods of advancement, discarding the old and making way for the new and modern equipment as time proves necessary?

If this condition of affairs should obtain, there would be at all times an adequate defense against all comers at a minimum of cost and danger. It is very probable, in the opinion of the best authority, that one two-gun battery of 16-inch guns on land, assisted by the smaller guns emplaced, could at any range hold its own against a very strong attack by the latest modern dreadnoughts. This is due to the fact that the range-finding system on land allows of great accuracy and the level gun-platforms on land allow of much better marksmanship than on shipboard. It would be hard to estimate the relative value of land guns in terms of naval guns of the same caliber, but a land gun should be more effective than numbers of its sister guns of the sea under ordinary conditions.

The question, therefore, is not how much money is needed at the present time to reconstruct our fortifications and replace our armament completely. The problem should not be reduced to "There you are. Don't mention guns in the future," but rather how much is needed, in each period in which an advancement is shown, to keep a portion of the armament on an up-to-date conservative basis. In the past, when defenses or troops were

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needed, there was nothing to do but await patiently an occasion or an excuse to foist upon Congress like an avalanche the military needs of the country and rest content with the result. An up-to-date policy would prove superior to the present method dependent upon so many conflicting considerations.

As to the second duty named by General Wisser—to wit, to prevent run-bys and entrance to the inner harbor—this department of our defenses can be eliminated from the discussion. In most cases such defense is dependent upon mines and medium-calibered guns.

As to our mines, there is no finer or more efficient system of mine defense in the world, and our secondary armament required to protect the mine-field is both adequate and efficient.

The subject of ammunition undoubtedly needs attention, but will not be discussed here.

Doubtless there should be submarines for each harbor, more coast-defense vessels of the monitor type, hydroplanes for scouting purposes, aerial guns for defense against aerial attacks; but the construction of high-power batteries for all of our important harbors would appear to be of more importance at the present moment. There are, however, not enough mine-planters. There should be more of these important vessels provided at once.

From the above data conclusion can be drawn as to the necessity for the enlargement of the *personnel* and *matériel* of the Second Line. But there is no cause for undue fear on the part of our citizens. Congress has been fair and just in making appropriations consistent with the convictions of the public, and an enormous amount of honest and efficient work has been directed toward the construction of adequate defenses that would not fail to give a good account of themselves in case of necessity.

Outside of New York, in ten principal harbors of our country, it has been estimated, vessels of the enemy would have before them, if such points were left unfortified, over four and one half billion dollars' worth of destructible property. In 1900 it was estimated that in New York alone two and one half billions of dollars' worth of such property would be exposed.

The expenditures for insurance by Coast Defense are enormous. Up to the year 1912 approximately 125 millions of dollars has been provided for modern defenses. The problems involved are not always of a nature that can be rigidly determined for all time. If such were the case, it is a fair assumption that the people of these United States would demand an

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immediate solution of the problem of Coast Defense. Although this is impossible, there can be adopted a continued military policy, periodically comprehending each era of advancement in modern armament and paraphernalia, which would in the end amount to a moderate premium upon the insurance involved.

To summarize: (*a*) The Regular Coast Artillery Corps is now short 612 officers and 10,988 enlisted men necessary to furnish one relief for one-half the home gun defenses. These officers and men should be authorized by Congress at once. (*b*) The coast States should take immediate steps to furnish enough Coast Artillery Militia to man the other half of the home gun defenses. (*c*) One high-power 16-inch-gun battery should be constructed for every important harbor as soon as possible, and a policy should be adopted for the future which would involve for each era or period of marked advancement in gun defense at least one battery of the latest developed type for each harbor, eliminating from time to time such portion of the old armament as is entirely obsolete.

M. H. THOMPSON.

Note.—Contents of *Coast Artillery Drill Regulations, Tactics of Coast Defense* (Wisser), *Fighting Ships* (Jane), and Report of Chief of Artillery, 1914, have been freely used in this article.

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DRAMA AND MUSIC

SIGNIFICANT HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

M. Brieux and "Maternity." — "The Silent Voice" and Mr. Otis Skinner. Miss Alice Brown's Prize Play.

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

It would not be easy at the moment to point to a contemporary dramatist who is estimated with a more diverting lack of unanimity than is M. Eugène Brieux. You may choose between the view of Mr. Bernard Shaw, that Brieux, after the death of Ibsen, confronted Europe as "the most important dramatist west of Russia," and the view of the majority of our exquisitely responsive theatrical observers, that he is not a dramatist at all, but a lay preacher—and a dull one at that—who tells stories that are "not nice." But, after all, this violent critical diversity is really a very handsome tribute to M. Brieux. If all our critics should find themselves in agreement with Mr. Shaw, and should unite with him in a joyous echo of Schumann's famous exhortation: "Hats off, gentlemen! A genius!" things would indeed look black for the author of *Les Avariés*. For there is nothing more ominous for the future of a creative artist than unanimous contemporary admiration. While it is possible to hear Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy dismissed as "mediocrities," while Maurice Maeterlinck is held to be "without originality" (as a prominent English review said of him the other day), one is encouraged to hope that future historians will not say of them what Mark Twain said regarding singers who have lost their voices and tumblers who have lost their legs: that "these parties cease to draw."

So we may all rejoice that M. Brieux is to-day regarded by many among the clairvoyant and enlightened public of the American theater as Mr. Shaw reminds us that he used to be

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regarded in Paris: as "a mere pamphleteer without literary style"; as one "who was not a playwright at all," who wrote plays that are not plays; as one who was "not [in Sarcey's sense of the phrase] '*du théâtre.*'"

The occasion of these observations is the recent exhibition at the Princess Theater of Brieux's "Maternity." Mr. Richard Bennett, who achieved the miracle of turning "Damaged Goods" into a popular success, was the producer. It is no part of the present observer's function to guess why he was not able to perform the same feat with "Maternity." The taste of our theatrical public is hopelessly unpredictable. Concerning the play itself, it would be gratuitous to write at length, for it has been available in print for some years. It is probably the most valorous and the most effective cry of protest that has ever been raised in defense of the woman against society. Who that heard Miss Adrienne Morrison's thrilling delivery of her concluding speeches in the court-room scene will soon forget the terrific force of their naked Scriptural directness, their blunt and terrible veracity that was like a blow in the face?

You may call "Maternity" a "thesis play," if you like, or a "pamphlet," if you like. You may even call it "dull" and "undramatic." Each to his taste. There are some who find "The Master Builder" a weariness of the flesh; there are many for whom the last act of "Tristan und Isolde" is the abomination of desolation. It is futile to quarrel with esthetic inhibitions. It is only needful to say that for some of us this is an absorbing play, a passionate and bitter play, a tremendous play. It is filled from beginning to end with lines that sting and cut and burn, that sear the spirit and leave scars upon the soul. It flays by its wit, its irony, its incorrigible honesty. It is saturated with the pathos of life, with the *lacrymæ rerum.* In no other of his plays is Brieux so gripping, and nowhere is he so unanswerable. There is no more puissant fighter in the theater of our time, and here he fights magnificently.

His antagonists in "Maternity" are, as always with him, social hypocrisy and social injustice—chiefly the hypocrisy and the injustice which result from the attitude of society toward matters of sexual conduct. He is at war upon the pharisaism and the dishonesty of a society whose concept of morality is based upon what Mr. John Helston has pungently called "a curious conglomerate of Genesiac superstition and grocer-worship." He abhors the meanness, the callousness, the ignoble "niceness," the offensive prudery, of an age for which the su-

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preme principle of existence is "a thing to be deplored and even hushed up in 'decent society.'"

"Maternity" is a "thesis play," if you will. It is also a haunting, an engrossing, an unforgetable drama. But it is not, in Mr. Meredith's words, "meat for little people or for fools."

Once in a blue moon one encounters a play built upon a noble idea—a play the emotional conflict of which is centered in the inner life of the spirit. When such a play emerges from the current theatrical welter, one is apt to remember that passage from the most winsome of living philosophers about "real life." Life, he there reminds us—the famous "real life": the outward life, the life we see and hear—expresses generally but very poor things. . . . "That other life which lies at the bottom of men's hearts and in the privacy of their conscience and in the unknown mysteries of this world, . . . that life is silent to our ears, but not to our sympathies." To what extent Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman, who has provided Mr. Otis Skinner with his present vehicle, "The Silent Voice," is responsible for its spiritual and imaginative texture, we cannot say: for the play is avowedly "founded on a story by Gouverneur Morris"; and concerning the nature and quality of Mr. Morris's story we are in regrettable but entire ignorance. At all events, the play, as it is disclosed at the Liberty Theater, has genuine spiritual force. In a careless and irrisory generation it dares to be idealistic; and if it had no other virtue than this, it would deserve to be extolled. Certainly it is an odd sight to come upon a play, visible (as we write) not a block from Broadway, which might, without presumption, point for its motto to that memorable saying of the *Bhagavad Gita:* "Who, through loving all as himself beholds Oneness everywhere, whether it be in joy or sorrow, that follower of union is deemed supreme." Yet no less than this luminous and profound aphorism of the Prince of Dvaraka became the guiding principle of Montgomery Starr's life, when, in his middle years, he, a musician who loved music (mark the qualification!), found himself not only bereft of his hearing, but shut away from his dearly loved young wife because she would not, in the phrase of the Parson in the *Canterbury Tales* "fleshly assemble" with him, lest their children be deaf. From this most heart-shaking of double afflictions, Montgomery Starr escapes by what the seers of the East called the Path of Liberation—that is to say, in a life of service and brotherhood, with his fabulously tactful and efficient

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valet, Spring, as the instrument of his eleemosynary purposes. With the aid of a pair of opera-glasses and a gift of lip-reading, Starr observes the human comedy from the roof of his house, perceives its perplexities and its threatening disasters, and "plays God," as he says, to the suffering and the dismayed—answers the prayer of a girl whose needy and tuberculous lover must be sent away, procures a pardon for still another lover whose poverty has made him a thief. It is not until he becomes an unintending observer of a love affair between his wife and her young cousin that this amusing game threatens to have a less fortunate event. But, as it happens, this is just where Providence turns about and rewards *him;* for Marjorie suddenly discovers that she prefers her elderly husband to her youthful lover, and in the end Montgomery Starr has his reward—even to the full extent of his heart's desire, for Marjorie will not only give him love: she will give him children, even if they do prove to be deaf—thus indicating to us that not every woman takes the problems of maternity as seriously as does M. Brieux.

Clearly, there are the makings of a fine play here. It is a pity that Mr. Goodman has not been able to exert upon his material a more expert skill, a more heedful and competent art. The play as he gives it to us is fragmentary, choppy, episodic; and its solution, obedient to the tyrannical need of a "happy ending," is unpersuasive and incredible. The play is artificial and sentimental, rather than inevitable and quietly veracious. But it is very handsomely redeemed by the delightful acting of Mr. Skinner as the audacious rival of Providence. The part is not of the kind to which the histrionic prepossessions of this admirable player are most perfectly suited. It confines him too closely; its cut is too tight and formal for his picturesque and romantic style, and he seems at times a little ill at ease in it. Yet how beautifully, nevertheless, he denotes the spiritual progress of the man! How precisely and how vividly he can register an emotion or illuminate a trait of soul by means that are deceptive in their apparent simplicity and ease. Mr. Skinner has shown us more brilliant impersonations, but none more charming and adroit. The play is not otherwise conspicuously well acted, save for the sympathetic and delicate performance of Mrs. Skinner as Montgomery's devoted and tactful confidante.

Pity the jury in prize competitions for plays, operas, symphonies! If there is any unhappier situation than that occu-

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pied by the jury in such cases, it is that occupied by the unfortunate prize-winner. Take, for example, the case of Mr. Winthrop Ames and the other experts who helped him to choose the worthiest of the 1,647 plays submitted in the contest for the $10,000 prize which Mr. Ames—ever hopeful, generous, undaunted—offered for the best American play by a native playwright. Acting according to their lights, Mr. Ames and his associate judges selected as the most excellent of the 1,647 Miss Alice Brown's "Children of Earth," which Mr. Ames duly produced at the Booth Theater last month. The play, to the delight of certain benighted observers, proved to be one of the best American plays since Mr. Herne's "Shore Acres." Yet what was Mr. Ames's reward for his enterprise, for his hopefulness, for his fabulous patience in confronting those staggering 1,647 manuscripts? Upon the devoted heads of himself, Mr. Augustus Thomas, and Mr. Adolph Klauber (his fellow-jurors) descended a chilling drizzle of critical displeasure, suggesting inevitably the disheartening conclusion that those who were discerning enough to perceive the badness of Miss Brown's play had not, unfortunately, been asked to serve on the jury. As for Miss Brown, she too knows (for has she not been conspicuously told?) that her play is of small account and unworthy of its reward. Yet there are some—perhaps a not wholly dishonorable minority—by whom her play will be, in Swinburne's noble phrase, "remembered with distinction and mentioned with honor."

We have spoken of Mr. Herne's "Shore Acres." Not since the regretted passing from our stage of that remarkable work have we witnessed a rural play that is so wholly free from the note of travesty, of caricature, of sentimentalism, as is this play of Miss Brown's. Here is drama that deals honestly, simply, truthfully—and vividly as well as truthfully—with an order of life and of character perilously rich in temptations to the sentimentalist and the parodist. They are utterly of New England; and that, to a less sensitive and scrupulous artist, would have meant an irresistible temptation toward inexpensive and obvious humor, and equally inexpensive and obvious pathos. But Miss Brown, being the fine and delicate humanist that she is, knows that to deal profoundly with New England character is almost inevitably to deal with tragedy—the tragedy of that interior life of which we have spoken elsewhere in these notes. She might well echo the proud and bitter words of Browning, and say to her detractors that she

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did not pretend to offer "such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man." She deals, in "Children of Earth," less with action than with the springs of action. Yet, though no one is seduced or is killed or dies in her play—as our limited conceptions of tragedy seem to require — none the less this history of the souls of Mary Ellen Barstow, of her married lover Peter and his wife Jane, is of the stuff of tragedy. Chiefly, it is Mary Ellen's tragedy, as it is the tragedy of all those pitiful women who are the products of the New England tradition and the New England environment: who, through years of repression and self-effacement, have seen life and love and happiness pass them by; who have strangled their hearts and betrayed their bodies through timid surrender to a mistaken ideal of servitude and immolation, and who have gained thereby not spiritual control and valor, but merely spiritual dullness and inertia. For them there is no Land of Promise — or only one whose boundaries are lit with the dying radiance of lovely abandoned dreams, of foregone illusions, of exquisite regrets.

It is this that is the tragedy of Mary Ellen in "Children of Earth." She renounces life and love, only to find them again when it is too late—too late, not only because she must again renounce them, but because they come to her when her beauty is withering and when ecstasy can speak to her only in tones that falter and grow faint. In the spring-haunted woods where, at dawn, she keeps a tryst with her lover (how perfect was the setting of this scene, with its misty silver lights and its glamourous poetry of mood!), she keeps also a tryst with destiny. She foregoes her dream and her delight; but does the renunciation bring serenity, content? We are not told—the play ends upon a suspended cadence. At least, says Mary Ellen to her beloved, they are "going with the sun."

Here is a noble play, a play rich in observation, emotion, truth; rich, too, in vision. We are not likely to see upon our stage a finer, a more sincere transcript of American life—until Miss Brown gives us her next one.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH[1]

BY F. M. COLBY

In France, says Mr. W. C. Brownell, current criticism tends to become a province of literature instead of remaining, as with us, a "department of routine." The qualities of M. Faguet's essay on Flaubert are probably not very common in France, but there is certainly a better chance of finding them, even among the anonymous or the undistinguished, than in the corresponding quarters here. Mr. Brownell's characterization of our criticism seems accurate and just. It is, as he says, an affair of routine "varied by the specific expert decision." There is no use in worrying over the matter, but I have often wondered if the greater literary vigor of French critics was not in part derived from a stronger sense of personal independence in matters of taste. In spite of academies and tradition the Frenchman asserts his personal preferences and defends them. In our current criticism a well-defended personal preference is very hard to find. Impersonality is so much the rule that individual reviewers are not distinguishable. If an American reviewer died unknown, his nearest relatives could not identify him by his articles. Whether our current criticism would greatly improve if critics did not set themselves this standard has been doubted, for it is said, if a man has anything in him he will usually find a way of letting it be seen. Nevertheless, it does seem to restrict too far the limits of a legitimate personal boldness.

It is only one side of the question, I admit, but how can any one be impersonal in his literary taste? He cannot love by proxy or experience a vicarious repulsion. No more can he enjoy a book on the authority of another person. Out of regard for the authority of other people he may become more civilized, and civilized tastes may then emerge, but at no stage of this

[1] *Flaubert.* By Emile Faguet. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston and New York, 1914.

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upward journey is there the slightest moral justification of declaring himself more civilized than he has yet become. We recall to this day the manly observation of Lord Foppington, that the products of his own brain were so pleasing to him that he had no need to read what others had written. We quote to this day the remarks of George I. about "bainting" and "boetry," while the correct and impersonal writers on those subjects in his time have not left a single word behind them.

The effort to be impersonal is in reality an effort to be multi-personal—to think in droves, to substitute for oneself a composite, universally acceptable, book-made, numerical conception. Nature is not so niggardly as book-reviewing implies. Nature is not to blame for that sense of fruitless repetition felt by mortals on beholding forty reviewers in a row. As men they will often reveal quite striking differences. Draw them out on religion, or plumbing, or furnaces, or Theodore Roosevelt, and lines of personal demarcation may be instantly observed. Of course your bumptious, self-raised man with an *egomet* in every sentence is not alluring, but there would not be much left of Sainte-Beuve, or of Carlyle, or even of Matthew Arnold, after the individual was eradicated. Surely there is a decent mean.

Mr. Brownell, in the excellent little volume on *Criticism* from which I have quoted, argues that the French do better because they work under better conditions. With us and in England the business of reviewing attempts to include the art of criticism, whereas in France current books receive at first a mere notice, or *compte rendu*, to inform the reader as to their contents, and are often disposed of once for all in a few back pages of running comment.

> The practice of reviewing scrupulously all the output of the novel-factories, exemplified by such periodicals as even the admirable *Athenæum*, would seem singular (to the French public). But with us—even when the literature reviewed is eminent and serious—it is estimated, when it is reviewed with competence, by the anonymous expert, who confines himself to the matter in hand and delivers a kind of bench decision in a circumscribed case. And in France this is left to subsequent books or more general articles, with the result of releasing the critic for more personal work of larger scope. Hence, there are a score of French critics of personal quality for one English or American.

So M. Faguet's work probably seems more remarkable to us than it does to his fellow-countrymen. Flaubert to him exemplifies the only "Law" that he recognizes in the history

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of French literature. "I put no faith," he says, "in any of the 'Laws' of literary history except in that which consists in saying that a fashion, succeeding another, fails if it is not the absolute converse of that which preceded it." The French being both imaginative and practical, swing in their literature from one side to the other. The demand for a vivid picture of the truth always follows a riot of the imagination; realism follows romanticism. They weary of their imaginative writers and ask to be "landed in realities," weary of them in turn, and turn again to the works of fancy. Flaubert in the same manner was divided against himself. One side of him loved the mysterious, the gruesome, the dazzling, and the other loved the little concrete facts. When he was young he was alternately imitating Châteaubriand and filling books with notes on his teachers, schoolmates, and the passers-by. A romantic divagation was followed by a bout of realism. After *Madame Bovary* came *Salammbô*, which was followed in turn by *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, and so on in alternate succession, and when he was writing one novel he was always talking about the next one, which was to be its opposite. In his writings he seemed possessed by "two inward tyrants pulling in opposite directions."

In summing up his unhappy self-centered life, M. Faguet steadily avoids any pathological hypothesis and contents himself with old-fashioned moral terms. He was "a shy, lonely, grumpy misanthrope," a compound of timidity and conceit, "one of those men who are always anxious to talk about themselves, though feeling uncomfortable whilst doing it." He despised everything that he did not understand or like, despised the whole literature of the nineteenth century, and was incapable of distinguishing between a mere whim and his reasoned conviction. According to M. Faguet, there probably never was a "more exclusive or uncompromising *ego*." A friend one time ventured a few words of kindly counsel, urging him to publish his first book and take the high place that awaited him in the world of letters. Flaubert wrote back, "You seem to have a mania concerning me, a redhibitory vice," and when the friend complained of this surly reply, Flaubert rejoined:

> But then why do you go on with your sing-song? I look upon your mania concerning me as a comical one, that is all. Do I blame you for living in Paris and for publishing your stuff? . . . We are no longer on the same road, we do not sail in the same boat. May God lead each of us where he wants to go. I do not seek a harbor,

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but the high seas. If I am shipwrecked you need not trouble to go into mourning.

And he never forgave that well-meaning person whose offense had consisted merely in treating Flaubert like an ordinary man of letters. "What a display of temper!" says M. Faguet; but, after all, he was not an ordinary man of letters, and felt this in his very bones, and, moreover, by M. Faguet's own showing he loathed the ordinary man of letters excessively. Hence it might well be rather irritating to be taken for one; and time, be it noted, has shown that the difference between himself and others which Flaubert had so passionately in mind was not, as a matter of fact, the least bit exaggerated. One might almost say that the "exclusive and uncompromising ego" which M. Faguet condemns was justified by its accomplishments.

In this estimate of Flaubert's personal happiness and social merits, M. Faguet's point of view seems to me a little too contemporaneous and smug. Flaubert's pleasure in writing certain pages might easily have exceeded the joy attained by the most successful persons in all their comfortable lives. Nor ought a man's social value to be reckoned in terms of immediate amiability. For let us suppose that the author of *Madame Bovary* had lived in a hut all his days on turnips, and instead of seeming a curmudgeon to his commonplace contemporaries had gone so far as to cut the throats of half a dozen of them, would we as fellow-men and critics value his services less, for example, than the usual clergyman whom we know, or rate his happiness lower than that of the usual leading citizen? By this I would not imply that murder and a turnip diet do not matter, but merely that in estimating the good and evil in the lives of the men who delight succeeding generations one should not take too immediately practical a view. One must measure the good they do by its duration and quality and the happiness they feel by its occasional intensity. Otherwise we shall be pushed logically into quite unnecessary compassions, lamenting, for example, that Shakespeare was not so happy as a sheep, or Swift so good a fellow as a stock-broker.

F. M. Colby.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECHES. Edited by CHARLES W. BOYD. With an introduction by the Right Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M. P. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1914.

Political history plus personal interest—this is what we hope to find in the collected speeches of a statesman; and the two volumes of *Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches* reasonably satisfy us in both particulars. Mr. Boyd appears to have made a just and representative selection from the materials at his disposal, with the result that the series of speeches he presents traces out in an interesting manner the career of a public man of power. The editor's supplementary narrative, and his comments, are sparing, but adequate. Mr. Boyd has neither spoiled historic continuity by arbitrary omissions, nor dulled interest by too great length or by monotony in the individual excerpts. As for the speeches themselves, not only are they singularly lucid and self-explanatory, but they convey, without much help from the editor, an impression of sincerity and ultimate consistency.

Joseph Chamberlain began his political career in 1869 as a member of the Birmingham Town Council. In 1873 he became Mayor of Birmingham, being re-elected in 1874 and in 1875. The speeches delivered during this part of his career are of two kinds—those which show him zealous for municipal reform and those which voice his then extreme hostility to the Church of England as a political power. As an advocate of municipal reforms, as a stirrer-up of sluggish imaginations and of proverbially languid public consciences, we find him sane and persuasive. It was, however, as a leader of Non-Conformists that he first made himself felt in national politics, being in 1870 one of the most resolute crusaders against Mr. Forster's Education Act. On this subject—a subject about which he subsequently modified his views—he is a sufficiently whole-hearted partisan. Nevertheless, two qualities stand out rather plainly even in his most denunciatory utterances—a genuine enthusiasm for human betterment, which is quite distinguishable from demagogy, and, in the midst of much heat, a certain reasonableness and moderation. There are phrases, to be sure, in which the speaker refers to "the cause of the people against the priests," or rings "the knell of priestly domination and sectarian rule"—phrases that strike one as pretty rabid. But

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the tone of the speeches as a whole is more consistent with the character of a man capable of an honest change of opinion than would be a more rash and splenetive handling of the matter or even greater timidity or caution. In one of his few apologies the editor thus defends Mr. Chamberlain's behavior toward the Church: "Given to-day the Church of his youth (so far as he was informed about her), Mr. Chamberlain would probably say that his attitude would still be equally hostile. Churchmen for their part might admit, in some respects at least, its relevancy and justice in 1870."

In 1876 Mr. Chamberlain was elected to Parliament as member for Birmingham, and from that time until 1885 and after, we see him chiefly as zealous radical and practical reformer. In 1880 he became President of the Board of Trade—the very post, remarks the editor, for a man of his temper and talents. During this part of his career, much was immediately accomplished through his efforts; and much more that he originated or urged became law at a later time. To this period belong speeches such as that in support of the Merchant Shipping Bill, directed against criminal ship-owners who sent to sea the so-called "coffin-ships"—unseaworthy vessels insured far beyond their value; and also those speeches in which is set forth the "unauthorized programme," comprising, among other things, proposals for free education, the readjustment of taxation, and allotments of land to be created by compulsory purchase. All these measures are urged with vehemence and yet with that firm restraint of reason which enhances the force of utterance and insures ultimate effect. The speaker's genius for "getting things done" becomes apparent even to one who merely reads. Notable among the speeches contained in the group under consideration is one upon "The French Treaty and Reciprocity," delivered in 1881, which shows Mr. Chamberlain to have been, according to the strictest sect of political economy, a Free-Trader.

When in 1885 Lord Salisbury resigned and Gladstone formed his new government, Mr. Chamberlain was appointed to the Local Government Board. His acceptance was provisional, and turned upon the extent to which Gladstone would go in the direction of Home Rule. He himself, as his speeches make plain, was not unfavorable to the "principle of Home Rule"; but by that phrase he meant nothing more than local self-government. In less than three months, finding that Mr. Gladstone's views were quite incompatible with his own, he wrote to the Premier announcing his resignation. It is here, perhaps, that we may first see his "sense of imperial duty" taking the lead over his zeal for reform. Incidentally, one of the arguments which he used against absolute Home Rule is of particular interest just now. "Suppose," he said (July 8, 1886), "we got into a great war—I am afraid it is not altogether an impossible supposition—what would be the position of Canada and Australia? They would have had no part whatever in the policy which led to that war, and

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they would have no part whatever in finding the cost of that war. . . . There are very many people who believe that the result would be, if we ever got into a war, that the relations between us and our colonies would be so strained that they would break adrift altogether, and I think this is not altogether impossible. My point is this, that these colonies are connected with us by ties which are really very loose, and if we got into a war or anything of that kind, practically they would break adrift and become separate countries. Is that the position that you want Ireland to occupy at the present moment?" With him, however, the practical perception of the looseness of the ties binding together the parts of the Empire was but one side of an idealistic determination to strengthen them.

Mr. Chamberlain's break with the party in which he had originally seen the only hope of progress hardly needs explanation for the attentive reader of his collected speeches. The truth seems to be well summed up in the brief saying of Mr. Boyd: "Things changed; he grew." The sense of consistency remains to one who feels the personal character in the speeches. Difficult as it may be for contemporaries to find consistency—that sometimes overprized jewel—in the career of a politician who was, being practical, a good party man, and at the same time, being a thinker, something bigger than that—one does feel that sincerity, intellectual honesty, the qualities of true consistency, are always there.

Mr. Chamberlain, who at one time had seemed "the rising hope of the starkest Radicals," went over to the Conservative party, which adopted his domestic policy and made most of it law, before the party went out in 1892. Meanwhile, in 1887, Mr. Chamberlain was chosen by Lord Salisbury as chief British plenipotentiary to negotiate with the United States a treaty regarding the Canadian and Newfoundland fisheries. Though the treaty failed of ratification in the Senate—for the reason, it is said, that the Irish-American vote had been ordered against Mr. Chamberlain because of his opposition to Home Rule—the plenipotentiary did succeed in arranging a *modus vivendi* which continued to regulate the attitude of the two countries, and he returned home with reputation considerably enhanced.

From this point on we begin to see Mr. Chamberlain more and more as "the missionary of Empire." In 1895 he became Colonial Secretary, in which position he had to deal with the difficult affairs of South Africa, from the moment of taking office to the eve of his resignation in 1903. The Jameson Raid, the consequent Parliamentary inquiry, the war itself, and the process of reconstruction after the war, are all handled in the speeches of this period. Through these, and still more through the series beginning in 1903 which deals with "Imperial Union and Tariff Reform," we gain a real insight into the policy and motives of a sincere and rational imperialist. We also gain, perhaps, something of that sympathy which lucidity of thought and fairness of spirit, on the part of one whose point of view may be

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other than our own, can hardly fail to inspire; and such sympathy is of no small worth to historic insight or to political understanding.

The eloquence of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, so far as it can be appreciated through print, seems easy, unaffected, business-like. Deftness in the handling of detail is very apparent—and, with this, a certain effect of dealing with a matter *in extenso*, without undue economy or primness of speech, when in fact the treatment is very compact, colloquially drawn out though it may seem to be. By contrast the speeches of most modern American public men seem rather stiff and lumbering, though not necessarily less impressive. Instead of what is commonly called brilliance, one often finds in Mr. Chamberlain's speeches a shining common sense that is even more to be desired.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF ART. By DUNCAN PHILLIPS. New York: John Lane Company, 1914.

The pleasures of the artistic life are Mr. Phillips's true theme. A certain attitude or mood corresponding to that of the so-called "intellectual life" is impressed upon us by his subtly composed and daintily worded essays. Though these are in spirit not at all didactic, they are thoroughly rational. The author makes his chief aim, indeed, the deepening through suggestion of the feeling for beauty, yet at the same time he outlines general ideas with sufficient clearness. So far as his ruling purpose is concerned—the purpose of stimulating his readers to enjoyment by sharing with them his own inward sense of beauty—Mr. Phillips is conspicuously successful, the enchantment of a highly cultivated literary art contributing no little to the total effect. His general conceptions, extracted from their interesting context, have a significance of their own, and call for separate consideration.

Beauty, Mr. Phillips is content to believe, is, in the last resort, a personal matter. "We can no more make all people appreciate the same beauty than we can make all people dream the same dream. Beauty is as vague and various and variable as human personality itself." The appreciation of beauty, then, is essentially the same thing as the appreciation of life—"not life in the abstract, but our *own* lives, our *own* experiences, our *own* moods and emotions." It cannot be, therefore, that what we really mean by beauty is identical with, for example, Greek idealism of form. It is something very much freer, more personal, more varied and variable than that. Since beauty is of this nature, it follows that impressionism is the true and universal mode of expressing it, and impressionism is really the secret of all true pictorial art. Emphatically, according to Mr. Phillips's view, the term should not be confined to the designation of a certain peculiar technique. What, then, is impressionism? "In its only logical sense," replies Mr. Phillips, "it means the concise expression,

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through concrete symbols or suggestions, of single, personal impressions, both realistic and romantic."

In the light of such views it becomes comparatively easy to reconcile some apparent contradictions in art. For example, there is the quarrel between the public and the artists as to whether the subject, the meaning, of a picture is the thing of most importance, or the manner in which it is painted. To Mr. Phillips, neither the subject nor the execution is an idol, for neither is identical with beauty or with its necessary mode of expression in paint. The painter, if left to himself, goes to one extreme, the public to another; and it is the business of the critic to mediate between the two. Generally speaking the public cares relatively little for the products of the purely decorative imagination in painting; many painters seem to care for little else.

With considerable acuteness the author applies his principles to the explanation of the peculiar and subtle effects upon our minds of the works of certain artists—notably those of Giorgone and Watteau. With a rare comprehensiveness of thought he extends his doctrines of beauty and of impressionism into the field of literature. That impressionism exists in poetry he makes very plain; that the function of impressionism in literature is necessarily limited he makes equally clear. Even in "Shakespearian Beauty," however, elements of personal expression and of decorative imagination are found. "The Shakespearian world is our real world dramatized and intensified beyond mere powers of observation through a witchery of decorative imagination and through a very lyrical self-expression."

All this is rather clarifying. One cannot help feeling, however, that something more than the mere enjoyment of art is at stake. Mr. Phillips's definition of beauty is not merely tentative; it is philosophical. It denies the existence of any seizable underlying principle. We should expect, therefore, to find the author at variance with such a critic as Paul Elmer More, and such, indeed, proves to be the case, the difference turning upon the significance of the work of Walter Pater. To Mr. Phillips, Pater is merely an admirable impressionist; to Mr. More he is a false prophet. To the one it is his vision that matters most; to the other, it is his implied teaching. The difference in point of view becomes more apparent when Mr. Phillips begins to speak of the Romantic Spirit. "It is a curious truth known to all art-lovers," he writes, "that when an impressionistic style expresses a romantic spirit it is difficult to distinguish one quality from the other." Thus impressionism (that is, art) is sometimes, though not always, fused with the romantic spirit, and, in order to get the full benefit of art, one must fully accept the latter. What one feels, indeed, throughout the whole series of essays is that in order to enter fully into Mr. Phillips's artistic world one must be somewhat of a romanticist at heart.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE PROTEST TO ENGLAND

"We are fully aware," says the *Spectator*, generously, while ducking its head to dodge a Zeppelin bomb, "that it is a much easier job to be a belligerent than a neutral." Moreover, it continues, "looking ahead, it is just as well that we should take account of the possibility that in some future war England may herself be a neutral State, and as anxious to uphold the rights of neutrals as America now is."

This is quite characteristic of British prudence, and we doubt not voices the sentiment of the British nation. Nevertheless, the *Spectator* continues with friendly frankness:

> It is unfortunate that the American Government, acting admittedly under a purely commercial pressure, should have protested against the action of the British Fleet, and said not a word about the conduct of the German Army. In many important instances the German military forces have violated Conventions which were drawn up at The Hague by representatives of all the Powers of the world, including the representatives of the United States. As the greatest and most powerful of all neutral States in the present war, America was under a peculiar obligation to do all that she could to insist upon the sanctity of The Hague Conventions. We do not suggest for a moment that America should have gone to war, though even that step would have been justified according to the code of ethics which prevails among individuals in every civilized country. A bystander is, in this country, at any rate, and we fancy in most countries, under a distinct legal obligation to interfere to prevent crime. Judged by The Hague code, crimes have been committed by Germany, and the American Government have not interfered; they have not even protested. There can be little doubt that the mass of the American people, as well as people on this side of the Atlantic, would have attached even greater importance to President Wilson's present protest against British naval action if that protest had been preceded or accompanied by an equally strong protest against Germany's breaches of The Hague Convention.

This also is a wholly temperate expression of British opinion. Only those—of whom we happen to be one—who have sources of private information can realize how resentful, even bitter, the English really feel at our refusal to protest against Germany's conduct. That Mr. Roosevelt should put aside such an opportunity to attack

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the Administration as "pusillanimous" was too much to expect. In the course of his latest somewhat labored defense of his own "taking" of Panama, he says:

> The United States Government has signally failed to take action on behalf of Belgium when The Hague Conventions, to which the United States was a signatory power, were violated at Belgium's expense. During the last century no civilized power guiltless of wrong has suffered such a dreadful fate as has befallen Belgium. Belgium had not the smallest responsibility for the disaster that has overwhelmed it. The United States has been derelict to its duty, has signally failed to stand for international righteousness and international peace in the course it has pursued with reference to the wrongs of Belgium.

He had said as much before far more violently, but, so far as we have observed, has failed to arouse public opinion to a degree worth noticing. Technically, as we suppose everybody knows, the President is fully justified by the proviso in The Hague Convention which distinctly relieves us of obligation to take any action whatever that might conflict with our traditional policy of non-interference. Mr. Roosevelt doubtless is well aware of this fact, although he is careful never to mention it in any of his diatribes. His ground for "butting in" is broader and what we presume he would designate as "moral."

The common sense of the situation is that if we should enter upon the realm of protest against doings on the Continent upon *ex parte* evidence, there would be no end of the business and no end of trouble all around. Interference with our own established rights as neutral shippers of products is another matter entirely. Methods of warfare between England and Germany are their affair, but disturbance of trade relations between this and other neutral nations is distinctly ours—and the circumstance that it happens to be England instead of Germany with whom we have to deal, because it is she who controls the seas, does not concern us one way or the other. The most rabid of English objectors, even Mr. Roosevelt himself, does not venture to suggest that we would treat Germany differently.

The distinction is quite clear and the President is wholly right, as the country fully realizes, while rejoicing that it is he and not another of more truculent and meddlesome spirit who is charged with the difficult task of guiding our ship of state through a seething whirlpool of contending forces.

WE DEFEND SECRETARY BRYAN

THINGS have come to a pretty pass when a Jacksonian Democrat cannot chase rabbits and offices without evoking a storm of criticism from a hypercritical press. And yet a wholly casual indulgence in those innocuous pursuits has produced a veritable cloudburst upon the head of that other animated conservative who holds in the hollow of

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his hand the destinies of American diplomacy. Who is it that instigates these virulent attacks upon our devoted Secretary of State? The liquor interests, probably. They are said to be wholly destitute of conscience and consideration. But we—meaning, of course, the reader and ourselves—are not. We wish to be fair and just. So let us consider the facts.

Take first the futile rabbit-hunt. Mr. Bryan was tired and the various Ambassadors were tired, too; so he decided to take a day off and pay a visit to his friend Colonel Barbour down in Fairfax County, Virginia. "Clad in hunting-garb," according to the pestiferous newspapers, "the two tramped hills and dales nearly all day," only to return empty-handed. "Didn't even see a track," the Secretary remarked resentfully when the report was shown to him.

Nevertheless, the vigilant Game Warden, probably one of the few Republicans left in Virginia, rose in his wrath and announced his intention to prosecute the unlucky hunters to the full extent of the outraged statutes.

"Can we officers," he demanded, "hale into court humble woodchoppers for violations of the law, see them pay their hard-earned money into the coffers of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and then with any degree of satisfaction stand idly by and wink at violations of the same law when the violators are men occupying exalted positions in their community or in the affairs of the nation? Personally speaking, I cannot, and if witnesses can be found to testify to the fact of the reported violation of the law by Secretary Bryan and his host, I shall at once ask for a warrant for their arrest. There is entirely too much of a spirit of antagonism already among the masses in regard to privileges granted to the classes to allow this matter to go unnoticed."

"Um, um!" ejaculated Mr. Bryan.

"I have the highest personal regard for the two gentlemen," the Warden concluded, firmly, "but if they have violated the law, I shall do my duty. The people must rule."

And what happened? Nothing. The very next day it was discovered that the law was off at the time, and did not apply to non-residents, anyway.

But this scandal had hardly begun to subside when another arose.

It seems that through some inadvertence Chairman William F. McCombs actually obtained a place for one of his campaign-helpers—Mr. Walker Whiting Vick—who was designated to sit at the seat of customs in San Domingo. Simultaneously the Secretary of State obtained the appointment of Mr. James M. Sullivan, a faithful bipartisan, as Minister to the same discolored republic. It never crossed Mr. Bryan's mind that the spirits of the two distinguished officials might be torn by unbecoming antagonism. They were all Democrats together. But to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding and mayhap to forestall others, if need be, the Secretary took pen in hand and indited the following candid epistle:

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DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON,
August 20, 1913.

HON. WALKER W. VICK,
Santo Domingo, D. R.

MY DEAR MR. VICK,—Now that you have arrived and are acquainting yourself with the situation, can you let me know what positions you have at your disposal with which to reward deserving Democrats? Whenever you desire a suggestion from me in regard to a man for any place there, call on me.

You have had enough experience in politics to know how valuable workers are when the campaign is on and how difficult it is to find suitable rewards for all the deserving. I do not know to what extent a knowledge of Spanish is necessary for employees. Let me know what is required, together with the salary, and when appointments are likely to be made.

Sullivan will be down before long and you and he together ought to be able to bring about such reforms as may be necessary there. You will find Sullivan a strong, courageous, reliable fellow. The more I have seen of him the better satisfied I am that he will fit into the place there and do what is necessary to be done.

W. J. BRYAN.

Although seemingly done under the pressure of other official duties as hurriedly, well, let us say, as the President's recent speech, the communication is admirably expressed. Its explicitness in particular is really noteworthy. Observe, for example, the fine distinction between "deserving" and undeserving Democrats. The former, in point of fact, "*all* of the deserving," are entitled to "suitable rewards," while the latter—*i. e.*, presumably the so-called Clark Democrats—need not be considered. And yet, since even among the faithful there are varying degrees of worth, it was essential to know what qualifications, if any, were desirable, what were the various salaries, and how soon the appointments could be made. It was quite natural that Mr. Bryan should make straightforward inquiries respecting these details, and he did; how else, pray, could he have obtained the requisite information?

Unhappily, the Collector and His Excellency were unable to sustain amicable relations for long, and the consequence is a painstaking investigation now proceeding under the direction of the newly elected Senator from California, Mr. Phelan, who originally was to have represented the War Department, but finally concluded, in response to a hint from Secretary Tumulty, to pose for the State Department instead. It was in the course of this inquiry that Mr. Bryan's ingenuous communication was revealed, and pandemonium immediately possessed the punctilious American press.

"Even Charles F. Murphy," shouted the *World*, "would nave hesitated to send that kind of a letter to a subordinate Tammany official. He would have regarded it as too raw." And the worst of it is that it is "not Mr. Bryan who is discredited, but the Wilson Administration." The *Times*, too, declared with quite unaccustomed heat that the letter would "take its place in the chronicles of evil politics," that it was "a humiliation for the country and for every

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decent man" and additional evidence that Mr. Bryan was "holding an office he is utterly incompetent to fill." So, too, the Springfield *Republican* stood aghast at the Secretary's "pachydermous and benighted attitude," and pronounced the damage done to the Administration "irreparable." It did not quite see how the President can take his political life in his hands by asking Mr. Bryan to resign; and yet "if there is faltering and weakness the episode may be very widely regarded as a sign that the Administration, overwhelmed by its growing accumulation of troubles, finally is headed for political ruin."

All this, along with much more of the same tenor from all parts of the country, except God's part of it in the South and Middle West, sounds very ominous indeed. But "I should worry," smilingly remarks the unruffled Secretary, adding, with a hearty laugh:

> I am glad to have the public know that I appreciate the services of those who work in politics and feel an interest in seeing them rewarded, and, as Mr. Vick received his appointment for political work, I thought he was a good man to address and express my opinion on the subject.

Then pinning his pachydermous hat down to his ear-tops, he saunters over to the White House to confer with the President and Mr. J. P. Morgan about rates of exchange. And there you are.

"Why retain Mr. Bryan?" demands the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Why? Read your *Commoner*, friend editor. If you do not receive it, read the following from the latest number:

THE GOSPEL OF HOPE

> The President, in his great speech at Indianapolis, to be found on another page, presents the gospel of hope. While Republican reactionaries are mourning and moaning over the successful attacks on privilege and favoritism, the President orders another charge. In his own felicitous style he defends the laws already passed and announces a progressive programme for the future. Forward, march! is the command, and the party is with him.
>
> * * * *
>
> The President is a little hard on the stand-patters, but he does not hit them a lick amiss. They deserve it.
>
> * * * *
>
> Who says the President does not understand the Mexican situation? The Huertaites in the United States will not make any political capital out of watchful waiting.

* * * *

PLUTOCRACY IS BRAYING AGAIN

* * * *

OUR PRESIDENT

Patient and calm, in silent strength serene,
Amidst the storms a beacon tower—
Friend, fellow-citizen, and President,
To whom we give imperial power,—

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All eyes where breakers roar to him are turned,
Unc owned world-leader of the hou .

Imbued with Washington's ennobling aims,
And J fferson's democracy—
Whi h sees God's image in the common man—
And F anklin's wise simplicity,
He acts with Jackson's firm, unbending will

True, there may be a prescient note in this:

Then let us hope on, tho' the way be long,
And the darkness be gathering fast;
For the turn in the road is a little way on,
Where the home lights will greet us at last—

though we guess not for the present, mebbe.

But—"*Why retain Bryan*"? The sillies!

The *London Times* makes much of the following from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

The real injury to American commerce was inflicted, in the first place, by the Treasury Department when it ordered that manifests were not to be made public until thirty days after the vessel had sailed. Mr. McAdoo conceived the brilliant idea that it was unfair for British agents to discover the shipment of contraband cargoes. Unfair to whom? Such cargoes in international law are transported at owner's risk. Did the Secretary to the Treasury propose to make the Government a partner in the enterprise of selling contraband? Did he regard it as unfair to Germany if Great Britain, by her control of the sea, was able to seize them? Is this the Administration version of neutrality? Unfairness was shown to American shippers whose goods were not liable to seizure. Great Britain had made it perfectly plain that she wished to interfere with American commerce as little as possible. Mr. McAdoo made interference inevitable.

That matter came up in the Senate at the time. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Root asked, rather sharply, why the order was made. He could see no occasion for it and felt sure it would make trouble. Whereupon one of the "able" Democratic Senators, as Mr. J. Hamilton Lewis invariably calls them—we forget which—retorted that the order was issued after due lack of consideration by the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Joseph of Egypt, and consequently it was no part of the business of the Senator from New York to ask why. Overwhelmed by the completeness of the explanation, Mr. Root threw up his hands in apparent disgust and let it go at that. That is the way we recall the incident. And now the chicken has come home to roost at the very moment when Mr. McAdoo is egging his trusting father-in-law on to jam through another bill in the interest of builders of ships to be bought by the Government and sent forth in search of more trouble. Sometimes we wish Joseph would come back.

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Miss or Mrs. Kate H. Rowe writes to inquire:

From the very strict orders to the Democrats, in the Indianapolis speech, what has become of "The New Freedom"? Please answer in THE REVIEW, as we are anxious to know, and feel sure you can explain

It is only two years older; that is all.

From the morning mail:

SIR,—I am a member of a committee in charge of a division of the "Emergency Campaign" of the Charity Organization Society to raise fifty thousand dollars this week, to enable it to meet the unusual demands for charitable relief in this city which are now being made upon it as a result of the hard times. We believe the emergency is a serious one and calls for liberal action by public-spirited citizens.

The committee would very much appreciate a contribution from you. Cheques should be drawn to the order of the treasurer, and sent in the inclosed envelope. If you wish, a representative of the committee will call upon you and present the situation more fully. Thanking you in advance for any share you take in helping us meet the emergency, I am, etc.

A sample of many. Respectfully referred to the Secretary of Unprecedented Commerce, Unemployed Labor, and Uncommon Prosperity.

We find in Brooklyn *Life:*

The American people will decide in 1916 whether they approve of President Wilson's administration or not, if that is what he meant; but they, or at least all who heard or have read his speech in Indianapolis, have already formed an opinion as to the merits of what he there said. The opinion of the press as a whole is not flattering, but, according to his own statement, he never takes his ideas from editorials, not even, it must be presumed, from those of the Honorable Josephus Daniels or the Honorable W. J. Bryan, much less from those of his good friend Colonel Harvey. Evidently in his opinion editors do not reflect the views of the people of whom he is so passionately fond.

And we reply that, so far as we are concerned, we do not pretend to speak anybody's opinions except our own. Brother Bryan, we confess, is a reflector, and Josephus—well, Josephus is a reflection.

That Senator Weeks is being seriously mentioned as one of the available Republicans for the Presidential nomination next year is the discovery of the Washington corresponden of the Boston *Advertiser.—Springfield Republican.*

Good news for the White House!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GOOD WORDS

SIR,—I wish to congratulate you upon the Centennial Anniversary of your magazine. To my mind there is no periodical in our great country which portrays the gist of public questions, editorially, as yours.

You are also to be congratulated on your list of contributors for 1915. Truly an imposing array of great intellects, fit to contribute to an intelligent reading public. I wish your publication every success and many returns of the day.

ARTHUR H. KRAMER.

HUNTINGTON, NEW YORK.

SIR,—I am addressing this remittance to you personally so as to improve the opportunity of congratulating you on the editorial acumen of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. I am an ex-newspaper man and the swing of your pen and general tone of your diction is worth the subscription price in any issue of THE REVIEW. I only regret that I get to enjoy it but once a month.

JOHN H. STEVENSON,
Judge of the Municipal Court.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

SIR,—I want to add a word of praise for THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW —the November and December numbers, particularly. While I am not a personal subscriber, I read the library copy. Especially do I want to compliment you on your pages "Contributors to this number," and trust you will always include such short introductions of your contributors—even though they are very well known.

How much more intelligently do we read an article, knowing something of the man. For instance, I read Dr. Dernburg's article with a better understanding, knowing that he was a German journalist, than if I had not known whether he was Belgian, Swiss or Prussian until I had drawn my conclusions from reading the article.

LLOYD W. JOSSELYN,
Librarian.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

SIR,—For some time I've been promising myself I would write you a letter and tell you how much I appreciate THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Of the several publications that I am a subscriber to, and others that come my way, THE REVIEW is easily first choice with me, and, judging by the way my REVIEW is borrowed by my neighbors, there are others in this community who entertain the same opinion as myself. Now I want to say what appeals to me is the many splendid special articles and editorials, all so clear and authoritative, and it does not seek to carry its readers "up in the clouds" or down in the "slough of despair," but in the broad world of sanity, reason,

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and good sense. And now, sir, at the beginning of a new year, and the centennial year for THE REVIEW, I wish for yourself and THE REVIEW a happy and prosperous new year, and many more of the same kind to follow.

JOHN B. POWERS.

EAGLE, ALASKA.

SIR,—I wish to offer a word of praise for your November issue. The war articles are excellent, and the literary essay of Florence Leftwich Ravenel is one of the most delightful I have ever read. L. A. MERRIMON.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

SIR,—Allow me to congratulate you on the one-hundredth birthday of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. I have taken THE REVIEW ever since you have been connected with it, and assure you I enjoy it every month most thoroughly. EDWIN HANSON.

MONTREAL.

SIR,—As a former reader of your editorials in *Harper's Weekly*, and one who is now enjoying your work in your new field, I want to congratulate you. For years I read your editorials in *Harper's Weekly* simply to be informed as to the best excuse fellows could make for a conservatism that was moribund and selfish. Like opium poisoning, the fatal potion, by reason of the great literary skill with which it was administered, was rather pleasing. Your editorial work in the latest numbers of THE NORTH AMERICAN as constructive thinking outrank anything in contemporaneous literature.

We will all be glad to forget the past if we may just have the pleasure of continued editorial wisdom and inspiration. If anything will prepare the mind of the American people to appreciate the high ground upon which the present chief executive of this nation has pitched his tent, the work you are now doing will accomplish that end.

Wishing you every success, I am, H. C. DE RAN.

FREMONT, OHIO.

SIR,—With congratulations on the new year which is of such significance to you and to THE REVIEW, ARTHUR T HADLEY.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

AS TO RACES

SIR,—I believe you are wrong in your attitude toward Mr. William Watson's form. It may not be great poetry; one may admit that. I am not sure that your reply is great prose.

In a race war I hope you will be for your race. The Germans probably do not want you with them—do you not belong to an inferior race?

Stick to your own race. We want you and need you.

Is not Wilson, in forcing issues that are bound to irritate England in her time of trial, in danger of becoming a traitor to his race?

O. S. PULLIAM.

PITTSBURGH.

To which race? The Saxon or the Teuton? Ask the King of England.—EDITOR.

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THE TRIALS OF NEUTRALITY

SIR,—About the time of the appearance of the December number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW there was published in the *Minneapolis Journal* an open letter signed by Mr. James A. Peterson, a one-time member of Congress from this State, and a very eminent lawyer, on the subject of "Germany and the Neutrality of Belgium," in which he reached a conclusion diametrically opposite to that arrived at by Professor A. G. De Lapradelle in his article in the December NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW entitled "The Neutrality of Belgium."

I was very much interested in the views of these gentlemen, particularly in what they set forth as being the facts in the case—they being so different. And the result was that I got into correspondence with Mr. Peterson, and tried to "get a rise" out of Professor De Lapradelle. Mr. Peterson has inferred from the fact that I called his attention to the different conclusion reached by Professor De Lapradelle from that reached by himself, that I must have pro-Ally sympathies or prejudices; whereas my only desire was to discover, if possible, what the truth is among the divergent opinions of the parties. Among other things that Mr. Peterson says about the De Lapradelle article is this:

"This article forms part of a series of articles published by the English government in the American press to justify it in declaring war on Germany. The article is merely a 'brief' on his side of the question, and I am greatly surprised that a magazine like THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW should publish it without so stating. After a most careful study of this article I assert that it is unreliable as to statement of facts and that the logic employed by the author is in many cases, nothing less than absurd—in short, it is so full of holes, both as to facts and argument, that it would have no standing in any court that might have the matter up for adjudication. Now, so far as Professor De Lapradelle's reputation as a high authority on international law is concerned, I do not believe it is of the character you have been led to believe. I have been asked by several people to write an article in answer to Professor De Lapradelle's brief in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, but I am convinced there would be no use in doing so, for the reason that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW would refuse to publish it or any article, no matter how excellent, unless it was pro-English."

In view of what Mr. Peterson says in regard to the position of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which, as I believe, is wholly incorrect, I would like very much to hear from you as to the real position of THE REVIEW in matters connected with the present Great War. F. L. MOFFETT.

MINNEAPOLIS.

THE REVIEW stands with the President, who, in a most trying and perplexing position, has made no mistake that we can perceive. Incidentally, Dr. Dernburg and Ambassador Dumba, whose articles appeared in the December and September numbers, respectively, of THE REVIEW, will be surprised to learn from the eminent Mr. Peterson that they are "pro-English."—EDITOR.

SIR,—Certainly we cannot do without THE REVIEW. It is the friend of years, and my Christmas to many—but am sending in only two names this year. It has grown a little too English to be neutral, and we are wondering after

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Germany's sacrifice what? Will it be America if she does not bow to the Allies? Are we afraid to be just? But we cannot do without Colonel Harvey—the editor of the century.

MRS. K. B. HOSLER.

HALLSVILLE, OHIO.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION

SIR,—As a Britisher who tries to think universally I wish to thank you for the part you have so ably played in the cause of peace, and I earnestly hope your efforts may make the governments of the world get some understanding of the absolute futility of endeavoring to encompass their aims by war.

Britain learned many decades ago (aided by a very forcible lesson from America) that nationalities and peoples cannot be ruled by force or one nation assimilate another nation.

America's greatness has not been achieved by armaments, and is a complete answer to the slavery that would be engendered if German (or I should say Prussian) military conceptions prevailed.

America can do more than any other power to-day in forwarding God's rule of Right, and if she will only openly pronounce her protest against the violation of the fundamental principles underlying her greatness, she will be rendering a service to mankind that is well-nigh incalculable.

Is Prussia to be allowed to set back the sands of time by two hundred years?

Again thanking you,

G. H. FARMER.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

REWARD FOR OUR COLONEL

SIR,—I address you in the interest of justice toward Theodore Roosevelt, by Bryan, Wilson, and the Democratic party. I earnestly suggest that the twenty-five millions that has been proposed by them to be given outright to Colombia shall instead be kept, and a bond issue of the same amount be made with interest at three per cent. per annum, and the same be voted by the Democratic Congress to be paid to Theodore Roosevelt and his heirs for ever. While this would produce an income of ten times the President's salary, it has been well worth it to them in his securing to them the government of the country and its offices. And the proofs again of this great service by him in the recent election are clear—in that if the remaining one-fourth of *his* party had voted with the Republicans at this last election, the Republicans would have safely won control of both Senate and House; but his continued efforts prevented them from doing so, therefore I think this act of simple justice should be done him.

FRANK C. BOISE.

DENVER, COLO.

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CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

OUR CENTENARY

GREETINGS FROM THE AMERICAN PRESS

(*From the New York Times*)

In taking note of the centenary of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and the uncommonly interesting number the present editor has put forth to celebrate that anniversary, it is not incumbent upon us to look long at the past. The record of this first and still most vigorous of American reviews is always accessible, and, for that matter, it forms a large part of the contents of the present number, in Mr. Julius H. Ward's historical summary, Mr. Howells's remembrances of half a century of its existence, "Part of Which I Was," and copious extracts from earlier numbers reflecting the public spirit, the ideals, and the literary inclinations of that era. But the old NORTH AMERICAN, which was transplanted from once-cultured Boston to always-bustling New York some time in the seventies of the last century, has passed through many mutations, and a periodical, like Virtue, may not successfully seek remuneration for the thing it was.

The essential fact of the centenary celebration is that THE REVIEW under Colonel Harvey's editorship is distinctly what Mr. Howells suggests it may not have been under the rule of a former editor of much enterprise, "good society"; that its character and quality, though inevitably in consonance with these times, are high and sound; that it truly labors to diffuse sane political ideas and to encourage the best the age may produce in letters. With the pursuance of these good purposes in mind Colonel Harvey may well "look into the future with eyes undismayed," as he says he does in his characteristically buoyant introductory article, which includes a noteworthy comparison of Presidents James Madison and Woodrow Wilson. There are poems of distinction in this number, and essays by writers of renown on subjects now uppermost in the world's thought. So that THE NORTH AMERICAN at the beginning of its second century is a vital force, exerting an influence such as its founders desired it to exert, and giving ample promise that it may survive another century and still be an acknowledged instrument of national enlightenment when the chimes ring in the new year of 2015.

(*From the New York Sun*)

It is the special articles in commemoration of the anniversary that will excite particular interest. A subtle and amusing comparison of the politics of Mr. Madison's Administration with those of Mr. Wilson's is modestly ascribed by the accomplished editor to THE REVIEW itself. Julius H. Ward

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writes an entertaining account of the history and the vicissitudes of THE REVIEW, which has at one time or another appeared as a bimonthly, a quarterly, a monthly, and a semi-monthly. The extracts from the early numbers are interesting and demonstrate that the present REVIEW holds more closely to the character of the original REVIEW than the solemn quarterly with its Harvard editors did. Last and by no means least, Mr. Howells gives his delightful reminiscences of THE NORTH AMERICAN as he first knew it. Best wishes to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW as it starts on its new century; may it still wave its motto, *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

(*From the Book Review Supplement of the New York Times*)

The hundredth birthday of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, celebrated with due impressiveness in the forthcoming number of that magazine, is an important milestone in an epoch that has seen many changes and developments in our literature. Colonel Higginson once wrote that "the literary epochs of New Engand may be said to have been three—the first issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in 1815, that of the *Dial* in 1840, and that of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857." All three of these magazines are still in existence —THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in New York, the *Atlantic Monthly* in Boston, the *Dial* in Chicago—all three exert influences peculiar to each on the intellectual life of the times. But it may be said, without fear of suggesting unjust discrimination, that to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW belongs the distinction of being the pioneer in this country of this type of periodical literature. The parent of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was the *Monthly Anthology*, the first number of which appeared in November, 1803, under the editorial management of Phineas Adams. The best writers of the period were contributors to its pages, but as these unlucky persons were expected, as occasion required, to donate money as well as literary wares to the support of the magazine, the latter enjoyed a brief and precarious career, giving way finally to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL, which owed its existence to one of the principal backers of the *Monthly Anthology*, William Tudor, Jr.

The career of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW from its conception to the present day is entertainingly given by Julius H. Ward in the forthcoming January number, together with an historical sketch of the period covered "From Madison to Wilson," and a characteristic paper on the same theme from William Dean Howells, entitled "Part of Which I Was." In its early days, true to the instincts of the pioneer, THE REVIEW was vigorously American in its critical bias, inclined to be unduly censorious in its estimate of contemporary British letters. The attitude has an amusingly provincial touch as we look back to it to-day. But it gave the necessary fillip to the somewhat feeble life manifested by our native literature a century ago. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was founded on the idea that the United States had a literature of its own that was capable of indefinite growth and achievement. In a way this pioneer magazine was a literary Declaration of Independence from the too overwhelming influence of the intellectual life of the lands oversea. From the very first the result due to the practical encouragement that it gave to American letters was quite incalculable. Throughout the century it has adhered consistently to the lofty aim that caused its birth, and in the broadened, mellowed spirit that characterizes its pages to-day THE

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North American Review is still an important and effective contributor to the nation's intellectual life.

(*From the New York Evening Post*)

The one-hundredth year of The North American Review, commemorated this month, does not mark the centenary of American periodical literature. Before 1815 the republic had seen Dennie's *Portfolio*, Charles Brockden Brown's *Literary Magazine*, and Irving's and Paulding's *Analectic Magazine*. Yet the foundation of The Review marked a blooming of scholarly thought and intellectual curiosity in this country. The spirit of the times is described by Emerson in those "Historical Notes of Life and Letters in New England," which deal so largely with the third editor of The Review—Everett. "It seemed a war between intellect and affection; a crack in Nature, which split every church into Papal and Protestant; Calvinism into old and new schools; Quakerism into old and new; brought new divisions into politics; and the new conscience respecting temperance and slavery. The key to the period appeared to be that the mind had become aware of itself. Men grew reflective and intellectual. There was a new consciousness." Evident, also, was "a certain sharpness of criticism, an eagerness for reform, which showed itself in every quarter." Men were reading Lavater, Gall and Spurzheim, Goethe and Hegel. But if this intellectual world-appraisal had much of New England in it, it was as well the reflex of a great international movement. The very lack of indigenous quality was one thing which made The North American Review typical of Harvard and Boston in 1815. Founded by a Cambridge club of scholars and gentlemen, out of which grew also the *Boston Athenæum*, it was deliberately modeled after the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, and its solidity and impressiveness depended from the start on an awakened American consciousness that there were such things as world-standards.

This steadfast looking abroad for models gives point to a famous incident in The Review's early history. In 1817, according to Parke Godwin, Dr. Bryant submitted to Richard Henry Dana, E. T. Channing, and Willard Phillips manuscripts by his twenty-three-year-old son, among them "Thanatopsis." "Ah, Phillips," remarked Dana, with a quiet smile at the close of the reading, "you have been imposed upon; no one this side the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses." Scholarliness and keeping in line with tradition were nurtured by the successive editors. "Germany," Emerson wrote, "had created criticism in vain for us until 1820, when Edward Everett returned from his five years in Europe and brought to Cambridge his rich results, which no one was so fitted by actual grace and the splendor of his rhetoric to introduce and recommend. He made us for the first time acquainted with Wolff . . . with the criticism of Heyne." It was in The Review that there appeared the two papers by Dr. Channing on Milton and Napoleon, "the first specimens in this country of that large criticism which in England had given power and fame to the *Edinburgh*. They were widely read, and immediately fruitful in provoking emulation which lifted the style of journalism." The chief contributors, Bryant, Ticknor, Webster, Adams, and Bancroft, were deeply imbued with English culture. When Jared Sparks became editor in 1824, he exemplified reserved and cautious scholarship. The man who, before he resigned, had begun the twelve-volume *Diplomatic History of the American Revolution*, and was contemplating his collection of Washington's and Franklin's writings, would not allow despite to exact learning or received opinions.

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With editors and contributors what they were, THE REVIEW became an exponent of the scholarly New England of Channing and Bancroft, and won an international repute; but there were two main difficulties. The changing current of the times left it somewhat stranded, and deprived it of its representative quality. The New England of the 'forties was much better expressed by the *Dial;* that of the 'sixties by the *Atlantic.* Scholarship gave way first to philosophy, and then, with the birth of a group of able writers, to pure literature; and THE REVIEW could not follow. Besides, it tended to become a dry-as-dust publication. For ten years preceding 1863 it was edited temperately and carefully by Andrew P. Peabody, but yearly lost power. When Lowell and Norton were invited to take charge of it, the former characterized it in a letter. THE REVIEW was "a rather Sisyphean job. . . . It wanted three chief elements to be successful. It wasn't thoroughly, that is, thickly and thinly, loyal; it wasn't lively, and it had no particular opinions on any particular subject. It was an eminently safe periodical, and accordingly in danger of running aground. . . . Perhaps the day of these quarterlies is gone by, and those megatheria of letters may be in the mere course of nature withdrawing to their last swamps to die in peace." But what vigor Lowell put into it in the later Civil War and early Reconstruction days we have only to turn to his Political Essays to see.

The greatest epoch in the diversified history of THE REVIEW was, as a writer in the current issue remarks, that closed by the resignation of Lowell and of Norton as editors. For one reason, the rise of other periodicals of THE REVIEW character deprived it of its isolated distinction. For another, its change to the form of a monthly led it into fields more nearly journalistic, less markedly academic, and more concerned with actual current events. "In the new REVIEW," Howells remarks, "literature is given a back seat." In its career of one hundred years, however, it has consistently been related with the best names in contemporary literature, and it occupies a place of its own in the record of our literature. Its friends will wish it uninterrupted prosperity.

(*From the Harrisburg Star-Independent*)

"This country delights more in the acquisition of foreign literature than in a laborious independent exertion of its own intellectual powers," is the remarkable declaration that may be found in an article on American language and literature in an 1815 issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—perhaps not so remarkable at the time it was written, but striking in this year 1915 when we Americans have become rather well satisfied with the literature which has been resulting from the independent exertion of our intellectual powers.

During the last hundred years, which have meant so much for American letters, a force has been steadily operating which has done a great deal to encourage the expansion of the country's dignified literature—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Born in 1815, this periodical is now observing its centennial. It is the first magazine in the country that has had a centennial to observe. As a power which has exerted an uninterrupted influence on American letters for a hundred years, it has our heartiest congratulations.

THE REVIEW in its retrospection not only reminds us of some events that were taking place a century ago, but prompts us to disturb the dusty complacency of its early volumes on library shelves, and to go pleasure-seeking among the brownish pages. The issues of 1815 reveal a notice regarding a

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proposed pilgrimage to the Holy Lands, signed by Gustavus Adolphus, formerly Gustavus IV., king of Sweden; an account of a lawsuit "had" by Louis Bonaparte, formerly king of Holland, "with his wife"; a notice of the expunging of Napoleon Bonaparte's name by the French Institute; an obituary of Robert Fulton; and numerous other items which make the quest of interest.

Throughout the hundred years of THE REVIEW's existence its pages have shown history in the forming, yet perhaps at no time with more significance to posterity than now, when the Great War is the prevalent topic. When the magazine files for 1915 are searched, a century hence, by the idly curious or by the diligently studious, there will doubtless be found much to marvel at and wonder about concerning the conflict of the nations, which may be so absorbing a subject, indeed, that the nineteenth-century files which are of present interest will be undisturbed in their dust of an additional hundred years.

(*From the New York Tribune*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW celebrates, in its January number, the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Not quite the first of our periodicals—*The Monthly Anthology* preceded it by more than a decade—it yet stands first in the matter of importance, of service rendered, and of continued usefulness to American letters and life. It has broadened vastly since its early New England days; it has kept step with the growth of the nation, and it has won and lost and won again a worthy place beside the great reviews of the Old World. It has had its ups and its downs, its periods of alertness and of vegetation. It has improved great opportunities and has neglected others; it has worshiped at the shrine of great names signed to contributions that were great in no sense of the word. But it has always "counted," sometimes in a minor way in a narrow circle, again in the wide sphere which its best tradition demands, and with many thoughtful readers. That it has taken a new lease of active life at the beginning of its second century is fortunately true. Once more it has an individuality of its own.

(*From the Utica Herald-Dispatch*)

In celebration of the centenary of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Colonel Harvey, its present editor, has put forth a very interesting number in the issue for January. The record of this first and still most vigorous of American reviews forms a large part of the contents. Notable articles are Julius H. Ward's historical summary and William Dean Howells's remembrances of half a century of its existence. There are copious extracts from earlier numbers reflecting the public spirit, the ideals, and the literary inclinations of that era.

(*From the Rochester Herald*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the only American magazine that has succeeded in living to be a hundred years old, and its success in attaining that venerable age seems remarkable when we consider the precarious existence which most American magazines have led, and with which even THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW itself has been quite familiar in days gone by. THE REVIEW has been a bimonthly and a quarterly, and is now a monthly. It has had a great variety of editors, who have possessed various types of mind. It has been scholarly and it has been popular, and through all changes it has come forth unscathed.

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The current issue of THE REVIEW is full of good things, but of these good things nothing has interested us more than the articles by the editor, by Julius H. Ward, and by William Dean Howells, dealing with the history of the magazine. We learn from Mr. Howells that fifty years ago the remuneration for articles was only two dollars a page, but by way of compensation contributors were allowed to write very long articles. Mr. Howells speaks of one of his own articles as occupying fifty pages of THE REVIEW, and other articles were sometimes longer. We do not suppose, however, that any of the articles were as long as some of Macaulay's in the *Edinburgh Review*, one of which we believe contained more than forty thousand words—a fairly respectable book in itself. Under the editorship of James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton THE NORTH AMERICAN was a very scholarly periodical, and many of the articles that appeared therein could not have appealed to the general public, and would not to-day. But in the old days popular taste was not considered when dealing with serious subjects, as it is now.

THE NORTH AMERICAN'S home was in Boston for many years, and Boston was once, in its fashion, a very cultured city. Its culture may have been a little thin and cold—we know, indeed, that it was—in its rare New England atmosphere, but it was genuine as far as it went, and it made a manful effort to understand the great Germans and Frenchmen, as well as the writings of the great English masters. Some of that culture still lingered in the Boston air of twenty-odd years ago, but it is gone now, all but its simulacrum, at any rate, and America is the worse for its disappearance. New York has never received its mantle, but it did take over THE NORTH AMERICAN, and it allowed Mr. Howells to become one of the jostling throng of Broadway. And THE NORTH AMERICAN has been more prosperous in New York than it was in Boston, for the editorial policy of THE REVIEW, after its removal to the great metropolis, aimed to get closer to the average man. Colonel Harvey assures the public that THE NORTH AMERICAN was never so popular as it is to-day, and we congratulate him and the famous periodical which he edits with so much distinction upon the success attained.

(*From the New York World*)

As THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW enters its second century, to a pleasant chorus of birthday congratulations, it has good reason to look back proudly over its eventful career. Born in modest literary circumstances under the consulship of Madison, it still holds securely the rank that has long been its rightful station.

No one to-day thinks of William Tudor, Jr., the first editor of THE REVIEW, as a pioneer in the early wilderness of American literature. It had its struggles for existence under favorable conditions, and along its pathway are strewn like milestones the graves of less vigorous rivals for public favor. But to its lasting success it drew to its aid as editors and contributors the services of men foremost in their generation like Richard Henry Dana, Edward Everett, Palfrey, Motley, Longfellow, Lowell, Norton, George William Curtis, and John Fiske.

This country has not been hospitable to the solid review among periodicals in nearly the same degree that Great Britain and France have been. The *Edinburgh Review*, the *Quarterly*, the *Contemporary*, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, have enjoyed a kind of assured patronage among readers little known in the United States. No people take a keener interest in politics than Americans

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as a whole, or read so little in a serious way about public questions. The effect of this national failing is seen in the dearth of weeklies of the class that holds a steady circulation in England. Our monthly magazines and weekly press have fallen back for support upon fiction, articles of a lighter nature, and illustrations. To the credit of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, it has held steadfastly to its place and traditions.

(*From the Tacoma News*)

Next year is the hundredth of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and Editor-Colonel George Harvey begins celebrating the centennial in the December number, which is as thick as a Bible and—must we say it?—almost as good literature. Among other things he prints the names of the eighteen editors who preceded him, and it is a royal company indeed. Through the coming year THE REVIEW is to have contributions from President Wilson, ex-President Taft, Elihu Root, Alfred Noyes, Henry Watterson, James Huneker, William Dean Howells, Alfred T. Mahan, Booker T. Washington, and many others who are in the habit of thinking, and besides that it will republish a number of brilliant essays by famous men dead and gone. Nearly everybody worth while in the last hundred years has written for THE REVIEW. Its history sparkles with the genius of great men and women. Colonel Harvey has transferred to its pages the cerebral scintillations which used to make *Harper's Weekly* worth while, and he still finds an ecstasy in merrily letting the wind out of windy things. Here's hoping THE REVIEW will live another hundred years, and that Colonel Harvey will be here to write the second centennial hymn. Both are invaluable American institutions.

(*From the Cincinnati Times-Star*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW reminds its readers that in May, 1815, it advocated a parcel post, and in January, 1818, it described the plans of the recently opened Cape Cod Canal. Evidently in its earlier days THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW had a worthy predecessor of Colonel George Harvey.

(*From the Erie Dispatch*)

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is to be congratulated on the hundredth anniversary of its birth. May it live and prosper another century.

THE PRESIDENT AND BUSINESS

(*From the Jackson, Michigan, Patriot*)

It is gratifying to hear from Washington that Democrats realize that the setback they suffered in the recent election was due in the main to depressed business, the war tax, and Congressional extravagance. It is better to have correct hindsight than no sight at all, but a little clear foresight would have been very much the best.

Nothing will cause people to forget these things more quickly, and to regard with favor the party that may be in power, than a marked revival of prosperity.

Many Democrats, notably Colonel Harvey, the able editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, have stated publicly that unless prosperity is restored in the next two years they cannot expect their party to be kept in charge of the administration of the nation's affairs.

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It is said the indications that the President is heeding this advice are causing his political advisers much satisfaction. These words in his message are quoted as evidence: "The road at last lies both clear and firm to business. It is a road which it can travel without fear or embarrassment."

The only important prosecutions of big business are cases inherited from the Taft administration, the International Harvester Company and the United States Steel Corporation being the most conspicuous. These, no doubt, were started because "death loves a shining mark." The suits cannot now be stopped, but it is quite certain that, if not already commenced, they would not be initiated.

It seems as if governmental annoyances of business, which has been active and malignant for a dozen years, had reached its limit. All know that the President has thrown all his influence for the obtainment of the five-per-cent. increase of freight-rates for the Eastern railroads. For this every railroad man in America—and there are well-nigh a million and a half voters among railroad men—ought to be grateful.

Furthermore, the President is laying great stress upon the development of foreign trade; and this is a matter of vital importance, as without it it will be impossible to keep the wage-labor of this country employed more than two-thirds of the time.

More than six years ago, when Roosevelt was President, former-President Cleveland wrote a letter to the New York *World* in which he expressed the belief that what the country most needed was "rest and peace and reassurance." It has taken a long time to reach that goal, but we are there. A new era has begun, and it can continue as long as every man charged with the responsibility for the management of a great corporation remembers that "the public interest is part of his own interest."

SENATOR BORAH

(*From the Boston Transcript*)

Senate Republicans chose wisely in designating Senator Borah to take up on their behalf the challenge of President Wilson's remarkable Jackson Day speech. The effective way in which the Idaho Senator flayed the phrases and the policies of our phrase-making President reveals a campaigner fully able to handle Wilson rhetoric and recalls to many minds the prophecy of Colonel George Harvey, made more than a year ago, that the next President of the United States would be William E. Borah. It is not surprising that the Washington correspondents agree in calling the speech "the most impressive criticism of the Administration yet heard in Congress."

But in his discussion of Mexico Senator Borah rises above the plane of partisanship and speaks the language of true Americanism. Hear him:

> I am desirous of peace with Mexico; I want no war; and I know we shall never take any part of the territory of that republic, but above and beyond that, and more important to my mind, is the fact that we should at least protect our own citizenship, securing our women against ravishment and murder at the hands of those ferocious men who prey upon our nationals wherever they find them in their territory. There are some things which are dearer to me than peace.
>
> Mr. President, the mistreatment of American citizens in Mexico is due to the fact that there has passed into the Mexican mind a firm belief that we will not protect our citizens, and I say whatever criticism shall come to me from those who love peace more than they love honor, that the "flag which will not protect

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its people is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it floats." We cannot have peace, we cannot have honor, unless we are prepared to protect our own citizens, and I believe, verily believe, that we may do so and still have no war with Mexico.

Speech like this makes red-blooded Americans hold up their heads again in hope that in 1916, if not before, we shall witness an end of conditions across the border that have for two years made many men in this country ashamed of the name American. The Idaho Senator has outlined a Mexican policy which we believe his fellow-countrymen, regardless of party, will indorse by popular vote at the first opportunity, either under his leadership or that of some other American no less courageous.

We said nominated; not elected.—EDITOR.

(*From the Buffalo Courier*)

Col. George Harvey, who has a reputation for successful prophecy in politics, predicts that United States Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, will be the Republican nominee for President in 1916.

Unmistakably Senator Borah has a presidential bee. Somebody is distributing a "key-note" speech he made not long ago. In this speech he has a large array of fine, safe sentiments and effusive compliments for the good sense and patriotism of the people. Senator Borah has a plea for "a clean and upright free-trade party," "a clean and upright protection party," "a clean and upright socialist party"—everybody should be "clean and upright." He says that "no man ought to wish defeat or failure to any branch of men, whether large or small, in whatever party they may be found, who are trying to make politics better and cleaner and are trying to place party action upon a right basis."

As to the Republican party, Senator Borah says: "We can afford to say what our position is upon all the questions which so much concern the people —the currency, the tariff, the trusts, social reform. We can afford to declare our position squarely and openly and wait for the returns." Does that not sound promising? But, alas! Senator Borah utterly fails to be specific as to what the position of the Republican party should be on the currency and the tariff and the trusts and social reform! Truly, Senator Borah is a cautious candidate.

(*From the Springfield Republican*)

When Mr. Taft left the White House nothing seemed more certain than that he would never again be a candidate. A year later one would have made the same prediction, although somewhat less dogmatically, and to-day it calls for a little less dogmatism still. While Mr. Taft has been growing through recognition of his qualities and previous difficulties, the list of possibly available Republican figures has not notably increased. Mr. Herrick and Governor Whitman, who is just beginning at Albany, are clearly the chief potential additions, while Senator Borah—long since picked by Colonel Harvey —cannot be said as yet to have made a deep impression or become widely known in the East.

(*From the Boston Herald*)

It is sad to see George Harvey's two choices for the Presidency at such odds as was disclosed by the younger's vitriolic speech in the Senate on Wed-

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nesday. For it will be recalled that, while the New York editor picked out Mr. Wilson for the Presidency years ago, and lived to see his selection ratified, he more recently hit upon William E. Borah as the Republican candidate for the Presidency in 1916.

Borah is an exceedingly effective speaker, as his address reported in yesterday morning's newspapers showed. Nor is he without elements of availability for the presidential nomination. He is in touch with "the people," looks the part of a Republican commoner, and possesses that dash of liberalism which would be a welcome admixture if the party is to win back the Progressives. Borah's candidacy should prove an element in "popularizing" the party. And still Idaho seems a long way from the District of Columbia.

MR. BRYAN AND SAN DOMINGO

(From the New York Globe)

The question asked by Colonel Harvey, of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as to the cause of the disintegration of the country's diplomatic service seems sufficiently answered by the evidence brought out in the investigation of the Sullivan Dominican case. The cause is a bald-headed gentleman whose chief business has been to travel up and down the country uttering pious hopes and breathing lofty aspirations.

On August 20th, 1913, Secretary-of-State Bryan, writing to Walker W. Vick, American receiver of customs at San Domingo, said:

> Let me know what positions you have at your disposal with which to reward deserving Democrats. Whenever you desire a suggestion from me in regard to a man for any place there call on me. You have had enough experience in politics to know how valuable workers are when a campaign is on, and how difficult it is to find suitable rewards for all the deserving. I do not know to what extent a knowledge of Spanish is necessary for employees. Let me know what is required, together with the salary, and when appointments are likely to be made.

Consider to whom this letter was addressed. It was not addressed to an ordinary employee of the United States—not to an employee of the United States at all. It was addressed to a man employed by the Dominican government on our nomination to perform the difficult task of administering the Dominican customs for the benefit of San Domingo and the creditors of San Domingo. Mr. Bryan was writing to a trustee whose duties were prescribed under a treaty. And our Secretary of State is so blunted in political morals as to suggest, without much regard to fitness, that political friends of his should be foisted on San Domingo's pay-roll.

A man capable of making such a suggestion to the chief administrator of an international agreement is unfit to be Secretary of State.

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The North American Review

"*The best connected record of the growth of native thought and scholarship.*"—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, BOSTON, 1878.

WILLARD PHILLIPS

WILLARD PHILLIPS, the second editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, was born in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, on December 19, 1784. His early education was that of the average New England youth, "instruction in summer by a school-mistress, and in winter by a school-master, with Noah Webster's spelling-book the principal classic." In his nineteenth year he took charge of a school at Goshen. His Latin studies began with a fellow-townsman, Calvin Briggs, at Chesterfield, when the latter was studying medicine under the direction of Dr. Bryant, the father of William Cullen Bryant. The friendship of the old practitioner was given to young Mr. Phillips, and lasted through life. After various educational vicissitudes he was entered at Harvard College in 1806. The route to Cambridge, he states, "was by way of Boston on a somewhat cloudy evening, through streets rather perplexing." The following day he, with sixty-four other candidates, was admitted as a freshman in the university.

Within a year of his graduation he was appointed tutor in the college, first in Latin, and afterward in arithmetic, geometry, and natural philosophy, keeping the position in all four years. During this period he began his professional studies in the law, and in 1815 associated himself in the office of the Honorable William Sullivan, a man of distinction in his time. His connection with this REVIEW is thus described by a fellow-associate:

"During December, 1814, and January, 1815, while Mr. Phillips was still one of the instructors of Harvard University, an association was formed, consisting of President Kirkland, Edward T. Channing, Mr. Phillips, and others, for starting a literary periodical, under the title "The New England Magazine and Review," Mr. Phillips being the proposed editor. Articles of association were adopted, and sundry meetings were held, the records of which, kept by Mr. Channing, as secretary, he has preserved. In a letter written by Mr. Channing, January 5, 1815, he says to his correspondent: 'How you would have laughed could you have peeped into my snug office for two or three days past, and have seen the great men—learned doctors of law and divinity, tutors

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at colleges, editors and publishers holding solemn debate on the magazine; one inviting a prospectus, another talking about style, a third counting the cost and chances of success, and, lastly, your correspondent himself listening to all that was said and recording it as secretary of the Meeting."

"When the preparations had been made for announcing the publication, the associates learned that a similar one was proposed by William Tudor, then just returned from his travels in Europe. . . . He was a personal friend of some of the associates, therefore the field was left open to him.

"The first number of the bimonthly NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW AND MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL accordingly came out under Mr. Tudor's editorship in May, 1815, and was continued during a year, at the end of which time he put it at the disposal of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Tudor voluntarily proposing and choosing to continue editor for one year longer without salary. . . . THE REVIEW, at the time of the pecuniary responsibility being assumed by Mr. Phillips, needed the utmost economy as well as all the activity, talent, and learning that could be brought to its aid to bear it up, and Mr. Phillips, seeing that the usual publisher's commission weighed heavily upon its resources, had the copies of the number for May, 1816, sent from the printers to his office, and a part of them were there inclosed and despatched to subscribers. Messrs. Wells & Lilly, then the leading publishing firm in Boston, who had published the work the preceding year, very soon, and before all the copies of THE REVIEW had been distributed, liberally offered to publish it during the year free of commissions, which helped materially to carry it through that year.

"On Mr. Tudor's retiring from the editorship in 1817, an association of contributors was formed, consisting of some of the associates and some new ones —viz.: John Gallison, known as the reporter of the early decisions of Judge Story; Nathaniel Hale, editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser;* Richard H. Dana; Edward T. Channing; Mr. Phillips; William Powell Mason, and Jared Sparks. Mr. Sparks was editor during that year of the fifth and sixth volumes.

"The associates held weekly meetings for reading and deciding upon communications, and selecting and distributing subjects to be written upon. These, though in some sort business meetings, were kept up with much interest, vivacity, and harmony, at which the literary friends of the associates not unfrequently attended, and the zeal and spirit of the association were by degrees infused into THE REVIEW, and the effect was manifested in reaction by subscriptions and communications. Mr. Phillips was a frequent contributor for some years and an occasional one subsequently until about 1836. One of his early articles was upon Professor Hedge's logic, then just published. . . . Most of Mr. Phillips's articles were upon works of imagination and taste, the reviewing of which did not require any special preparation, and accordingly did not interfere with his professional and other business pursuits."[1]

Later Mr. Phillips was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature; then ill-health sent him to Cuba, and the reminiscence of this voyage was subsequently incorporated into an article for THE REVIEW. In 1837 the Governor of Massachusetts appointed Judge Phillips, as he was then, on a commission to formulate a code of the law of crime and punishment. He was an extensive writer on this subject, and his published works include *Digest of Pickering's Reports;* editor first edition of *Collyer on Partnership;* A manual of *Political Economy,* and *Propositions Concerning Protection and Free Trade.* His death occurred September 9, 1876.

[1] *Portraits of Eminent Americans,* by John Livingston, Vol. III,. pp. 291–303.

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"RHODA"

BY WILLARD PHILLIPS
Second Editor of "The Review"

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1816*

Rhoda.—A novel.—By the author of "Things by their right names," "Plain Sense," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Boston—Published by Wells & Lilly.

THIS novel presents a lively and pretty faithful picture of fashionable life. Its moral influence is favourable to virtue. The first deviations from principle are well delineated in the most conspicuous character, and the progressive steps, from brisk animal spirits to levity, folly, disregard of obligations, imprudence, and finally to remorse and misfortune, are skilfully traced. This character is a susceptible, brilliant, fanciful woman, whose dispositions are always good, but her conduct often wrong. She makes just reflections, but has not sufficient strength of character to execute her good purposes, and is continually liable to be diverted from propriety and rectitude, by the artful who are her inferiors in point of understanding. She is, in short, one of those lovely bewitching creatures, whom every body admires and excuses, but whose conduct nobody approves.

The work is not remarkable for spirit and animation. We cannot promise the reader that his interest will not flag a little in the first part of the second volume, but we can assure him, that he will be well compensated for persisting in the perusal. It belongs to the numerous and constantly increasing class of productions, in which fiction is brought home to daily occurrences and observations. Readers are apt to complain of such, that they are monotonous and ordinary; they do not sufficiently abound in "moving incidents," frightful situations, and apprehensions of direful events which never happen. We do not affect to proscribe all the agitating fictions, with which the novel-reading fair daily distress themselves. Feigned as well as real sufferings may sometimes have a salutary influence, and variety is desirable for its own sake, and then an occasional interruption of the more gentle undulations of emotion, by the whirls of transport, or the storms of the turbulent passions, may leave the mental atmosphere more lucid and serene. But we would not always be tossed and tempest driven—let us sometimes be satisfied with the face of nature in its more usual state, not violently agitated, nor yet perfectly tranquil. It requires greater progress in the arts to exhibit with this aspect, it demands greater skill and delicacy of execution in the artist, and an improved susceptibility and taste in the observer. This truth is no less apparent in other arts, than in that of writing novels. Young belles, who have not been trained into a perception of real beauty and elegance, by judicious mothers and governesses, flutter out of the boarding school in the most brilliant hues, and by their glitter, dazzle the eyes, and

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turn the heads of the poor beaus, not yet far advanced in their teens. Painters, in the early period of their art, are apt to choose extravagant subjects and situations; and having set them forth in glaring colours, astonish the well-meaning multitude. In every art, the sort of specimens which children and the unskilful most admire, is the same with the masterpieces of a ruder state. The writers of fictitious narratives began with superhuman characters, and preternatural incidents, and thus kindled the admiration and curiosity of their rude readers, who would have gone to sleep over a probable story, elegantly told. Authors and readers early quitted the wild regions of giants, and dragons, and enchantments; but a great distance was to be passed over, before they could arrive at their proper home, among natural objects and real persons. Each alternately led the way, the author now guiding the publick taste, and now being directed by it. Their perils and disasters, by the way, have not been few; for they have often been shut up in Gothick towers, thrown into uncomfortable dungeons, pursued by apparitions, and were very ill used by monks in convents, and by robbers in deserts. Even after infernal personages and miraculous events had been abandoned, and it was required of an author to account for what he caused to take place in a more satisfactory way, the imaginations of men were for a long time affected by the terrours with which they had been surrounded, and they often mistook a figure in a piece of tattered tapestry for a spirit, fresh from the nether world, and would convert a crazy chateau into an enchanted castle, and indulge for a time in the illusion, that there was something beyond the laws of nature, in their surprises, successes, and failures. At length all pretence of mystery ceased, and writers, who do not professedly lay their scenes beyond the limits of experience, must accept for machinery, such as they are, the laws of nature, and the passions of men. They are not confined to what is common and familiar. Strong passions still exist, and extraordinary events occur, and whatever is real, may well find a place in fiction. Many are led, by boldness and energy of genius, to prefer them, while others resort to them through weakness, and make use of them—that they may create that interest by their incidents, which they are unable to produce by a skilful management; they dress what they serve up, but rudely, but then they make up, as well as they can for this defect, by the number and profusion of dishes. The modern novels generally are better calculated to produce delight and improvement, than wonder and agitation. They answer all the useful purposes of a lesson, without its formality and tediousness. In them, we have the most minute and finished representations of manners. The privilege of using narrative or dialogue, and the liberty of detailing the most minute incidents, and marking the most trifling occurrences, provided a regard be had to grace and propriety, give the writer more freedom and play, than he is allowed in any other kind of composition, and enable him to bring out and exhibit those subtle and evanescent accompaniments, to

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which characters and actions owe a greater part of their beauty and deformity.

We shall not proceed to analyze and review this book, as we can say nothing of it which will not occur to almost every reader, and our purpose in making it the occasion of these few remarks, will be accomplished, if we shall add something towards drawing to it that attention, which we think it deserves.

AMERICAN LITERATURE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY DR. WALTER CHANNING

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of November, 1815*

REFLECTIONS ON THE LITERARY DELINQUENCY OF AMERICA

THE title of this paper contains a serious charge. It charges Americans with delinquency in that, to which every other civilized nation chiefly owes its character. It implies that this country wants literary distinction. That we have not entered the service of literature. That we want the results of intellectual labour. That were we to cease from a distinct national existence, the great events of our history would stand alone on the blank of our national character, unsupported by their causes, unsanctioned by their effects. That the whole elements of our literature, were they collected into one mass, would amount merely to accidental efforts of a very few adventurous individuals; our history would be found little more than state topography; our politicks ephemeral effusions of party zeal, and our poetry without a character. An appeal might be made from this melancholy record to our philosophy and science, and the labours of Franklin and Rittenhouse claimed as the heralds of our literary character. But it is hardly to be expected that the phenomena of the age should confer national character. They are accidents of intellect. They are claimed for science and literature in general, not yielded to one nation, to give it a character. These extraordinary men very rarely appear in any country, and their having once appeared, is not an assurance that their like will be looked upon again. . . . .

Our literary delinquency may principally be resolved into our dependence on English literature. We have been so perfectly satisfied with it, that we have not yet made an attempt towards a literature of our own. In the pre-eminent excellence of this foreign literature we have lost sight of, or neglected our own susceptibility of intellectual labour. So easy is it for us to read English books, that we have hardly thought it worth while to write any for ourselves. Perhaps if it had been as difficult to command these inexhaustible literary resources, as we should find it to command those of the Germans, we might have gone seriously to work, and entered vigorously on the noble, dignified

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employment of our minds. Apologists for our literary delinquency, however, reply, that we were colonies of Great Britain, and virtually as much Englishmen as the inhabitants of any county in England. That place signifies nothing; at least, that the pious Antonine said so; that the mind is the same every where; that it lends its own influence to the circumstances in which it is placed, and admits those of things and beings around it, just as far as it pleases, and no farther. That a peculiarity of language is of no consequence to a literature; that the language of the mind is its own vigorous, overpowering operations; that these last only require language to be clothed with, not to be known by. We are told, that the different modes of using language, *viz.* its various styles, are distinctive of those who invent or adopt them. That Milton will never be confounded with Shakespeare, because they used a common language, and that when Americans write books, their works will at once be distinguished from those of England. In fine, we are told, that we are destined to the highest literary reputation. . . . The truth is, we have wanted literary enterprise, and been sadly deficient in genuine intellectual courage. Circumstances beyond a doubt existed, to prevent our fathers from leaving us a literature. It was hard for them to print, even if they wrote. They were perhaps too dependent on the rough and toilsome circumstances in which they were cast, to lay the foundation of a literature. Perhaps they did enough in founding an empire. They also came here well versed in the learning of their own country, for such was England, though no longer their home; and if they depended on what their brethern in England did for literature, they had claims which an American can never have. In founding colleges for us, perhaps they dreamt they were laying the corner stone of literature.

The literary dependence to which we have been long reconciled, has become so much a part of our character, that the individual who ventures to talk about surmounting it, is thought the wildest of schemers. He is assailed on every hand with the *cui bono?* that most fatal of questions to any plan which is not cast in the mould of domestick economicks, or which would tend to allure a society from the dull contemplation of its physical wants, and the cheapest means of supplying them. Literary reputation! what is its worth? what *need* have we of a literature?

> Oh reason not the need:—
> Allow not nature more than nature needs,
> Man's life is cheap as beasts':

Notwithstanding the literary delinquency of America, still we have done something. Perhaps it would not be fair, to place the period of our national existence among the dark ages of letters. But our best writers have been unfortunate in the vehicles they have chosen as depositories of their intellectual productions. These depositories have been chiefly newspapers and pamphlets of various kinds. Now

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there is something ephemeral and temporary, in the very nature of these publications. Hence their contents are not safe. A man who writes in them does not think of writing for immortality. His mental labours, of course soon are over, and almost of course, badly done. If it turn out that his communication pleases, it excites but a momentary emotion of pleasure, and his successor into the columns fills his place as perfectly and almost as successfully, as the types which were devoted to their several compositions. The literature, farther, of newspapers and pamphlets, is almost always controversial literature; and in controversy we are always more interested for the champions of party, than for their writings. Controversy, it must be confessed however, among us has done as much for literature, as controversy has among other nations. It has gratified the passions, the prejudices, the whims of the parties concerned, and when the flame is extinguished, the pamphlets which did so much to support it, repose in their own ashes.

YOUNG UNITED STATES

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1820*

Examination Of Some Remarks In The Quarterly Review On The Laws Of Creditor And Debtor In The United States

THE Quarterly Review for May 1819 contained two articles concerning the United States; one a review of Fearon's [1] book of travels, and the other a review of Mr. Bristed's book upon the resources of America. The Quarterly Review is, as everybody knows, extensively circulated, and much read in this country; and these articles excited, at the time of their appearance, no small degree of attention. It would be difficult, we imagine, in the same number of pages, to crowd more misrepresentation, or betray more ignorance, than appears in these articles, especially that which we have first mentioned. To the common vapourings of the English presses we pay little attention. These oracles are no more to be regarded, in their vituperations of the government and people of this country, than similar oracles among ourselves, in *their* abuse of the government and people of England. The leaders of such assemblages as the Manchester mob, and the orators in the palace-yard, find it convenient to inflame the passions of their auditors by declaiming, in terms of high panegyric, of the condition of America; wisely contriving, by a sort of contrast, to breed discontent, and to sharpen the feeling of hatred towards their own government. Other speakers and other writers, finding or thinking

[1] The last that we have heard of this *author* is, that some time last winter a criminal information was moved for against him, in the King's Bench, for a conspiracy to produce a riot, at the election of the Lord Mayor.

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it necessary to refute these representations, naturally enough run into opposite extremes, and set off their own condemnation and abuse of America against the extravagant encomiums of their adversaries. All this is in the course of things. It is no more than must always be expected, in a country with such a government, as that of England; and it is of no consequence to us, what is the issue of this little and low strife of temporary politics. We suffer about equally by the commendation of one party and the abuse of the other; and we ought to be regardless of both.

But different, far different, is the case, when a work of established reputation in the literary world professes to discuss our character and condition. When gentlemen and scholars undertake to write about us, we have more interest in what they say, and are less disposed to acquiesce in misrepresentation and injustice. The writers of the articles in question seem to consider themselves as speaking *about* America, but not *to* America. They do not take the United States into the account of those who are to read their works, and judge of them. They do not look at the reading and thinking men on this side the Atlantic, as forming any part of that great tribunal of the PUBLIC, to which they acknowledge a responsibility. In this respect, in our humble judgment, they commit an oversight. English scholars, English editors, and English politicians have heretofore felt an unconquerable reluctance to admit the people of this country to a participation of those honours which belong to the civilized world, and the great family of Christian communities. They have been unwilling to see that North America has ceased to be a colony; and still desire to regard her, so far as respects acquirements, talents, and character, like Jamaica, Malta, or the Cape of Good Hope. This attempt, we may be allowed to say, will not succeed. America is entitled to her place among the nations, and nothing can keep her from it. It is in nature, as it appears to be in the purpose of Providence, that a people shall, within a short period of time, exist on this side the ocean, speaking the English language, springing principally from English origin, adopting English laws, and possessing the invaluable blessings of English institutions, so numerous, that the amount of British population, added or subtracted, would hardly make a sensible difference. Already the United States contain as many people as England, and among them there is, if not as full, yet as respectable a proportion belonging to the reading class. Whatever appears in England, and attracts attention there, in the departments of science, literature, poetry, or politics, appears here also, thirty days afterwards, with uniform regularity. We receive these reviews wet from the press, and read and reprint and circulate them. We venture to say, that in no part of the island of Great Britain, London excepted, is reading so general among the population as in New England. Having thus, as we believe we have, in the United States, a larger reading community than either Scotland or Ireland, how is it that America is not to compose

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a part, an important part, of that PUBLIC, before which a scientific and literary journal, composed and published in the English language, is to stand in judgment? We would modestly, but firmly, insist on this reasonable participation in the authority and dignity of public opinion. We hold the right, and mean both to exercise and to defend it, of having and of expressing opinions on subjects of science and literature, and respecting those who discuss these subjects.

It is a natural prejudice, that an old country should be unwilling to admit a young one upon any terms of equality. England herself is not thought old enough, nor respectable enough, to assume the port and bearing of an equal in the celestial empire of China; and there is elsewhere, as well as at Pekin, a dislike and scorn for the *novi homines*. English politicians and English scholars entertain toward us, when we press for admittance into their society and fellowship, something like that feeling, at once scornful and jealous, with which the Earl of Wharton addressed the twelve new peers in the reign of Queen Anne. Yet this prejudice and this reluctance must give way; this scorn must be subdued, and this jealousy, if it be not, as it ought to be, eradicated, must become silent.

We, of the United States, have numbers and power and wealth, and a growing commerce, and a most extensive country, and, as we may think without vanity, some portion of that intelligence and spirit, which belongs to our more cultivated neighbours. Once for all, then, if we can express ourselves in such a manner as not to incur the imputation of arrogance, we wish to say, that we consider ourselves as forming a part, and a respectable part, of the great public of civilized and Christian nations, having an interest in such subjects discussed before that public, as are not in themselves local or peculiar; with a good right of contribution, as far as our ability admits, to those discussions ourselves; and above all, a right to fair dealing and gentlemanly treatment from all who profess to write for the good of this public, and to be answerable to its judgment.

We put forth this claim in behalf of our country; and in behalf of the informed and reading class of its citizens. It is for the English writers to say, not whether it shall be admitted, that question we do not refer to their arbitrament, but whether, on their part, it shall be admitted freely, and with courtesy; or with hesitation, reluctance, ill nature, and ill manners.

A GROWING COUNTRY

BY EDWARD AND JOHN EVERETT

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of July, 1820*

WE hope it will not be long, before no comparisons between the East, and the South, and the West, shall be made, with less intelligence

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and forbearance, than those before us. All we want is to know each other better. We have now before us a letter from a gentleman, who crossed the Alleghany mountains, little more than thirty years ago, in which he complains of his "discoveries" being misrepresented; and which, though he seems to have descended the Ohio no farther than Louisville, appears to have excited, as well it might, the attention due to a voyage far beyond the extreme point of civilization. He might now pass to the Mississippi and "discover" nothing on his way but cultivation, wealth, and plenty, fertile fields, and plantations, inhabited by free and intelligent men;

> And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
> And fields which promise corn and wine,
> And scattered cities crowning these.

He would find one of these towns, in its growth of twenty years, a third part as large as Boston, and three others a fifth, though it is neither the habit nor the policy of the inhabitants to settle in large cities. He would find the population of one of these *young* states, greater than that of Massachusetts, and another nearly double. Or, if he travelled on the great watery turnpike of the west, he would descend it, together with an immense amount of produce and population, on its *natural railways*, and meet its thousands of tons of steam navigation returning with the conveniences and luxuries, which this produce had purchased. He would find the Indian population extinct, and an individual of their nation a spectacle in the streets; and in its place an enlightened society, with the vigour and spirit of youth, and the habits of hardihood and intelligence, which belong to the nature of the enterprise they have just achieved. And lastly, he would see in the spirit of emigration, so universally extended, the means provided by nature to assimilate and unite the spreading bonds of citizens into one national character.

AN ANONYMOUS POEM

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of May, 1815*

SUN-SET

WHERE is the hand to paint in colours bright
  The vivid splendour of the western sky,
That sparkling flood of evanescent light,
  Pure and transparent, deepening in its dye.
  Elysian bowers and isles of rest on high
Float o'er the amber tide, and pass away;
  Each moment changing to the raptured eye.
Alas! no mortal hand can that blest vision stay,
Guido's nor Titian's art can fix that fading ray.

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Oh! I have gazed, when silent and alone,
Till I forgot the globe my feet have prest;
Have seen the shores of some bright world unknown,
And souls amid the mansions of the blest:
Scenes not for man, nor mortal senses drest:
Bright rosy meads, and seas of waving light
And fairy barks that on those waters rest;
They darken, they are gone; as fades the light,
And leave me still on earth enveloped all in night.

So fade the prospects early fancy forms
When life is fresh, and all the world is new;
Bright are the clouds which soon must meet in storms,
Bright all with hope, too happy to be true.
Soon sets the beam, and darkness bounds the view,
So the ethereal soul which did this body move
Leaves the dull clod on earth from which it grew;
Glances away, where sister souls above
Bloom in immortal youth, immortal light and love.

THE GENIUS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of September, 1879*

THERE never surely was a powerful, active, continually effective mind less round, more lopsided, than that of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. If there were aught of dispraise in this, it would not be said by me,—by an Englishman of an American whom I knew, by an Englishman of letters of a brother on the other side of the water, much less by me, an English novelist, of an American novelist. The blacksmith, who is abnormally strong in his arm, gives the world the advantage of his strength. The poor bird, whose wretched life is sacrificed to the unnatural growth of that portion of him which the gourmands love, does produce the desired dainties in all their perfection. We could have hardly had "Childe Harold" except from a soured nature. The seraphic excellence of "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline" could have proceeded only from a mind which the world's roughness had neither toughened nor tainted. So from Hawthorne we could not have obtained that weird, mysterious, thrilling charm with which he has awed and delighted us had he not allowed his mind to revel in one direction, so as to lose its fair proportions.

I have been specially driven to think of this by the strong divergence between Hawthorne and myself. It has always been my object to draw my little pictures as like to life as possible, so that my readers

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should feel that they were dealing with people whom they might probably have known, but so to do it that the every-day good to be found among them should allure, and the every-day evil repel; and this I have attempted, believing that such ordinary good and ordinary evil would be more powerful in repelling or alluring than great and glowing incidents which, though they might interest, would not come home to the minds of readers. Hawthorne, on the other hand, has dealt with persons and incidents which were often but barely within the bounds of possibility,—which were sometimes altogether without those bounds,—and has determined that his readers should be carried out of their own little mundane ways, and brought into a world of imagination in which their intelligence might be raised, if only for a time, to something higher than the common needs of common life.

No one will feel himself ennobled at once by having read one of my novels. But Hawthorne, when you have studied him, will be very precious to you. He will have plunged you into melancholy, he will have overshadowed you with black forebodings, he will almost have crushed you with imaginary sorrows; but he will have enabled you to feel yourself an inch taller during the process. Something of the sublimity of the transcendent, something of the mystery of the unfathomable, something of the brightness of the celestial, will have attached itself to you, and you will all but think that you too might live to be sublime, and revel in mingled light and mystery.

The creations of American literature generally are no doubt more given to the speculative,—less given to the realistic,—than are those of English literature. On our side of the water we deal more with beef and ale, and less with dreams. Even with the broad humor of Bret Harte, even with the broader humor of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain, there is generally present an undercurrent of melancholy, in which pathos and satire are intermingled. There was a touch of it even with the simple-going Cooper and the kindly Washington Irving. Melancholy and pathos, without the humor, are the springs on which all Longfellow's lines are set moving. But in no American writer is to be found the same predominance of weird imagination as in Hawthorne.

I will take a few of his novels,—those which I believe to be the best known,—and will endeavor to illustrate my idea of his genius by describing the manner in which his stories have been told.

The Scarlet Letter is, on the English side of the water, perhaps the best known. It is so terrible in its pictures of diseased human nature as to produce most questionable delight. The reader's interest never flags for a moment. There is nothing of episode or digression. The author is always telling his one story with a concentration of energy which, as we can understand, must have made it impossible for him to deviate. The reader will certainly go on with it to the end very quickly, entranced, excited, shuddering, and at times almost wretched. His consolation will be that he too has been able to see into these black

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deeps of the human heart. The story is one of jealousy,—of love and jealousy,—in which love is allowed but little scope, but full play is given to the hatred which can spring from injured love. Hatred, fear, and shame are the passions which revel through the book. To show how a man may so hate as to be content to sacrifice everything to his hatred; how another may fear so that, even though it be for the rescue of his soul, he can not bring himself to face the reproaches of the world; how a woman may bear her load of infamy openly before the eyes of all men,—this has been Hawthorne's object.

As a novel *The House of the Seven Gables* is very inferior to *The Scarlet Letter*. The cause of this inferiority would, I think, be plain to any one who had himself been concerned in the writing of novels. When Hawthorne proposed to himself to write *The Scarlet Letter* the plot of his story was clear to his mind. He wrote the book because he had the story strongly, lucidly manifest to his own imagination. In composing the other he was driven to search for a plot, and to make a story. *The Scarlet Letter* was written because he had it to write, and the other because he had to write it. The novelist will often find himself in the latter position. He has characters to draw, lessons to teach, philosophy perhaps which he wishes to expose, satire to express, humor to scatter abroad. These he can employ gracefully and easily if he have a story to tell. If he have none, he must concoct something of a story laboriously, when his lesson, his characters, his philosophy, his satire, and his humor will be less graceful and less easy. All the good things I have named are there in *The House of the Seven Gables;* but they are brought in with less artistic skill, because the author has labored over his plot, and never had it clear to his own mind. . . .

But no one should read *The House of the Seven Gables* for the sake of the story, or neglect to read it because of such faults as I have described. It is for the humor, the satire, and what I may perhaps call the philosophy which permeates it, that its pages should be turned. Its pages may be turned on any day, and under any circumstances. To *The Scarlet Letter* you have got to adhere till you have done with it; but you may take this volume by bits, here and there, now and again, just as you like it. There is a description of a few poultry, melancholy, unproductive birds, running over four or five pages, and written as no one but Hawthorne could have written it. There are a dozen pages or more in which the author pretends to ask why the busy Judge does not move from his chair,—the Judge the while having dree'd his doom and died as he sat. There is a ghastly spirit of drollery about this which would put the reader into full communion with Hawthorne if he had not read a page before, and did not intend to read a page after. To those who can make literary food of such passages as these, *The House of the Seven Gables* may be recommended. To others it will be caviare. . . .

In speaking of *The Marble Faun*, as I will call the story, I hardly

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know whether, as a just critic, to speak first of its faults or of its virtues. As one always likes to keep the sweetest bits for the end of the banquet, I will give priority of place to my caviling. The great fault of the book lies in the absence of arranged plot. The author, in giving the form of a novel to the beautiful pictures and images which his fancy has enabled him to draw, and in describing Rome and Italian scenes as few others have described them, has in fact been too idle to carry out his own purpose of constructing a tale. We will grant that a novelist may be natural or supernatural. Let us grant, for the occasion, that the latter manner, if well handled, is the better and the more efficacious. And we must grant also that he who soars into the supernatural need not bind himself by any of the ordinary trammels of life. His men may fly, his birds may speak. His women may make angelic music without instruments. His cherubs may sit at the piano. This wide latitude, while its adequate management is much too difficult for ordinary hands, gives facility for the working of a plot. But there must be some plot, some arrangement of circumstances, with an intelligible conclusion, or the reader will not be satisfied. If, then, a ghost, who,—or shall I say which?—is made on all occasions to act as a *Deus ex machina*, and to create and to solve every interest, we should know something of the ghost's antecedents, something of the causes which have induced him, or it, to meddle in the matter under discussion. The ghost of Hamlet's father had a manifest object, and the ghost of Banquo a recognized cause. In *The Marble Faun* there is no ghost, but the heroine of the story is driven to connive at murder, and the hero to commit murder, by the disagreeable intrusion of a personage whose *raison d'être* is left altogether in the dark. "The gentle reader," says our author as he ends his narrative, "would not thank us for one of those minute elucidations which are so tedious and after all so unsatisfactory in clearing up the romantic mysteries of a story." There our author is, I think, in error. His readers will hardly be so gentle as not to require from him some explanation of the causes which have produced the romantic details to which they have given their attention, and will be inclined to say that it should have been the author's business to give an explanation neither tedious nor unsatisfactory. The critic is disposed to think that Hawthorne, as he continued his narrative, postponed his plot till it was too late, and then escaped from his difficulty by the ingenious excuse above given. As a writer of novels, I am bound to say that the excuse can not be altogether accepted.

In *The Marble Faun*, as in all Hawthorne's tales written after *The Scarlet Letter*, the reader must look rather for a series of pictures than for a novel. It would, perhaps, almost be well that a fastidious reader should cease to read when he comes within that border, toward the end, in which it might be natural to expect that the strings of a story should be gathered together and tied into an intelligible knot. This would be peculiarly desirable in regard to *The Marble Faun*, in

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which the delight of that fastidious reader, as derived from pictures of character and scenery, will be so extreme that it should not be marred by a sense of failure in other respects.

In speaking of this work in conjunction with Hawthorne's former tales, I should be wrong not to mention the wonderful change which he effected in his own manner of writing when he had traveled out from Massachusetts into Italy. As every word in his earlier volumes savors of New England, so in *The Marble Faun* is the flavor entirely that of Rome and of Italian scenery. His receptive imagination took an impress from what was around him, and then gave it forth again with that wonderful power of expression which belonged to him. Many modern writers have sought to give an interest to their writings by what is called local coloring; but it will too often happen that the reader is made to see the laying on of the colors. In Hawthorne's Roman chronicle the tone of the telling is just as natural—seems to belong as peculiarly to the author,—as it does with *The Scarlet Letter* or *The House of the Seven Gables.*

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

A LETTER FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN

From THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW *of April, 1864*

THE publishers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW have had the honor of receiving the following letter from the President of the United States.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, January 16, 1864.

"MESSRS. CROSBY AND NICHOLS:—

"GENTLEMEN: The number for this month and year of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW was duly received, and for which please accept my thanks. Of course I am not the most impartial judge; yet, with due allowance for this I venture to hope that the article entitled 'The President's Policy' will be of value to the country. I fear I am not quite worthy of all which is therein kindly said of me personally.

The sentence of twelve lines, commencing at the top of page 252, I could wish to be not exactly as it is. In what is there expressed, the writer has not correctly understood me. I have never had a theory that Secession could absolve States or people from their obligations. Precisely the contrary is asserted in the Inaugural Address; and it was because of my belief in the continuation of these *obligations*, that I was puzzled, for a time, as to denying the legal *rights* of those citizens who remained individually innocent of treason or rebellion. But I mean no more now than to merely call attention to this point.

Yours respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

The sentence to which the President refers is the following:—

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Even so long ago as when Mr. Lincoln, not yet convinced of the danger and magnitude of the crisis, was endeavoring to persuade himself of Union majorities at the South, and to carry on a war that was half peace, in the hope of a peace that would have been all war,—while he was still enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law, under some theory that Secession, however it might absolve States from their obligations, could not escheat them of their claims under the Constitution, and that slaveholders in rebellion had alone, among mortals, the privilege of having their cake and eating it at the same time,—the enemies of free government were striving to persuade the people that the war was an Abolition crusade. To rebel without reason was proclaimed as one of the rights of man, while it was carefully kept out of sight that to suppress rebellion is the first duty of government.

[Nothing could have been further from the intention of the Editors than to misrepresent the opinions of the President. They merely meant that, in their judgment, the policy of the Administration was at first such as practically to concede to any rebel who might choose to profess loyalty, rights under the Constitution whose corresponding obligations he repudiated.]

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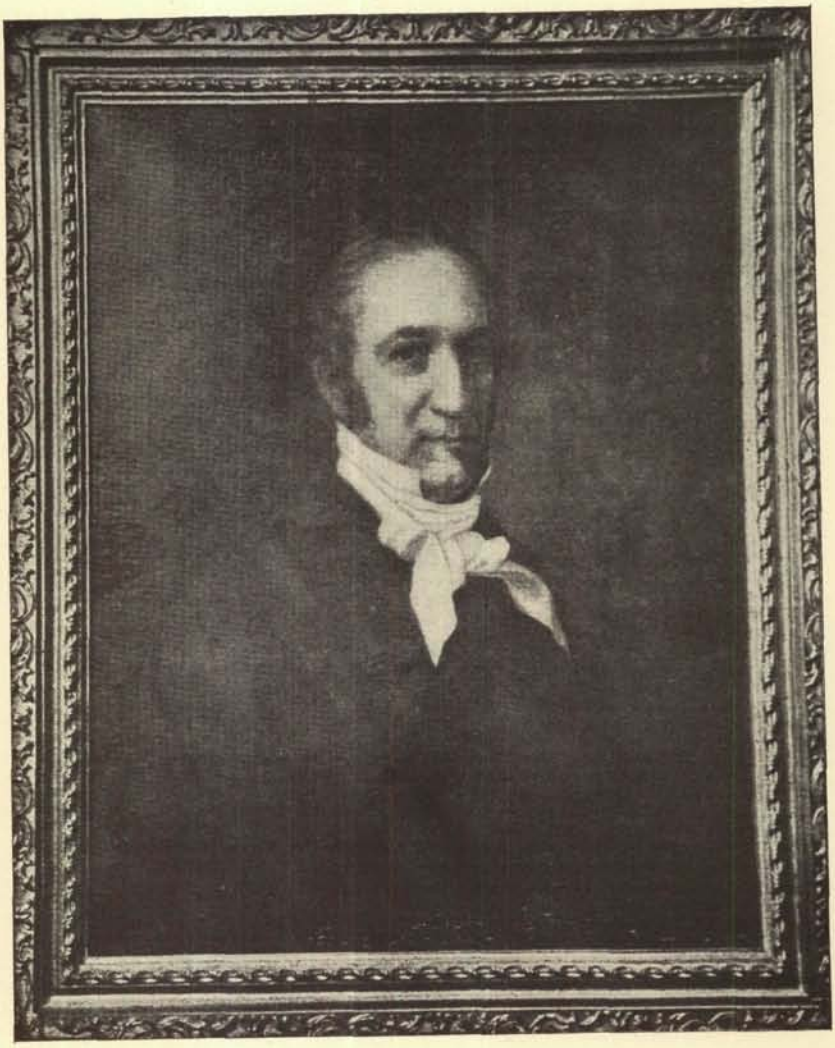

EDWARD TYRRELL CHANNING

THE THIRD EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 1818–1819.

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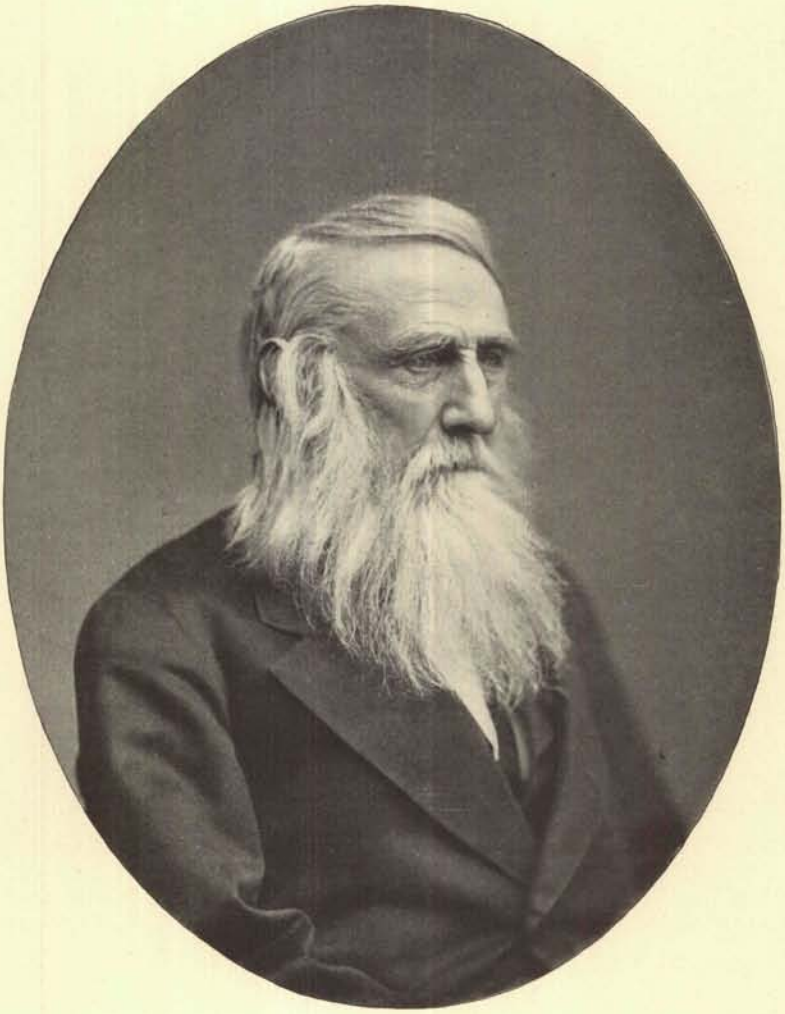

RICHARD HENRY DANA

THE FOURTH EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
1819–1820.

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